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THE traveller by railway sees comparatively little of the formidable character of the works along which he is carried. His object is merely to pass over a given space in the shortest time and with the greatest comfort. He scarcely bestows a thought upon the amount of hard work that has been done, the anxieties that have been borne, the skill and contrivance that have been exercised, and the difficulties that have been overcome, in providing for him a smooth road through the country, across valleys, under hills, upon bogs, over rivers, or even arms of the sea. Yet for boldness of design, science of construction, and successful completion, the gigantic engineering works executed in connexion with our railways greatly surpass, in point of magnitude as well as utility, those of any former age; and it will not, we believe, be without interest if we pass rapidly in review a few of the more remarkable difficulties with which the engineers of our day have found it necessary to grapple.

It is a remarkable proof of the practical ability of the English people, that the greatest engineering works of the last century have been designed and executed for the most part by self-educated men. Down to quite a recent date, there was no college or school for engineers in this country; and some of the most eminent practitioners had not even the benefit of ordinary day-school instruction. Brindley was first a day-labourer, afterwards a working millwright; Telford, a working mason; John Rennie, a farmer's son apprenticed to a millwright; George Stephenson, a brakesman and engineman. Probably no training would have made them greater than they were. Endowed with abundant genius and perseverance, their best education was habitual encounter with difficulties.

It is also worthy of note, that although the English have
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latterly eclipsed all other nations in engineering, it was the last of the practical sciences to which they applied themselves. Down to the middle of last century, England had not produced a single engineer of note; and we depended for our engineering, even more than we did for our pictures and our music, upon foreigners. Great Britain had then indeed made small progress in material industry compared with continental nations. There was little demand for engineering works of any kind; and when any project of importance was set on foot, it was found necessary to call to our aid some distinguished Dutchman or Frenchman. Thus, the first engine set up in England for supplying houses with water through leaden pipes, was erected on the Thames at London Bridge, by Peter Morris, a Dutchman; and when the embankment of the Great Bedford Level was determined on, Cornelius Vermuyden, another Dutch engineer, was employed to conduct the works. The first extensive bridge erected in England, of superior scientific construction, was Westminster Bridge; and it was erected by M. Labelye, a French engineer. The only Englishman who had at all distinguished himself down to the middle of the century was one John Perry, who successfully stopped an alarming breach of the Thames in the Dagenham Embankment; but his abilities found so little scope at home that he emigrated to Russia, and entered into the service of Peter the Great, then engaged, with his army, in cutting a canal between the Neva and the Volga. Perry styled himself 'Adventurer,' which was the term then applied to those who undertook hazardous engineering enterprises; and the word is still in use amongst the Cornish miners.

The first English engineer, properly so called, was James Brindley, the great canal-maker. Although canals had long been employed for commercial purposes in nearly every country in Europe, no work of the kind was commenced in England until 1755, when the Sankeybrook Canal in Lancashire was authorized. This formed the beginning of a new era. It was about this time that the Duke of Bridgewater detected the genius of Brindley, and withdrew him from his occupation of a millwright, for the purpose of constructing his celebrated canal from Worsley to Manchester. While Brindley was thus employed upon his first canal, Smeaton was engaged in constructing that marvel of masonry and architecture—the Eddystone Lighthouse.

James Brindley was much the same to canal that George Stephenson became afterwards to railway engineering. Like Stephenson he was a genius

'Of mother wit, and wise without the schools.'

His

His scheme for carrying a navigable water-road over the Irwell upon a viaduct thirty-nine feet above the surface of the river, was received with the same hoot of incredulity as Stephenson's proposal to form a line of railway across Chat Moss. The practical men of the day spoke of it as a 'castle in the air,' and the duke, who was considered as mad as Brindley, could not even get his bill discounted for 500*l*. But he had full confidence in his engineer. He cut down his personal expenses to 400*l*. a year, that he might be enabled to provide the requisite capital to carry on the works; and Brindley, at the same time that he laid for his employer the foundations of one of the most princely fortunes in England, initiated a series of national works which exercised a most important influence upon its industrial progress.

The success of the Duke's canal was so decided, that numerous similar schemes were projected, and a canal mania set in, of which the railway mania of subsequent times was but a counterpart. The remainder of Brindley's life was employed in excavating his great arterial lines, by means of which an internal water-communication was opened up between the Thames, the Humber, the Severn, and the Mersey. The ports of London, Hull, Bristol, and Liverpool, were thus united by canals passing through the richest and most industrial districts of England. Brindley's conceptions were of the boldest kind. He carried his canals over rivers, across valleys, and along formidable viaducts; and he hewed out long tunnels for them through hills where locks were impracticable. It was said of him, when cutting the Grand Trunk Canal in 1767, 'Brindley handles rocks as easily as you would plum pies; yet he is as plain a looking man as one of the boors of the Peak.'

At an early period of his career, whilst the belief in the superiority of foreign engineering still prevailed, some of Brindley's friends urged him to go to France for the purpose of visiting the Great Canal of Languedoc. 'No, no,' was his reply, 'I will have no journies to other countries, unless for the purpose of being employed to surpass all that has already been done.' Although he himself did not live to repay the debt which his country owed to continental nations for the engineering skill with which they assisted us in former times, his successors have discharged it with interest. English pumping-engines have drained the lake of Haarlem; English bridges have been erected over the Danube at Pesth, over the Yssel in Holland, and over the Isere in Savoy; English engineers supplied the dock gates for Sebastopol; the principal towns and cities of the continent are lit by gas manufactured by English machinery;

English steamboats ply in every sea and navigable river of the continent; and English locomotives run upon railways designed and constructed by English engineers in almost every country in Europe.

Brindley and Smeaton were followed by a number of able engineers in rapid succession. From a cattle and corn farm England, by the end of last century, had also become a magazine of trade and commerce. Then the engine invented by James Watt, and first brought into operation about the year 1773, shortly rendered this country a great workshop of steam-power. From a land of bridle-tracks it had advanced to one of wheel-roads and navigable canals. Time had become more precious, and to economize time new high-roads and bridges, superior to all which had preceded them, were constructed by Telford, whose suspension-bridge over the Menai Straits was regarded as a world's wonder. Shipping crowded the English ports, and docks now became necessary. The London Docks, by Rennie, completed in 1805, was the first great work of this kind; and was succeeded by others constructed by Telford, Walker, and Palmer. Several noble bridges were thrown across the Thames to facilitate the communication between the two sides of the river. The Waterloo Bridge, characterized by Dupin as 'a colossal monument worthy of Sesostriis and the Cæsars'—the Southwark Bridge, and the New London Bridge—all by Rennie—were built within a period of twenty years, at an expenditure of about four millions sterling.

Engineers had now acquired importance as a profession; and as the number of those who followed it increased, and the demand for their services extended, they gradually formed themselves into an association. Mr. Palmer brought together a few young men who were the nucleus of the Institution of Civil Engineers. This Society struggled on for several years, and when Mr. Telford accepted the office of President in 1818, it entered upon a career of distinguished usefulness and prosperity. It was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1828.

English engineering had now arrived at the commencement of its grandest era. Trade, commerce, and manufactures had rapidly expanded in all directions, and the public requirements had outgrown the accommodation provided by turnpike-roads and canals. Raw cotton lay upon the canal wharves at Liverpool, and manufactured cotton upon those at Manchester, for weeks together, while operatives and mills were standing idle for want of the material to work up. As at Balaclava, the few miles of inland transport were more difficult to overcome than the thousands of miles of ocean. The contrivance of the railway solved

solved the difficulty. The chief object of the railway engineer was to reduce his roads as nearly as possible to a level. The Romans, formerly the great roadmakers of the world, disregarded levels; in undulating countries their highways stretched from hill-top to hill-top, and on these hills their watch-towers were placed. Their principal object was necessarily to keep to a straight line, for they do not seem to have discovered the moveable joint by which the two first wheels of a four-wheeled vehicle are enabled to turn a corner. When Telford and Macadam took up the work, they cut down the roads and metalled them; and they had almost reached perfection, when they were superseded by the new invention of the iron highway. In the construction of canals, where a continuous level could not be secured, *the lock* was adopted, and thus a series of levels, with sudden drops, was obtained. In a railway no such contrivance was applicable. High grounds had to be cut down and embankments formed across the lower lands. When a ridge of country intervened, in which an open cutting throughout was impracticable, the expedient of a tunnel was adopted. When a deep valley lay in the way, and an earth embankment was found not to be feasible, then a viaduct was adopted, and even where an arm of the sea, such as the Menai Strait, had to be overleaped, the work was accomplished by means of iron tubes suspended in mid-air. Of the 8635 miles of railway now constructed in Britain, about 70 miles pass through tunnels, and more than 50 miles over viaducts; whilst of railway bridges there have been built some 30,000, or far more than all the bridges previously existing in England.

It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the immense quantity of earth, rock, and clay, that has been picked, blasted, shovelled, and wheeled into embankments by English navvies during the last thirty years. On the South-Western Railway alone the earth removed amounted to sixteen millions of cubic yards—a mass of material sufficient to form a pyramid a thousand feet high with a base of one hundred and fifty thousand square yards. Mr. Robert Stephenson has estimated the total amount on all the railways of England as at least five hundred and fifty millions of cubic yards! And what does this represent? ‘We are accustomed,’ he says, ‘to regard St. Paul’s as a test for height and space; but by the side of the pyramid of earth these works would rear, St. Paul’s would be but as a pigmy to a giant. Imagine a mountain half a mile in diameter at its base, and soaring into the clouds one mile and a half in height, that would be the size of the mountain of earth which these earthworks would form;

form; while St. James' Park, from the Horse Guards to Buckingham Palace, would scarcely afford space for its base.'

All this vast mass has been removed by English navvies—perhaps the hardest workers in the world. Many of the best men originally came from Lincolnshire, where they had been accustomed to the cutting of drains and the construction of embankments for the recovery of overflowed land, as well as in the excavation of canals for the purposes of inland navigation: hence the name of 'Lincolnshire Bobs' and 'Navigators,' by which they were first known. Mr. Robert Stephenson supposes the original navvies to have been the descendants of Dutch labourers, numbers of whom were employed by Dutch 'Adventurers' in embanking lands from the sea, and afterwards settled in the country. The remarkable 'Dutch build' of many of the labouring people in some parts of Lincolnshire and Cambridge—especially between the South Holland drain of the one county and the great Vermuyden drain of the other—certainly tends to confirm the supposition. These old practitioners formed the nucleus of a skilled manipulation and aptitude, which rendered them of indispensable utility in the immense undertakings of the period. Their expertness in all sorts of earthwork, in embanking, boring, and well-sinking—their practical knowledge of the nature of soils and rocks, the tenacity of clays, the porosity of certain stratifications—was very great; and rough-looking as they were, many of them were as important in their own department as the contractor or the engineer.

During the railway-making period the navvy wandered about from one public work to another, apparently belonging to no country and having no home. He usually wore a white felt-hat, the brim turned up all round—a head-dress since become fashionable—a velvetten or jean squaretailed coat, a scarlet plush waistcoat with little black spots, and a bright-coloured handkerchief round his Herculean neck, when, as generally happened, it was not left entirely bare. His corduroy breeches were retained in position by a leather strap round the waist, and tied and buttoned at the knee, displaying beneath a solid calf and a foot firmly encased in strong high-laced boots. Joining together in a 'butty gang,' some ten or twelve of them would take a contract to cut out and remove so much 'dirt'—so they denominated earthcutting—fixing their price according to the character of the 'stuff,' and the distance to which it had to be wheeled and tipped. The contract taken, every man put himself to his mettle. If any one was found skulking, or not exerting his full-working power, he was ejected from the gang.

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In times of emergency they would work for twelve and even sixteen hours, with only short intervals for meals. The quantity of flesh-meat which they consumed was something enormous: it was to their bones and muscles what coke is to the locomotive—the means of keeping up the steam. Contractors were well aware of this fact. A shrewd Yorkshireman, when work became slack and a portion of his labourers had to be ‘sacked,’ went round amongst the men whilst at their dinners, and observed what was on their platters. The men of small appetites were discharged.

Navvies in ordinary times, with an average good contract, could earn as much as eight shillings a-day. The ‘butty’ men had modes of saving labour, which, however, often involved them in great peril, and led to frequent fatal accidents; but they recoiled from no difficulty, and were ready to undertake the most dangerous tasks without hesitation. In excavating a deep cutting, they would work it as much as possible in ‘lifts’ or ‘benches,’ by which the ground was so undermined at the bottom as to produce a large fall of earth. The last operation was called ‘knocking the legs from under it;’ and if the earth did not readily fall, sharpened iron piles and bars were driven in from above to force down the ground. From ten to fifty tons would thus be brought away at a time; but not unfrequently with one or more men buried under the mass. The English navvy would continuously run out a barrow containing from three to four hundredweight of stuff, whereas a French labourer was content with half the load. When an English contractor undertook the works of the Paris and Rouen Railway, he sent over the requisite plant, amongst which were a quantity of the usual English navvy wheelbarrows. The French labourers tried them, and struck work. The result was a dangerous *émeute*, which rendered it necessary to call in the aid of the military; and eventually the only workmen who used the big barrows were the English navvies. The consequence was, that the English labourer received five francs a-day, while the wages of the ordinary French labourer was only about two francs and a half; and even then the English workman was considered the cheapest of the two.

Such was the valuable class of labourers who constructed the great works of the English Railway Era. The contractors—many of them sprung from the navy ranks, and passing through the stages of under-ganger and ganger to that of contractor—were the men who employed, organized, and directed them. In the great engineering works of former days, the functions of engineer and contractor were usually united, and the engineer, as we have stated, was called an ‘Adventurer.’ Now the functions are distinct,

distinct, and the contractor alone undertakes the risk of the 'adventure.' He binds himself to do certain works at a certain price, upon a specification carefully prepared by the engineer. He brings together the plant—the horses, waggons, and steam-engines—and arranges the labour. Like the engineer he must be prepared for all manner of difficulties—for irruptions of water in tunnels, for surface floodings, for slips of treacherous soil, for advances of wages and strikes of workmen; and not unfrequently he is 'broken up' by one or other of these contingencies; but never till he has ventured his last penny in the struggle to maintain his character. When the Barentin Viaduct fell, on the Rouen and Havre line, and it was doubtful whether the law would compel the contractor to rebuild it, he stoutly declared, 'he had undertaken to make and maintain the road, and no law should prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word.' The sum required for the purpose was 30,000*l.*, and Thomas Brassey paid it.

The railway engineer, it is needless to say, must be no ordinary man. First of all, he must act as a surveyor in laying out a practicable road, exercising his judgment as a geologist in determining the lie of the strata and the materials to be penetrated, testing them by careful borings with a view to the preliminary estimates, and the letting of the works. After standing the test of the parliamentary crucible, and satisfying Committees in the face of cross-questionings by learned counsel, he must then enter upon the most anxious part of his labours—the actual construction of the railway.

The first, and, even to this day, one of the most remarkable works was the making the road over Chat Moss—an enterprise which the engineers of the old school treated with derision and declared to be impossible. George Stephenson himself published no account* of the manner in which he executed this or any other of his celebrated works; but we are enabled, with the aid of Mr. John Dixon, Civil Engineer, who superintended the formation of that part of the Liverpool and Manchester line which crossed Chat Moss, to furnish a more complete history of this remarkable achievement than has yet been published.

Chat Moss is an immense peat bog of about twelve square miles in extent. In most places it is so soft that it is incapable of supporting a man or a horse, and if an iron rod be placed perpendicularly on its surface, it sinks by its own weight to a depth

* The only remarks which he published on the subject of the works on Chat Moss appeared in 'The Companion to the Almanac for 1829-30.'

of some thirty feet. Unlike the swamps of Cambridge and Lincolnshire, which consist principally of soft mud or silt, Chat Moss is a mass of spongy vegetable pulp, the growth and decay of ages. The Sphagni, or bog-mosses, cover the entire area. One year's growth rises over another,—the older growths not entirely decaying, but remaining partially preserved by the antiseptic properties peculiar to peat. Hence the remarkable fact that, although a semifluid mass, the surface of Chat Moss rises above the level of the surrounding country. Like a turtle's back, it declines from the summit in every direction, having from thirty to forty feet gradual slope to the solid land around. From the remains of trees, chiefly alder and birch, which have been dug out, and which must have previously flourished upon the soil below, it is probable that the sand and clay base on which the bog rests, is saucer-shaped, and by this means retains the entire mass in its position. In rainy weather it sensibly swells with the water, and rises in those parts where the moss is the deepest,—the capillary attraction of the fibres of the submerged mass, which is from twenty to thirty feet in depth, causing the retention of the moisture, whilst the growing plants effectually check evaporation from the surface. This peculiar character of the moss has presented an insuperable difficulty to any system of wholesale drainage—such as by sinking shafts in its substance, and pumping up the water by steam-power. A shaft of thirty feet deep, Mr. Dixon has calculated, would only be effectual for draining a circle of one hundred yards—the water running down an incline of about five to one. It was found that a ditch three feet in depth only served to drain five yards on either side, and two ditches of this depth, ten feet apart, left a portion of the moss between them scarcely affected by the outlet.

It was doubtless a bold thing for George Stephenson to entertain the idea of carrying a railway over such a dismal swamp. One experienced civil engineer declared before the Parliamentary Committee, that no road could possibly be formed across the moss on which a carriage could stand 'short of the bottom,' except by taking out all the soft stuff and filling in the cavity with solid soil; and a Manchester builder, who was examined, could not imagine the feat possible, unless by arching over the moss in the manner of a viaduct from one side to the other. It was the old story of 'nothing like leather.' When the survey of the line was made, only the edges of the moss could be entered upon, and that with difficulty. One gentleman, of considerable weight and rotundity, when endeavouring to obtain a stand for his theodolite, found himself suddenly sinking. He immediately threw himself
down,

down, and rolled over and over until he reached the firm ground, in a sorry mess. Other attempts which were subsequently made to enter upon the moss for the same purpose, were abandoned for the same reason—the want of a sufficiently solid stand for the theodolite.

The act authorizing the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was no sooner obtained, than Mr. Stephenson began to do the ‘impossible’ thing. The three resident engineers selected by Mr. Stephenson to superintend the construction of the line were, Mr. Locke (now M.P.), Mr. Allcard, and Mr. Dixon. The last was appointed to that portion which included the proposed road across the moss, and the other two were by no means desirous of exchanging posts with him. On Mr. Dixon’s arrival, Mr. Locke proceeded to show him over the length he was to take charge of, and to instal him in office. The line had already been staked out and the levels taken in detail by the aid of planks laid upon the bog. The drains along each side of the proposed road had also been commenced; but the soft pulpy stuff had up to this time flowed into the drains and filled them up as fast as they were cut. Proceeding across the moss, on the first day’s inspection, the new resident slipped off the plank on which he walked, and sank to his knees. Struggling sent him deeper, and there was a probability of his disappearing altogether, when some workmen, upon planks, hastened to his assistance and rescued him from his perilous position. His brother residents endeavoured to comfort him by the assurance that he might in future avoid similar perils, by walking with *boards fastened to the soles of his feet*, which distributed the weight over a greater surface—a contrivance adopted by themselves when taking the levels, and by the workmen when engaged in making drains in the softest parts of the moss. But the puzzling problem remained how a road was to be constructed for a heavy locomotive with a train of passengers or goods, upon a bog which was incapable of supporting the weight of a solitary individual.

Mr. Stephenson’s idea was, that such a road might be made to float upon the bog, simply by means of a sufficient extension of the bearing surface. As a ship capable of sustaining heavy loads, floated in water, so, in his opinion, might a light road be floated upon a bog which was of considerably greater consistency than water. Long before the railway was thought of, Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, had adopted the expedient of fitting his plough-horses with flat wooden soles, to enable them to walk upon the moss-land which he had brought into cultivation. The foot of an ordinary farm-horse presents a base of about five inches diameter; but if this be enlarged to seven inches, the
slight

slight extension of the base, since the circles are to each other as the squares of the diameters, will furnish a footing of nearly double the area, and consequently the pressure of the foot upon every unit of ground upon which the horse stands will be reduced one-half. In fact, this contrivance has an effect tantamount to setting the horse upon eight feet instead of four.

Apply the same reasoning to the locomotive, and even such a ponderous machine may be made to stand upon a bog by means of a similar extension of the bearing surface. Suppose the engine to be twenty feet long and five feet wide, thus covering a surface of a hundred square feet. Then, by extending the bearing by means of cross-sleepers, supported upon a matting of heath and branches of trees strewed with a few inches of gravel, the pressure of an engine of twenty tons will be diminished to about three pounds per inch over the whole surface on which it stands. Such was George Stephenson's idea in contriving his floating road.

The first thing done was, to form a foot-path of ling or heather along the proposed road, on which a man might walk across without risk of sinking. A single line of temporary railway was then laid down. Along this way ran the waggons in which were conveyed the materials requisite to form the permanent road. The waggons carried about a ton each; they were propelled by boys running behind them on one of the narrow bars of iron which constituted the rail; and they became so expert that they would run the four miles across at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour without missing a step. Had they slipped off their diminutive causeway they would have sunk in many places up to their middle. The slight extension of the bearing surface through the cross sleepers to which the rails were fastened at intervals of three feet, enabled the bog to uphold this temporary line, and the circumstance was a source of increased confidence to the engineer in the formation of the permanent road.

The digging of drains had for some time been proceeding along each side of the intended railway; but they filled up almost as soon as made, the sides flowing in and the bottom rising up; and it was only in some of the drier parts of the bog that a depth of three or four feet could be reached. The surface between the drains was merely spread with branches of trees and hedge-cuttings, except that in the softest places rude gates or hurdles, some eight or nine feet long by four feet wide, interwoven with heather, were laid in double thicknesses, their ends over-lapping each other. Upon this floating bed was placed a thin layer of gravel, on which the sleepers, chairs, and rails were laid in the usual manner. Such was the mode in which the road was formed upon the moss.

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It was found, however, after the permanent road had been thus laid, that there was a tendency to sinking at some parts where the bog was the softest. In ordinary cases where a bank subsides, the sleepers are packed up with ballast or gravel; but in this case the ballast was dug away in order to lighten the road, and the sleepers were packed instead with cakes of dry turf or bundles of heath. By these expedients the subsided parts were again floated up to the level. But the most formidable difficulties were encountered at the centre and towards the edge of the moss. The moss, as has already been observed, was highest in the centre, and there presented a sort of hunchback, with a rising and falling gradient. At that point it was found necessary to cut deeper drains in order to consolidate the moss between them, on which the road was to be formed. But it turned out here as at other parts of the moss, that the deeper the cutting the more rapid was the flow of fluid bog into the drain, the bottom rising up almost as fast as it was removed. To meet this emergency, a number of empty tar-barrels were brought from Liverpool, and as soon as a few yards of drain were dug, the barrels were laid down end to end, firmly fixed to each other by strong slabs laid over the joints and nailed. They were afterwards covered over with clay, and were simply an underground sewer formed of wood instead of bricks. The expedient succeeded, and the road across the centre of the moss was rendered firm and sure.

The embankment upon the edge of the bog at the Manchester end proved less complying. Moss, as dry as it could be cut, was brought up in small waggons; but the bank had not been raised to three or four feet in height before the material, light as it was, broke through the heathery surface of the bog and sunk. More moss was emptied in, with no better result; and for many weeks the process was continued without any visible embankment having been made. It was the duty of the resident engineer, when he drew the wages for the workmen employed under him, to colour up, on a section suspended against the wall of the directors' room, the amount of excavations, embankments, &c., which had been executed. But on many of these occasions Mr. Dixon had no progress whatever to show. Sometimes, indeed, the visible work done was *less* than it had appeared a fortnight or a month before!

The directors became seriously alarmed; the resident engineer was called upon to supply them with an estimate of the cost both of filling up the moss with solid stuff from the bottom and of piling the roadway. The latter plan was in effect to construct a four mile viaduct of timber across the moss from twenty to thirty feet high. The expense appalled the directors, and the ques-
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tion then arose, whether the work was to be proceeded with or abandoned? The Worsley and Trafford men, who lived near the moss and plumed themselves upon their practical knowledge of moss work, declared the completion of the road to be utterly impracticable. 'If you knew as much about Chat Moss as we do,' they said, 'you would never have entered on so rash an undertaking; and depend upon it, all you have done and are doing will prove abortive. You must give up altogether the idea of a floating railway, and either fill the moss up with hard material from the bottom, or else deviate the line so as to avoid it altogether.' Such were the conclusions of science and experience.

In the midst of all these alarms and prophecies of failure, Mr. Stephenson never lost heart, but held to his purpose. His motto was 'Persevere!' 'You must go on filling,' he said; 'there is no other help for it. The stuff emptied in is doing its work out of sight, and if you will but have patience, it will soon begin to show.' And so the filling went on; the moss was skinned for many thousand yards round for the purpose, until at length, as the stuff rested upon the bottom, the embankment gradually stood above the surface. In the course of its formation, the pressure of the moss tipped out of the waggons caused a copious stream of bog water to flow from the end of the embankment, in colour resembling Barclay's double stout, and when completed, the bank looked like a long ridge of lightly-pressed tobacco-leaf. The compression of the moss was such, that 670,000 cubic yards of raw moss was reduced to 277,000 cubic yards at the completion of the work. The embankment was found in no way liable to slips, like London or Oxford clay, and now forms one of the best parts of the road.

The road across Chat Moss was finished by the 1st of January, 1830, when the first experimental train of passengers passed over it, drawn by the 'Rocket;' and instead of being the most expensive part of the line it proved nearly the cheapest, its cost being only about 7000*l.* per mile, which is considerably under the average. It also proved to be one of the pleasantest portions of the railway. Being a floating road, it was easy to run upon. There is a springiness in it such as is felt when passing over a suspended bridge; and those who looked along the moss as a train went over it, said they could observe a bend, like that which precedes and follows a skater upon ice.

Similar difficulties have since been encountered by engineers in carrying earth embankments across low grounds, which, under a fair green surface, concealed the remains of ancient bogs, sometimes of great depth. Thus, on the Leeds and Bradford Extension, about six hundred tons of stone and earth were daily cast into

an embankment near Bingley, and each morning the stuff thrown in on the preceding day was found to have disappeared. This went on for many weeks, the bank however gradually advancing and forcing up on either side a spongy black ridge of moss. On the South-Western Railway a heavy embankment, about fifty feet high, crossed a piece of ground near Newnham, the surface of which seemed to be perfectly sound and firm. Twenty feet, however, beneath the surface an old bog lay concealed; and the ground giving way, the fluid, pressed from beneath the embankment, raised the adjacent meadows in all directions like waves of the sea. A culvert, which permitted the flow of a brook under the bank, was forced down, the passage of the water entirely stopped, and several thousand acres of the finest land in Hampshire would have been flooded but for the exertions of the engineer, who completed a new culvert just as the other had become completely closed. The Newton-Green embankment, on the Sheffield and Manchester line, gave way in like manner, and to such an extent as to spread out to two or three times its original width. In this case it was found necessary to carry the line across the parts which yielded upon strong timber shores. On the Dundalk and Enniskillen line a heavy embankment, twenty feet high, suddenly disappeared one night in the bog of Meghernakill, nearly adjoining the river Fane. The bed of the river was forced up, the flow of the water for the time was stopped, and the surrounding country heavily flooded. A concealed bog of even greater extent, on the Durham and Sunderland Railway, near Aycliff, was crossed by means of a double-planked road, about two miles in length. A few weeks after the line had been opened part of the road sunk one night entirely out of sight. The defect was made good merely by extending the floating surface of the road at this portion of the bog.

The work of forming an ordinary embankment, no matter how extensive, is mainly a question of money, time, and labour. The principal difficulty arises from the tendency of particular materials to slip. Thus, London clay and certain kinds of shale, when exposed to the air, absorb moisture so rapidly, that they shortly acquire the consistency of soap, and the bank runs away. A heavy shower upon a bank tip, where the material is clayey, will immediately stop the work, and involve the contractor in serious loss. To prevent the slipping of the embankment on one part of the South-Western line, it was found necessary to burn the slopes of the embankment for the purpose of converting the clay into brick. The sides of cuttings through treacherous stuff have the same tendency to glide downwards, as any traveller to
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the Crystal Palace may have observed a little south of New-Cross station, where, in the winter of 1841-2, about three hundred thousand cubic yards of clay slipped and buried the rails for a length of nearly four hundred feet. It took close upon three months for gangs of navvies, working day and night, to remove the obstruction. Contractors have often suffered serious losses from similar mishaps. Thus, in forming a cutting near Ambergate, on the Midland Railway, a seam of shale was cut across lying at an inclination of about 6 to 1. Shortly afterwards the whole mass of earth along the hill above began to move down upon the line of excavation, completely upsetting the estimates of the contractor, who, instead of fifty thousand, found he had about five hundred thousand cubic yards of stuff to take away, and that the work would occupy about fifteen months instead of two.

The cutting out of the stuff necessary to reduce the ground to a level is often attended with great labour. The pick and the spade, wielded by powerful and willing hands, are sufficient for the purpose, where only earth or sand have to be removed, and we have known as much as three thousand tons of stuff emptied into one 'tip,' as the end of the embankment is called, in nine hours. But where rock, shale, or even stiff clay occurs, hand-labour is too slow as well as expensive, and the more powerful aid of gunpowder and gun-cotton are put in requisition. More gunpowder has thus been expended on railway works than has been blown away in many a great European war. The first formidable stone-cutting was that made through Olive Mount near Liverpool, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. It extended for a distance of about two miles through red sandstone, and in some places the cutting is more than a hundred feet deep. Not less than four hundred and eighty thousand cubic yards of stone were removed from it. It is indeed a ravine cut in the solid rock. But it has since been thrown into the shade by much more formidable works of the same kind. The Blisworth cutting, on the London and Birmingham line, is one of the most formidable grooves ever ploughed in the solid earth. It is a mile and a half long, in some places sixty-four feet deep, and passes through earth, stiff clay, and hard rock. Not less than a million cubic yards of these materials were dug, quarried, and blasted out of it. One-third of the cutting was stone, and beneath the stone lay a thick bed of clay, under which were found beds of loose shale so full of water that almost constant pumping was necessary at many points to enable the works to proceed. For a year and a half the contractor went on fruitlessly contending with these difficulties, and at last he was compelled to abandon the adventure. The engineer then took the works

works in hand for the company. Steam-engines were set to work to pump out the water; two locomotives were put on, one at either end of the cutting, to drag away the excavated rock and clay; and eight hundred men and boys, besides a large number of horses, were employed along the work. Some idea of the extent of the blasting operations may be formed from the fact, that twenty-five barrels of gunpowder were exploded weekly, and the total quantity used was about three thousand barrels. Considerable difficulty was experienced in supporting the bed of rock which overlaid the clay and shale along either side of the cutting. It was found necessary to hold it up by strong retaining walls to prevent the clay bed from bulging out, and these walls were further supported by a strong arch placed in an inverted position under the road, and which thus bound together the walls on both sides.

In the course of constructing the railway works in Scotland—a country so rugged and mountainous, that the national motto of ‘*Nemo me impune lacessit*’ might serve as a salutary warning to railway projectors—blasting operations of the most formidable description have had to be encountered. One of the earliest and most difficult feats of this kind was a four-mile blasting of from twenty-five to sixty feet deep, through the Whinstone dyke of Winchburgh Hill, on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. The walls of whinstone, or molten lava, rose up directly across the line of the works in large slices, like enormous sandwiches interlaid with thick beds of freestone and shale. The whole was blown away by gunpowder, and taken out from above. About the middle of this tremendous cutting occurs the Winchburgh Tunnel, passing through similarly difficult material. And, as the Scotch proverb has it, ‘For every height there’s a howe,’ so, in railway works, for every hill that is cut down there is a valley to be filled up. Hence a monster embankment is found close at hand, extending across the Almond valley—an embankment a mile and a half in length, increasing in height to sixty feet on either side of a half-mile viaduct, itself from sixty to eighty feet high, and under which flows the Almond river. From this artificial eminence a view of marvellous beauty is obtained of the valley of the Forth, with its magnificent background of the Highland hills in the distance.

But the mightiest of gunpowder blasts in connexion with railway works, if not the very greatest blast ever exploded, was that by which Sir William Cubitt blew away, with one charge of nineteen thousand pounds of gunpowder, the entire mass of the Round Down Cliff, which rose to the height of 350 feet above the level of the sea within a few miles of Dover. This monster
blast,

blast, fired by galvanic electricity at several points instantaneously, at once heaved off from the cliffs a mass of more than a million tons of chalk, which rolled down upon the beach—the dislodged stuff covering a space of more than fifteen acres, which may still be seen by the traveller along the South-Eastern Railway, stretching towards the sea near the western base of the well-known Shakspeare's Cliff. By means of a similar blast on the Londonderry and Coleraine Railway a hill was thrown into the sea by a charge of three thousand pounds of gunpowder, and thirty thousand tons of material were thus instantaneously removed from the line of the works.

Railways are often placed in great peril from water—water on the surface or water underground. Indeed, the art and science of engineering in a great measure consists in a skilful encounter with the powers of water. The first engineers fought against the sea, in endeavouring to secure the land against its ravages, by means of strong embankments. The highest ingenuity of Smeaton was exerted in contriving a form of stone building which should successfully resist the weight and force of the heaviest ocean-waves, and the result was his Eddy-stone lighthouse. Brindley compelled the water to obey him, and to flow in the channels which he cut for it. When asked on one occasion for what object rivers were created, his reply was, 'To feed navigable canals.' But to railway engineers water has proved an invariable enemy. It is the great difficulty to be overcome by them—in bogs, in cuttings, and especially in tunnels. It has to be spanned by bridges and viaducts, and in laying their foundations water has to be vigorously fought against. Even when a railway has been built and finished, water is still the great enemy to be dreaded. The works of the North British Railway were scarcely completed in October, 1846, before a tremendous storm swept over the district. Five rubble bridges were washed away—one of them at Linton, on the Tyne, two hundred feet in length, the swollen river carrying down large trees, masses of earth, and other materials, which pressed heavily against the piers, and ultimately swept them away, bringing down the whole superstructure. But the force of the flood displayed itself in the most remarkable manner at another part of the line, near Cockburnspath, where a heavy embankment had been constructed. This bank crossed a deep ravine, and formed an immense mound of earth, fifty feet broad at its base, and a hundred and thirty-five feet in height. A small arch of twenty-five feet span was constructed under the embankment to permit the flow of a small stream, almost dry in summer, but in winter swollen to a torrent. When the flood swept down from the Lam-

mermuir hills, with its accompanying trees and rubbish, the narrow arch became choked up. The water accumulated in the upper part of the glen for about half a mile above the embankment, and stood in some places more than a hundred feet deep. This enormous mass of water, pressing against the mound, soon began to tell. Gradually bulging outward, the soil at length gave way, and the flood breaking through, swept away the greater part of the embankment with resistless force towards the sea.

But the railway embankments most difficult to maintain are those exposed to the force of the sea-waves. Among the exposed works of this description is that portion of the South Devon Railway which extends from the mouth of the Exe to Teignmouth. Here the line runs for the most part side by side with the waves of the English Channel, the railway embankment being protected by a strong sea-wall. Although a beautiful object in fine summer weather, the sea is a very uncomfortable neighbour during the equinoctial gales. In some places the irregular sandstone cliff, of great height, has been blasted off to the perpendicular, seeming to overhang the terrace on which the line is formed. A heavy south-westerly gale in October, 1846, first tried the solidity of the works. The breakwater at Langston cliff being built on the sand, failed to resist the force of the waves, and was washed clean away, leaving scarcely a fragment to mark where it had stood. Eight breaches in all were made in the sea-wall, and the railway embankment on the landward side also suffered severely. One of the old 'salts' of the coast, while surveying the wreck, declared, in the hearing of the engineer, that it had blown only half a gale. 'This,' said he, 'was but Neptune's youngest son; next time he will send his eldest; and if that will not do, next time he will come himself and sweep your road away.' It was, he considered, a 'tempting of Providence,' to bring such works so near to the ocean as if in defiance of His power. Mr. Brunel replaced the breakwater where it had been carried away, by a massive wall of Babbicombe limestone, with a back filling of lairs of faggot and sandstone. In the following month the sea again broke over the line with great fury; further gaps were made in the sea-wall; and in some places the road, with its atmospheric tubes, longitudinal timbers, rails, and ballast, was washed away. In the Exe a vessel was driven on shore; its bowsprit was thrown directly across the line, in the way of an advancing train, and the locomotive wheels, passing over it, cut the bowsprit asunder. Since then the works have stood remarkably well; the prediction of the old salt has not been fulfilled; and Mr. Brunel has been left at leisure to apply his great engineering genius to new and still more formidable difficulties.

Another

Another formidable work of a similar kind occurs on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, immediately under the steep slope of Penmaen Mawr, where a sea embankment and wall extending for about a mile and a quarter in length were rendered necessary by the peculiarly difficult character of the ground. The road is partly cut out of the cliff, and it lies so close under the steep hill, that it was felt necessary to protect it against possible accidents from falling stones, by means of a covered way. That portion of the wall which lies on the western side of the rocky headland (which is penetrated by a tunnel) is exposed to the full force of the sea; and its strength was severely tried by one of the strong northerly gales which blew in October, 1846, with a spring-tide of seventeen feet, while the work was yet uncompleted. On the following morning, it was found that a large portion of the rubble was irreparably injured, and two hundred yards of the wall were accordingly condemned, and replaced by an open viaduct, with the piers placed edgewise to the force of the sea. Mr. Robert Stephenson, the principal engineer of the railway, candidly stated his opinion on this occasion, that if a long tunnel had been made in the first instance, even through the solid rock of Penmaen Mawr, a saving of from 25,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* would have been effected, and that he had 'arrived at the conclusion that in railway works engineers should endeavour as far as possible to avoid any necessity of contending with the sea.' The simple fact that in a heavy storm the force of impact of the waves is *from one and a half to two tons per square foot,** must necessarily dictate the greatest possible caution in approaching so dangerous an element.

Undeterred nevertheless by these formidable perils, Mr. Brunlees has recently completed a railway embankment across the head of Morecambe Bay, which is regarded as one of the most interesting works of its kind. This bay extends about seventeen miles inland from its point of embouchure in the Irish Sea, and is of an average width of about twelve miles. Towards the head of the bay the waters shoal very much, and an immense extent of sand and alluvial mud is left high and dry at low water. In this state it had long been a sort of desert highway for vehicles and foot-passengers. Lord Burlington, whose residence of Holkar House lies on the Cumberland side of the bay, in looking into some of the correspondence of his predecessors, found that when

* Mr. G. Stevenson registered a force of *three tons per square foot* at Skerryvore during a gale in the Atlantic, when the waves were supposed to be twenty feet high.

the family moved from London to the north there was no possibility of reaching Holkar within a reasonable time except across the sands, and preparations used to be made a fortnight or three weeks before the journey commenced, several trusty men being commissioned to meet the coach at Lancaster and conduct it safely on the way. Down to the past summer, indeed, a stage-coach plied across the sands from Lancaster to Ulverston—now superseded by the rail, and many are the hairbreadth escapes that occurred in the crossing. Nor did the travellers always escape the perils of the journey. The registers of the parish of Cartmell show that not fewer than a hundred persons have been buried in its churchyard who were drowned in attempting to pass over the sands. This is independent of the similar burials in other churchyards in adjacent parishes on both sides of the bay. Only in the course of last spring a party of ten or twelve young men and women, proceeding to the hiring market at Lancaster, were overtaken by the advancing tide, when every one of them perished. The principal danger arose from the treacherous nature of the sands, and their constant shifting during the freshes which occurred in the rivers flowing into the head of the bay.

As early as the year 1837 Mr. George Stephenson recommended the construction of a railway from Poulton, near Lancaster, to Humphrey Head, on the opposite coast, as part of a west coast line to Scotland. He proposed to carry the road across the sands in a segment of a circle of five miles radius. His design was to drive in piles for the whole length, and form a solid fence of stone blocks on the land side of the piles, for the purpose of retaining the sand and silt brought down by the rivers from the interior. It was calculated that the value of the forty thousand acres of rich alluvial land thus reclaimed from the bay would have more than covered the cost of forming the embankment. But the scheme was not prosecuted; and though afterwards taken up by Mr. Hague, and supported by Mr. Rastrick, it slept for many years, until recently a line has been carried across Morecambe Bay, though in a greatly modified form, by the Ulverstone and Lancaster Railway Company. Mr. Brogden, a wealthy railway contractor, was the soul of the revived undertaking; and, had he been better supported, it was his intention to have taken the line straight across the bay somewhat after Mr. Stephenson's plan. It was, however, eventually determined to reduce the extent of the sea works, and to carry the railway nearer to the land, across the estuaries of the rivers Kent and Leven.

The people of the neighbourhood regarded the scheme as one of the wildest that had ever been heard of. The idea
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of forming a solid road across about eight miles of *sands*, which from time immemorial had been to them the type of everything that was shifting and unstable, appeared to be even more wild and absurd than that of the foolish man in the parable, who built his house upon a similarly treacherous foundation. The prophecies that were ventured upon the subject were only paralleled by those which predicted that a road could never be made across Chat Moss. Besides the washing of the railway embankment on the land side by the rivers flowing into the sea, there was the washing of the sea-waves on the other side to be provided against. The work during its progress was a daily encounter with difficulties, occurring at every flux and reflux of the tide; and when to the flow of the water was added the force of a south-westerly storm, the temporary havoc made in the embankments was calculated greatly to discourage the projectors of the undertaking.

The principal obstacles were encountered in crossing the estuary of the Leven. In making the borings nothing but sand was found to a depth of thirty feet. In one case the boring was carried seventy feet down, and still there was nothing but sand. It was necessary, in the first place, to confine the channel of the river to a fixed bed, which was accomplished by means of weirs formed of 'quarry rid.' No small difficulty was experienced in getting these weirs run out in the right line, in consequence of the eddies produced by the tide at its flux and reflux washing deep holes in the sand on either side. To prevent these eddies undermining the foundations of the work, toes of loose stones were run out, with lateral wings thrown off from their ends, which had the effect of keeping the holes made by the tide out of the line of the embankment or main weir, which was then carried steadily forward. When the current had at length been fixed, a viaduct of fifty spans of thirty feet each was thrown over the channel, and in the viaduct was placed a draw-bridge to permit the passage of sailing vessels. To protect the foundations of the piers of this viaduct, as well as the railway embankment, weirs were also formed parallel with the current of the stream, which had the further effect of retaining the silt inland, and thus enabling large tracts of valuable land to be reclaimed.

The crossing of the Kent estuary was accomplished in a similar manner, by means of weirs and embankments, over ground where the borings showed the sand to be of the depth of from fourteen to twenty-one feet; a viaduct of similar dimensions to that across the Leven, providing for the outfall of the river. The land reclaimed behind the embankments at this point

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is now under cultivation, where only a short time since fishing-boats were accustomed to ply their trade. The chief difficulty which the engineer had to encounter was in finding a solid foundation amidst the shifting sands for the piers of the extensive viaducts across the mouths of the two rivers. The details of the plan he adopted for sinking iron piles would be too technical to be entered upon here. It is sufficient to say that the entire work has been satisfactorily achieved, and must be regarded as another triumph of English engineering over that element which usually tests their highest skill.

But greater obstacles than all that we have yet described have been encountered in the underground work of tunnelling. At a public dinner at Norwich, during the railway mania, it was facetiously suggested that directors always liked 'perfect flats to work upon.' But few English counties are so flat as the Eastern, and there are not many lines of any extent in this country where it has been found practicable to dispense altogether with tunnelling. The undulating nature of the soil renders it necessary to bore where an open road cannot be cut, where a detour to avoid the high ground would be too circuitous, or where an inclined road *over* the high ground would be too steep to be economically worked by the locomotive. The tunnel usually occurs where a line crosses from the head of one valley into the head of another, as from the Yorkshire into the Lancashire valleys, under the rocky mountain-ridge known as 'the backbone of England.' No less than three tunnels have been constructed under this high ground: at Woodhead, on the Manchester and Sheffield Railway; at Stanedge (formerly a canal tunnel), on the Huddersfield and Manchester; and at Littleborough, on the Manchester and Leeds line.

The usual mode of executing a tunnel is as follows. A careful preliminary examination is made of the geological strata, so far as these can be discerned from the external features of the country; and levels or soundings are taken, from which a profile of the surface of the ground to be passed under may be formed. To test the character of the underground strata, before letting the works to contractors, vertical borings are made through the site of the proposed tunnel, or trial shafts are sunk with the same object. No matter how thorough this preliminary examination may be, the nature of the strata throughout cannot be ascertained with perfect accuracy; and it may so happen, as in the case of the Kilsby Tunnel, that the most dangerous part of the ground may not be disclosed. In some cases, where the tunnel is of no great extent, a driftway is dug through its whole length. But this cannot be done when the work is extensive; and then the tunnel

tunnel is commenced at various points, by means of vertical working shafts sunk from the surface down to the base of the tunnel. When this is reached, excavating, followed by building in of the brick or stone work of the tunnel, proceeds abreast each way, the excavated stuff being drawn up the shaft by means of a horse gin, or by steam-power. The tunnel is usually worked in lengths of about twenty feet, and arched with brick or stone from eighteen inches to two feet in thickness. By this method a large number of short tunnels are formed, which in the course of the work are ultimately united into one, and a vast body of men can be employed without confusion at the same time. The precision with which the survey is taken, and the line of the tunnel struck from the shaft heads, is such that the various lengths, when completed, often meet each other to an inch-breadth, or less. Mistakes have, however, happened, when the lines have been struck by inexperienced surveyors, as in the case of a tunnel on a northern line, when the workmen in different lengths found on one occasion, from the noise made by the underground blasting, that they were *working past each other*. The error, which was repaired at considerable cost, had been occasioned by the curve at the bottom of one of the shafts having been accidentally laid out in the wrong direction.

One of the most delicate peices of tunnel surveying and underground building was executed at Glasgow, on the short branch railway connecting the Garnkirk Railway with the Buchanan Street Terminus of the Caledonian Railway. It was found necessary to pass, by means of a tunnel 400 feet in length, *under* the Monkland Canal, and *over* the Tunnel of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. There was barely space for the purpose, the floor of the one tunnel being only ten feet above the roof of the other. But to prevent the upper erection from resting heavily upon the lower one, arches of seventy feet span were constructed, on which the walls of the upper tunnel were supported, so that the entire weight was borne by the solid ground on either side. The arch of the tunnel was elliptical, and formed of bricks composed of a mixture of common and fire clay; and in order to give additional strength, an inverted arch of the same materials was turned below the rails. All this work was performed underground; and, during its progress, the difficulty of execution was increased by the breaking in of the waters from the canal above. But this too was successfully mastered, and the two tunnels now stand secure tier above tier, under the bed of the Monkland Canal. A similarly delicate piece of work was executed on the North Midland Railway at Bullbridge, in Derbyshire, where the line at the same point
passed

passed over a bridge which here spanned the river Amber, and under the bed of the Cromford Canal. Water, bridge, railway, and canal, were thus piled one above the other four stories high. Such another curious complication does not probably exist. In order to prevent the possibility of the waters of the canal breaking in upon the works of the railroad, the engineer, (Mr. George Stephenson) had an iron tank made 150 feet long, of the width of the canal, and exactly fitting the bottom. It was brought to the spot in three pieces, which were welded firmly together. The trough was floated into its place and sunk, and the railway works underneath were then proceeded with in safety.

The difficulties we have been enumerating have, nevertheless, been surpassed by those which have occurred in forming tunnels of great magnitude, such as the Box Tunnel on the Great Western Railway, the Woodhead Tunnel on the Sheffield and Manchester Railway, and the Kilsby Tunnel on the London and North Western Railway. In excavating the Box Tunnel, great quantities of water were met with. At one place heavy rains occasioned an immense influx, which 'drowned out' the workmen, and not only filled the tunnel, but rose to a height of 56 feet in the shaft. The engineers had to go on pumping for months, though as much as 32,000 hogsheads were thrown out in the course of the twenty-four hours.

Any one who casts his eye upon a map of the county of Chester will observe a narrow tongue of land at its easternmost corner, extending towards Yorkshire, between the counties of Derby and Lancaster. At this approximation of the four counties the Woodhead tunnel penetrates the mountain ridge for a length of about three miles under a dreary, barren moor, undisturbed save by the sportsman's gun. The usual shafts were sunk over the line of the tunnel down towards its base. The average depth of the shafts was about 600 feet; but it was long indeed before the workmen could reach the bottom level. The sinking, blasting, and winding went on so slowly that the tunnel was six years in progress. This was caused partly by the hardness of the material, and partly by the immense quantity of water which flowed into the shafts. The pumping continued for five years, during which time the engines threw up not less than eight million tons of water. At two of the shafts, where continuous pumping went on, not an inch was gained during nine months. In another it took eleven months to sink fourteen yards, the workmen coffering out the water as they descended with ashlar stone-work bedded in one-inch boards. But the enemy was never fairly mastered until the under-drift was blasted through the line of the tunnel, whereby the upper springs were tapped, and the

the water flowed out of the open end of the tunnel by its own gravity. The blasting-work of this tunnel was so enormous that not less than three thousand five hundred barrels of gunpowder, weighing about one hundred and sixty tons, were used in its formation. The average number of men employed was about a thousand; and during the six years the works were in progress twenty-six men were killed, of whom sixteen were miners. One fell down an air-shaft into the lower gallery when getting out of the way of a blast, his candle having gone out; three were killed by a discharge of gunpowder, in consequence of their stemming the blast-hole with rock instead of shale or other soft material; another had the stemmer blown clean through his head, while looking over another miner's shoulder, who was carelessly ramming down the powder with the head of his drill; another returned to the blasting-place before one of the shots had exploded, and was killed on the spot. There were about four hundred minor accidents, many of them attended with loss of limb, and the sum total of the casualties, in proportion to the men employed, was greater, according to Mr. Edwin Chadwick, than was suffered by the British army in the battles of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo.

The lives of workmen have occasionally been lost in other tunnels by sudden irruptions of water, the enemy most dreaded by miners. In excavating the tunnel of the Edinburgh and Granton Railway, directly under the New Town of Edinburgh, the driftway, about six feet square, which had been driven from both ends, was completed, with the exception of a barrier of earth about the middle of the work. The tunnel was on a heavy incline, and it was known that a considerable quantity of water had accumulated in the upper excavation. It appeared, however, that the drift had not been driven true, and that the southern and northern portions passed each other at the point where they should have met. The men in the lower drift were working by 'double-shifts'—that is, night and day—and one morning, about six, when the night-shift was about to come off, a flood of water burst in upon them and drowned the two miners, with the ganger or foreman, and the brother of one of the contractors, who had gone to ascertain the progress of the work. A boy, who had been sent down the shaft in Dublin-street, about seventy yards below where the barrier was, suddenly heard the fearful rumbling noise like thunder, and, fearing that the waters had burst, he instantly gave the signal to be pulled up. It was just in time; for he had no sooner been drawn out than the water came rushing up the shaft, which was about sixty feet deep, struck off the roof of the wooden shed

shed which covered the opening, and rushed down Dublin-street in a torrent.

Another water-difficulty occurred in constructing the Kilsby Tunnel of the London and North-Western Railway. The railway was forced in the direction of Kilsby by the opposition of powerful landowners in the counties of Northampton and Buckingham, who had not yet discovered the advantages of railways. A tunnel two thousand four hundred yards long, passing one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, was thus rendered necessary. The ridge under which it runs is of considerable extent, the famous battle of Naseby having been fought upon one of its spurs some seven miles to the eastward. Previous to the letting of the work to the contractors, the character of the underground soil was tested by trial-shafts, which indicated that it consisted of shale of the lower oolite. But scarcely had the job been commenced when it was discovered that, at an interval between the trial-shafts which had been sunk about two hundred yards from the south end of the tunnel, there existed an extensive quicksand under a bed of clay forty feet thick, which the borers had just missed. The excavation and building of the tunnel were proceeding at the bottom of one of these shafts, when a place in the roof suddenly gave way, a deluge of water burst in, and the party of workmen with the utmost difficulty escaped with their lives. They were only saved by means of a raft, on which they were towed by one of the engineers swimming, with the rope in his mouth, to the lower end of the shaft, out of which they were safely lifted to terra firma. Pumping-engines were erected for the purpose of drawing off the water; but for a long time the water prevailed, and sometimes even rose in the shafts. It was then thought expedient to run a drift which might act as a drain along the heading from the south end of the tunnel. The drift had nearly reached the sand-bed when, one day that the engineer, his assistants, and the workmen, were clustered about its entrance, they heard a sudden roar as of distant thunder. It was hoped that the water had burst in—for all the workmen were out of the drift—and that the sand-bed would now drain itself in a natural way. Very little water, however, made its appearance, and it was found that the loud noise had been caused by the sudden discharge of an immense mass of sand, which had completely choked up the passage. No other plan was now left than to have recourse to numerous additional shafts and pumping-engines placed over the line of the tunnel where it crossed the quicksand, which involved a large additional expenditure. As for the contractor, he gave up the work in despair, and died shortly after, killed, it was said, by the anxiety he had suffered. The directors,

directors, in this perplexity, called to their aid certain engineers of the highest eminence at that day, who advised the abandonment of the work, while Mr. Robert Stephenson, the Company's chief engineer, strongly urged its prosecution. His plan was at length adopted by a majority of the directors. A line of pumping-engines, having an aggregate power of 160 horses, was erected at short intervals; shafts were simultaneously sunk down through the sand, and the pumping went on for eight continuous months until the tunnel at that part was completed. It was found that the water with which the bed of sand, extending over many miles, was charged was to a certain extent held back by the particles of the sand itself, and that it could only percolate through it at a certain average rate. Hence the distribution of the pumping power at short intervals along the line of the tunnel had a much greater effect than the concentration of that power at any one spot. The workmen, protected by the pumps, which cleared a space for their operations in the midst of two walls of water and sand, proceeded with the tunnel at numerous points. Every exertion was used to build along the dangerous part as quickly as possible, the excavators and bricklayers working night and day until the whole was finished. Even with the enormous pumping power employed, it often happened that the bricks were scarcely covered with cement before they were washed clean by the streams of water which poured down overhead. The workmen were accordingly under the necessity of holding over their work large whisks of straw and other appliances to protect the bricks and cement at the moment of setting. The quantity of water thrown out of the sand-bed during the eight months of incessant pumping averaged two thousand gallons per minute, raised from an average depth of 120 feet. It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the bulk of the water thus raised; but it may be stated that, if allowed to flow for three hours only, it would fill a lake one acre square to the depth of one foot; and if allowed to flow for one entire day, it would fill the lake to over eight feet in depth, or sufficient to float vessels of a hundred tons burthen. The water pumped out of the tunnel during the entire period of the works would be equivalent to the contents of the Thames between London Bridge and Woolwich. Notwithstanding the quantity of water raised, the level of the surface in the tunnel was only lowered about two and a half to three inches per week, proving the vast extent of the quicksand, which probably extended along the entire ridge of land under which the railway passed.

Such are only a few of the more prominent instances of the difficulties encountered in the formation of British railways. We have

have scarcely so much as alluded to the construction of viaducts and bridges, in which our engineers have also displayed the very highest skill in overcoming the obstacles interposed by nature. But the stupendous magnitude of these works is perhaps less remarkable than the rapidity of their execution, the amount of capital which they have absorbed, and the still greater amount of capital they have created. Taken as a whole, they bear stamped upon them an impress of power unequalled by the structures of any other era and nation; and future generations may point to them as eminently characteristic of the iron age of England.

ART. II.—*The Historic Peerage of England; exhibiting under Alphabetical Arrangement the Origin, Descent, and Present State of every Title of Peerage which has existed in this Country since the Conquest. Being a New Edition of the 'Synopsis of the Peerage of England' by the late Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Revised, corrected, and continued to the present time by William Courthope, Esq., 'Somerset Herald.'* London, 1857.

THIS is a handsome and improved edition of the valuable work of a great antiquary. Mr. Courthope has done justice to Sir Harris Nicolas, as Sir Harris Nicolas to his subject. Few men of modern times have attained greater proficiency than he attained, in those genealogical studies which Leibnitz did not disdain, which were loved by Cecil and Fuller, and which amused the leisure of Gibbon and Gray. In this volume the reader can see, in the course of a reference of a few minutes, the history of any title ever borne in England since the days of William the Norman; and we do not hesitate to pronounce it as necessary a companion to the student of English history, as Johnson's Dictionary to the student of the English language.

Mr. Thackeray observed in a satirical mood that the '*Peerage*' was the Englishman's 'other Bible.' But this is not one of the common Peerages which lie on the tables of Tyburnia to tell who is the wife, and what the age of the last Whig nobleman appointed to the government of a colony. This portly volume, bright as is its exterior, is most rigidly business-like in its contents. Age by age, date by date, each title is traced from its creation, either to its extinction or its present possessor. It is essentially what its title imports, a *historic* work; and contains, therefore, many names not to be found in our day in the English *libro d'oro*. Now, while this constitutes great part of its value to the student, it is likewise the feature which requires to be brought

brought prominently before the world. It is the historical aspect of Aristocracy of which the public knows least; yet this is the element which makes the study of it wise, and the respect for it generous, and we are glad that Mr. Courthope has given us an occasion for a colloquy with a wider public on some of the points of interest which the appearance of his book suggests.

Though the English Peerage was founded by the Normans, aristocracy as an institution was far earlier amongst us, and, indeed, is to be traced in the very first accounts we have of our northern ancestors. It is to be seen in the 'Agricola.' It was brought into Britain by the Saxons. How it originated nobody can tell. The definition of Aristotle that *εὐγένεια*, or nobility of birth, is *ἀρχαῖος πλοῦτος καὶ ἀρετῇ*—'ancient wealth and virtue'—is admirable, but the process by which these organised themselves into governing orders is not so easy to see. An age restlessly impatient of individual superiority finds it difficult even to imagine early hero-worship, and turns from the pedigrees in the Saxon Chronicle with incredulity and weariness. Yet then were laid the foundations of the state of society during which Europe became civilized; and all the institutions of life, and law, and politics grew up during times when respect for personal and hereditary superiority was strongest.

Certain it is, that though any definite history of the present Peerage must begin, as the work before us begins, with the Conquest, hereditary nobility then existed as an established and understood thing. We find chroniclers of quite early times, such as Ordericus Vitalis, speaking of 'ancient families' in the same matter of course way that we do. William of Malmesbury tells us that Rollo sprang from a noble race of Northmen, that had become obsolete through length of time. The knight who carried William's gonfanon at Hastings enjoyed that honour (says the Roman de Rou) from his 'antecessours,' or ancestors. Wherefore we must not suppose that the nobility of the best houses dates only from 1066, though the plasticity of the Normans had made them adapt themselves in some three generations so completely to their new land, that they made little account of the details of their Scandinavian extraction. And, indeed, when they put out on the blue Channel on that memorable year, they might well be excused for taking a new point of departure. Discoverers of America, conquerors of Russia, founders of dynasties in England, Scotland, Italy, Jerusalem, the feat of that year remains still the most important event in the history of their race. No wonder that the ambition of gentlemen long was—nay, in our age even still is—to trace themselves to some one of those who, when the great battle was over, gathered round
Duke

Duke William to look at the dints in his helmet and armour. A great race had been beaten, and a great aristocracy had fallen. There was splendid plunder going, and it was given away splendidly.

The original aristocracy, then, of this country, after the fall of Saxon ealdormen and thanes, consisted of those who held *in capite* from William. They were in number, according to the best authorities, about 700. Yet of these many did not hold *per baroniam*, but (according to the various degrees which then divided life everywhere) by tenures of inferior dignity; so that he who plumes himself on his Norman ancestry must take into consideration the tenure by which his ancestor held, if he wants to estimate his pretensions justly. Chancellor West (father of Gray's West), in a very famous tract on these matters, estimates the number of regular tenants by barony only at 250 out of the 700. These are the grandees whose names and lands, taken out of that first and greatest of *blue-books*—DOMESDAY, inspire reverential awe in the inquirer, and in speaking of whom in a preface, even old Dugdale grows almost poetic. Such are Earl Eustace, Earl Hugo, Earl Alan—the Warrens, Giffards, and so forth. Lordships were showered on some families. Richard de Clare held 170, Roger Bigod 123, Ralph Mortimer 131, Osbern Giffard 107; William de Warren (Earl of Warren) had 139 in Norfolk alone. But the great Leviathan who, to borrow Burke's grand image, 'played and frolicked in the ocean of the royal bounty,' was Hugh d'Avranches (sister's son to William), Earl Palatin of Chester, commonly called Hugh Lupus. Besides all Cheshire, except the bishop's share, which was not great, Hugh had 128 lordships; and among barons under him we find the names of Vernon and Venables. Accordingly, one is not surprised to learn from the old writers that this potentate grew very fat. He was a humorous man, too, and fond of buffoons; for they 'encouraged talent' in a kind of way even in those days, and the Conqueror's *joculator* or minstrel had a grant of some land.

Besides those already mentioned, certain other Norman names are found predominant at this time—as Ferrers, Gurnay, Lacy, Malet, Toni, Pomeray, &c. All these were barons by tenure, and barons by tenure constituted the first body of aristocracy. The aristocracy was not then called the Peerage, but the Baronage; and dignity was territorial rather than personal. The country was a great camp held by a feudal militia, of which the King was the chief. The whole system was rooted in the *land*, and held on by it like a forest. To have so much land, was to be a baron; to be a baron, was to be liable to furnish so many knights;

knights; to be a knight, was to hold land perhaps of the King, perhaps of a great baron. And from this state of feudalism we derive, besides many other sentiments, that respect for land as a form of property which is still so strong in England. The man who, in our day, holds his estate as the third proprietor even in succession, owes more of the respect paid him by the peasantry than he supposes to the traditions derived from times so ancient as those of which we are treating. The land may have changed hands often, but it has carried along with it some of that sentiment of regard attached to the lordship of it, as surely as its earth has the fresh smell which it gives when upturned by the husbandman. Nay it is, in one sense, the fountain of honour as much as the Crown, for its possession gave power and dignity, and that possession was less the result (in the first instance) of the king's mere grace than of the tacit, but well-understood bargain, by which the nobles and king shared the spoil, because they had shared the danger of procuring it.

To understand rightly this first form of aristocracy, it is necessary to bear in mind that *titular* honours are of later origin. The barons were a class of great power, but the title of baron had no existence apart from the fact of baronial possession. A title was not a man's cloak but his skin. An Earl of Chester governed Chester, like a kinglet; and though this was not the case after the Conquest with every earl (as Selden has proved), yet the *Comes* was a man with general superior power and dignity, and of greater estates than a mere baron. These were the only names of dignity in England up to the end of the reign of Henry III.

When we remember the small number of the great barons at the conquest, it is not wonderful that in eight centuries few direct male descendants of the first barons by tenure should be existing in the peerage. It is rather wonderful that there should be any at all. The Byrons, however, spring from an Ernisius Burun, who held thirty-two lordships in the county of York, temp. William I.; and a Ralph de Burun, who held thirteen in Notts and Derby, temp. William II. The Berkeleys, the Talbots, the St. Johns, Lord Elgin, in the Scotch, and Lord Kinsale, in the Irish peerage, are descended from barons by tenure of those days, in the direct male line. A larger number of existing peers can show such descents through heiresses, as the Howards from the Fitz-Alans, Warrens, &c.; the Devereuxes from the Bohuns; Earl Beauchamp from the Beauchamps; the St. Alban's family from the Veres: while if all descents through females be included, the list might be considerably extended. If we stickle, however, for the Conquest, Domesday-Book, tenure

tenure *in capite*, and the male line, we shall find only a very few up to our standard, though it is to be observed, that descendants of those original Norman barons are found among simple gentry, as the Quaker Gurneys, Blounts, Malets, Chaworths, Pomerays. Again, if ceasing to insist on baronial rank we seek knightly or landed families of the period, the Molyneuxes, Dawnays, Deve-reuxes, Bagots, Ashburnhams, Lumleys, Lowthers, Lambtons, are still to be found as titled representatives of them. We are to remember, that if there were only seven hundred tenants-in-chief, of whom some two hundred and fifty may be presumed to have been tenants *per baroniam*, there were plenty of gallant chevaliers and gentlemen—less powerful though scarcely less gentle—holding lands in broad England from church or lord. There were sixty thousand or more of knight's fees in the country; for every one of these the superior lord had to find a knight, and the island swarmed with adventurers ready to undertake the duty. Here, then, was a body ready to grasp at baronies as soon as they fell in—a body composed in the main of Normans, though plentifully mixed with Bretons and Angevins, and other races; and while some attained the baronage as years rolled by, the mass became the ancestors of many families of the gentry. It is probable that the minor men mixed earlier in marriage with the native population than the great barons, who were always on the look out for heiresses of their own race. Ordericus Vitalis, who lived into the reign of Stephen, was the son of a vassal of Roger de Montgomery, who came over with that great potentate at the Conquest. But he always calls himself '*Vitalis the Englishman*;' and when sent over as a lad to be a monk at St. Evroult, where he wrote his history, the Normans did not understand his language. We mention this, because it tends to show that as new families rose they must have brought much English blood with them into the Norman organization, in addition to that which came naturally as the Saxons themselves entered into the governing system.*

The period between the Conqueror and Edward I. was that in which feudalism flourished in its fullest vigour. The great barons attained their highest power; heraldry arose, with its beautiful

* There has rather been a set of late years in favour of Saxon origins for pedigrees, but such a thing is hard to establish. The Howards may be Saxons, but they may also be Danish. Two great houses—one English, one Scotch—sprang from the best Saxon aristocracy—the old Earls of Northumberland; one of whom, Cospatriek, left England and settled in Scotland after the Conquest. He was the ancestor, in Scotland, of the Earls of Dunbar, of whom the Humes, and we believe the Edgars, are cadets; in England, of the Nevills of Raby, whose heiress, Isabel, his descendant, married in the thirteenth century. The Nevills are thus a Saxon race with a Norman name. The Stanleys are just the reverse.

symbolism, to adorn war, to distinguish families, to fix gentility; castles crowned the sloping heights of every English county; and in many a quiet valley, rich in wood and water, abbeys grew up and spread out broad and stately windows to the rays of the noon-day sun. Swarms of warriors poured to the Crusades, and left their bones in Syria and Palestine, or in quiet Greek isles, where they had retired to nurse their wounds, or returned to take their long rest at home, in churches which they had endowed. Magna Charta became law. Life was earnest in its beliefs, stormy in its ambitions, hearty in its sports. Ideas and sentiments then became fixed in the European mind which long afterwards inspired European literature, and which formed European manners.

During this long and important period, in which several political changes were slowly evolving themselves out of the stir of feudal action, the nobility of England was essentially Norman. De Clares and de Warrenns, Bohuns and Bigods, Percys and Veres, Lacys and Mowbrays, Montfichets and Mohuns were, with scores of others, the great names which lorded it over the kingdom. But time was at his usual work of change. Old baronies fell—by deaths in battle or by the thunderbolt of an attainder, or by the need of a supply for the Holy Wars—often they ended in heiresses and passed to other lines. New barons appeared, of whom some had apparently been Norman gentlemen, though not among the great tenants in Domesday. Several of these families are still in the Peerage.

For instance, the Herberts, or Fitz-Herberts, the Clintons, Hastingses, and Spensers, all became barons by tenure in the reign of Henry the First. Fitz-Herbert seems to have married that king's mistress. Who the Clintons were is not quite clear. The genealogists (with a natural respect for a date like 1129, when we know Geoffrey de Clinton to have been alive) dubiously try to derive Geoffrey from one William de Villa Tancredi; but Ordericus, his contemporary, obviously thought him a *novus homo*, and raised as a king's favourite; and in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary this authority should be decisive. He built Kenilworth, and founded a monastery near it, and a distinguished race issued from his loins, now represented by the Duke of Newcastle. The Hastingses were, with more certainty, a Norman stock. Their first baron was Walter de Hastings, steward to Henry, and owner of a manor in Norfolk, which he held by Grand Serjeanty, viz., by taking care of the 'naperie' (table-linen) at the coronation. From him derived the renowned line which produced Warren Hastings, and which Lord Huntingdon represents in the peerage in our day. Hugh

Despencer, of high Norman lineage, also a steward to the same king, was ancestor of all the Spencers, and the great Edmund the poet amongst them—(who forgets Gibbon's fine appeal to them to cherish the 'Fairy Queen' as the 'brightest jewel in their coronet'?); the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Spencer are from a younger branch of the baronial family re-established in opulence under the Tudors (chiefly, it would seem, by a marriage), and in the peerage by James I.

Other families, whose descendants are still noble, came into the baronage in the early times of which we are now speaking. A Nevill was baron by tenure in Henry I.'s reign; and Lord Abergavenny's ancestor, Geoffrey de Nevill, in that of Henry II. The first English Courtenay (of august origin), Reginald, was a baron under the last-named king; the first Grey under the first Richard; the first Audley,* ancestor of the Stanleys, under Henry III. The male descendants of these families in the present peerage may well consider themselves, with the houses we have particularised above, the highest blood of the country, while among the gentry, the Luttrells, Corbets, and Gresleys were baronial at the same time. Even the Devereuxes, Mannerses, or Howards were not barons *by tenure*, but only attained baronage later when the rank was conferred *by writ*. The chief place in the nobility assuredly belongs to those who enjoyed the dignity in its most purely feudal form, and when the power of the order was at its greatest height.

Indeed, it requires no slight effort of the imagination to picture the magnificent position of a Baron of England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with his castles and his vassals, his wide lands and brilliant retinue. At the high festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, when the King gathered his *comites*, *proceres*, *magnates*, about him to hold those great assemblies—half-feasts, and half-councils,—which were the forerunners of regular 'parliaments'—the English earls and barons crowded to the palace, and their retainers swarmed in the town. The mornings were spent in huntings and tournaments, and the afternoons in free converse and revelry. Banners everywhere met the eye, glittering with the chequered gold and azure of the Warrennes, or the three red chevrons of the Clares, or the favourite lion of other Norman houses, who much favoured that

* Henry de Alditheley or Audley—ancestor of the old Lords Audley, of the present Lord Audley (in the female line), and of the Earl of Derby—had the inheritance from which he took his name given him by Nicholas de Verdon, in 16 Hen. III. (1262). He bore his arms with a 'difference,' and was, not improbably, his son.—(See Dugdale's Baronage, i. 746.) If so, he sprang from a Bertram de Verdon, who held as a baron at the Conquest by grand serjeanty.

historic beast. At such meetings, in Winchester and Westminster, or other antique place, foreign wars and home grievances were discussed; the wardships of rich damsels were begged from the king's grace; a new earl was solemnly invested—*per cincturam gladii*—by the girding of the sword. The barons and king between them were, unknown to themselves, laying the foundations of our constitution.

At home, in his county, among his knights and tenants, our baron was a still greater personage. He held periodically his *curia baronis* to try cases, where he exercised, if of the higher class, his privilege of 'sacha, and socha, and thol, and them, and infangthefe.' He had a petty regal state of his own, with his dapifer or seneschal, chamberlain, and other officers. In some cases, his chief tenants were called barons and chivaliers, and these carried his coat-armour (with a difference of tincture), or some part of it, on their shields. The lords and gentlemen of later ages were derived in great number from the chief vassals of those primeval barons, those men whose function in life was to give to the king advice—to the people, leadership and control; those ancient heroes of English nobility, under whose protection good men lived, and under whose banners brave men died.

Life in those days was not systematic, but various and vigorous. It abounded in strong contrasts. Powerful chiefs stripped themselves of their coats of mail or their ermine, and retired to religious houses to die monks. You wandered out from a hall where minstrels were singing to lords and ladies drinking out of gold, and were startled in a wood by the tinkling of a leper's bell. In the same social state where a De Belesme rode out at the head of his followers to steal cattle, preparatory to fortifying his castle, a De Braose 'would salute any children that he met . . . to the end he might have a return of the benediction of the Innocents.' One lord enters the village, on his return to the castle from the Holy Land, with the whole neighbouring convent in procession, singing *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*. Another invades the grounds of the Bishop of Ely at the head of a troop of rascals, kills his game, breaks open his cellars, and allows all his men to get drunk. There was great stateliness and splendour, and reverence both inward and outward, for rank; but when Fulk Fitz-Warine was playing chess with Prince John, in the time of Henry II., the Prince broke his head with the chess-board, and Fulk gave him a blow which nearly killed him. The same baron, who in some causes would face the king in open war, paid a fine for having a good pipe of wine over from France, or coaxed his sovereign with a batch of lampreys to get him a

manor

manor at farm from some opulent earl, or, with a score of palfreys, to induce him to procure him Eleanor de Bisset for a wife. Dark and deep superstitions brooded over men's hearts, and filled earth and sky with terror and mystery; and yet there was no lack of fun either. Jolly fellows, like Walter de Mapes, sang out their drinking catches; minstrels wandered about the country; buffoons, jongleurs, and such like, swarmed in the halls of the great. In one sense, life was rude and violent. The Barons' Wars caused great miseries, during which, that castles might be fortified, 'the houses of the poorest agricultural labourers' (says Matthew Paris) 'were rummaged and plundered even of the straw that served for beds.' The ignorance of economic science was such that a bad harvest generally produced something like a famine. The disturbance of life was so great from turbulence, that in 1216, as we learn from Roger of Wendover, 'markets and traffic ceased, and goods were exposed for sale only in churchyards.' Yet there was abundance of charity from the noble mediæval church. The poor were not huddled out of sight as offensive objects: they were recognised as having a *sacred* right to help in the name of the Redeemer; and it is characteristic of the solemn way in which this was publicly affirmed that there were processions of poor men at every gentleman's funeral. Heavy was the baron's mailed hand, but he had a great heart too. When was domestic affection ever more deeply, more sacredly felt, than in the feudal days, when a De Beauchamp 'left his heart wheresoever the Countess, his dear consort, should resolve herself to be interred'? It is strictly consistent with this warmth of feeling, and not inconsistent, as may superficially appear, that the same kind of man was somewhat hasty in asserting his dignity, and that his hand flew quickly to his sword-hilt. Henry III. called Hugh Bigod a traitor. Hugh instantly told him that he lied, adding, 'if you do nothing but what the law warranteth, you can do me no harm.' 'Yes,' the King said, 'I can thrash your grain, and so humble you.' 'If you do,' replied the Earl (he was Earl of Norfolk), 'I will send you the heads of your thrashers!' Stormy men! But the age wanted such, and they were full of an energy which overflowed into passion in this way. Their public life established a check on the Crown; their private life was the foundation of that great system of order, that body of sentiment and opinion, which lasted in England, in one shape or another, for centuries, and is really at the bottom (we speak deliberately) of whatever is most beautiful and generous in our social institutions still.

This same Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, was one of the celebrated

brated twenty-five barons appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta early in the thirteenth century. Before proceeding to that next stage in peerage history, when barons *by tenure* were superseded by barons *by writ*, let us give the names of these old worthies. They were William de Albini, Roger Bigod, Hugh Bigod, Henry de Bohun, Richard de Clare, Gilbert de Clare, William de Fortibus, Robert Fitz-Walter, John Fitz-Robert, Geoffrey Fitz-Piers *alias* Mandeville, William de Huntingfield, John de Lacy, William de Launvallei, Richard de Montpiliet, William Makt, Roger de Mowbray, William de Mowbray, William Marshal, Richard de Percy, Saier de Quincy, Robert de Roos, Geoffrey de Say, Robert de Vere, and Eustace de Vesci. All these nobles were Normans, four of them were earls, and they may no doubt be taken generally to have been the greatest potentates of their day. It is therefore to be remarked, as illustrative of the mutability of fortune, that there is not a male descendant of one of them in the English Peerage, and that only two of the names occur in the present Upper House. Those names are of course Percy and de Roos (how came the last-named family to call themselves de *Ros*?), both through females, the last through a co-heiress. There are, however, some descendants through females besides these among their Lordships, as Lord Hereford from Henry de Bohun, the Howards from Roger de Mowbray, Lord Say and Sele from Geoffrey de Say, the Duke of St. Alban's from Robert de Vere—all more or less directly. But our fair readers must pardon us for giving the due feudal preference to the male line,—though we do not defend it on the ground taken by an old writer, that no woman can keep a secret, whereas, to keep the lord's secrets was one of the duties imposed on every man to whom was granted a fief. The truth is, that unless we take the male line as the general standard of genealogical rank (with descent through *heiresses* as the next best), we shall find ourselves in a hopeless state of confusion. Everybody of 'good blood' has some in his veins far higher than that of the name which he bears: and once let loose on a great stream, with its endless tributaries, we can sail almost where we please.

There is great difficulty in ascertaining the details of that change which substituted baronage by writ for baronage by tenure, and we should be sorry to pronounce judgment on points on which Mr. Hallam may have differed with the Lords' Committee on the Dignity of a Peer. We have seen that the earliest form of aristocracy after the Conquest was a system of feudal tenures, under which the great tenants *per baroniam* constituted the king's barons, and attended his council, which council some antiquaries have called the Great Court Baron of the Realm.

No

No writer of authority attributes the right of attending such councils to any but the higher tenants and prelates; and many men were called *barones* who, in a general sense, had no such privilege. In fact, before the time of John, even, (and the date cannot be more accurately fixed,) a regular distinction, quite practical in those days, though not altogether intelligible to us, had grown up between Greater and Lesser Barons—*barones majores* and *barones minores*. The turbulence of the greater class shook their power, by shaking their possessions; they alienated their tenures, and so increased the number of those who held of the king instead of holding of themselves.

‘Hence,’ says Sir Harris Nicolas, ‘the principle that had governed the assembly of the Great Council of the kingdom from the Conquest until the time of King John ceased to exist; the alienation by the barons of their knights’ fees increased the number of those who held of the King *in capite*; but as they increased in number, so did they decrease in wealth and power; and it resulted that either in the reign of King John [1199–1216] or in that of his son King Henry the Third [1216–1272], the King obtained a discretionary power of calling to his Great Council only such persons as he thought fit so to summon, and the Great Council of the Realm came to be divided between those whose great possessions and known fidelity to the Crown procured them a writ, and those who not holding per baroniam were yet summoned at the King’s pleasure, and by a writ similar to that addressed to the tenants per baroniam . . . proof of tenure per baroniam became no longer necessary, and the record of the writ of summons came to be sufficient evidence to constitute a Lord of Parliament.’—*Observations on Dignities*, p. 19.

Here, then, we have the constitution of the Peerage assuming a more modern form. From the 23rd Edward I. [1295] when the change had become consolidated, the right to be summoned to Parliament emanated, alone, from the King’s writ, and only those so summoned were held to be parliamentary barons of the realm. The terms peers [*pares*] and peerage illustrate this state of things. They are first used in the instrument which banished the Despensers in 14th Edward II. [1321]. ‘Peerage,’ observes Madox, ‘was the state or condition of a peer. It consisted chiefly in that relation which the barons or peers of the King’s court bore to one another.’ ‘The word peers or *pares*,’ Chancellor West says, ‘is altogether feudal, signifying nothing but men equal as to their condition, con-vassals in the same court, and liegemen of the same lord.’ ‘The *Curia Regis*,’ states Cruise, ‘was the original of our parliament . . . Peers were *pares* in the *Curia Regis*.’

Here, too, our aristocratic system began to assume that peculiar

peculiar mixed character which distinguished it, in such a marked manner, from that of the Continent. While the baronage and peerage were confined to a comparatively small body created by the King, all the rest of the landholders of the kingdom became mere *gentlemen* and their order that of the *gentry*. Families once baronial by tenure, merged into 'commoners'; and the cases are frequent of families being 'summoned' for a generation or so, becoming baronial by the process, and again relapsing into mere gentry from discontinuance of summons. We have already instanced the Blounts, Malets, Pomerays, Luttrells, Corbets, Gresleys, as coming under the former description; and cases of the latter are not wanting. A Baldwin de Maners was summoned to parliament, in October, 1309, several generations before that ancient and honourable family attained the peerage, and was never summoned again. A William Devereux was summoned in 1299, his descendants were passed over till 1384; while the present Devereuxes, Premier Viscounts, did not become peers (however ancient and Norman) till 1461, when Walter Devereux married the heiress of the great house of Ferrers.

The term *gentleman* signified nothing, originally, but 'man of family,' though by the courtesy of England it has come to be applied to all who share the position, manners, cultivation, &c. of men of family, and by popular license, confusion of idea, and ignorance of antiquity, to a vast number more. In early times, the terms nobility and gentility were certainly synonymous, here, as abroad; so much is clear from what Selden tells us in the 'Titles of Honour,' and from other authorities. The families whose constitutional rank was below that of the peerage became the knights of the shire in the House of Commons as is obvious from the old lists. The more honourable and powerful part of that House was thus of aristocratic origin (the true reason why our liberties have been based on constitutional and not on democratic principles), and we do not believe that there was a single case of any one but a county member being Speaker of the Commons before the time of Philip and Mary. In fact, the English gentry were originally the Lower Nobility, many of them being absolutely of the same blood in point of descent; and in Scotland, where all sat in the same House, the gentry were formally registered in the proceedings, as the 'Small Barrounis.'

Nothing is more remarkable than the apparent want of system in the first working of the Writs of Summons. The first writ extant is that of the 49th Henry III. [1265], when the King was in the hands of the barons, which makes it impossible

possible to draw fair conclusions from it. But there are several writs of Edward I., and the principle which regulated them is difficult to understand. We have before observed that there are supposed never to have been more than 250 tenants *per baroniam* out of all the tenants *in capite* in England. Late in the reign of Henry III., it does not appear that there were more than 150. But Edward did not summon all these, and he summoned some who did not belong to them at all. The fact marks the ascendancy of that great prince, who had such a powerful influence over the formation of the British Constitution. Among the names which his summonses first made baronial, are Meynill, Hilton, *Lascells*, Pointz, *Devereux*, *La Warr*, Ufford,* Grandison, Vavasour, &c. We have marked those which are in the modern peerage (the third in line female), others are known in the gentry; and the baronies of Grandison and Vavasour are in 'abeyance.' At the close of Edward's reign [1307], the peerage—independent of earls—consisted of about 100 persons, of whom 66 had been barons by tenure, and the remainder had been created by himself.

During the fourteenth century, events of importance happened in the history of the English Peerage. The De Clares disappeared out of it, on the field of Bannockburn, where Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester fell, leaving his great inheritance to be divided amongst three daughters. The Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, &c., ended in 1372, in the person of Humphrey de Bohun, Lord High Constable and K. G. Both these houses had married with the Plantagenets. The Bigods surrendered the Earldom of Norfolk. The male line of the Lacys, Earls of Lincoln terminated. That of the Marshals, Earls of Pembroke in one branch, came to a close. All these barons were Norman, and of the very highest rank in the early baronage. They belonged to the class which had gone to the Crusades, founded abbeys, over-run Scotland, conquered Ireland, fought at Lewes and Evesham. They may not inaptly be called the Mastodons and Megatheria of the English peerage, whose bones excite wonder in the early formations of our history. Their greatness and magnificence was rivalled, for a time, at later periods, by individual families, but as a class they belonged to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and their close marked an epoch in the history of their order:—

‘ Their bones are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust.’

* Lord Bacon had a descent from these Uffords, who became Earls of Suffolk temp. Edw. III.; his ancestor William Bacon having married one of them in the previous reign. Harl. MS. 818.

In the same century, the Montacutes became Earls of Salisbury; the Percys and Nevilles, Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland; the Courtenays Earls of Devon. The Hastingses enjoyed the coronet of Pembroke, and the Clintons for a generation, that of Huntingdon. The noble Beauchamps attained their highest power; and the peerage was enriched with the names of West, Bouchier, Willoughby, and Dacre. Besides these families, the most potent in England were the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk; Fitz-Alans, Earls of Arundel; Stafford, Earls of Stafford; Mortimers, Earls of March; Hollands, Earls of Kent; the northern Cliffords, who raised their banners so often against the Douglasses; and the De Veres who had been Earls of Oxford since the time of Stephen. Such were the families which fought against the Scots at Halidone, and the French at Cressy and Poitiers; such the names found in the early lists of the Order of the Garter, names respected by the Black Prince, and dear to the memory of honest, kindly, prolix Froissart, whose simple unconscious devotion to the chivalrous life which he depicts is the best testimony to its virtues that could be put into words. A certain love of pleasure and pomp—a certain not ungraceful ostentation—seems to ruffle, like a plume in the cap, of the men of Edward III.'s days. Feudalism had *flowered*, so to speak, and was enjoying itself in the sunshine of its prosperity with all its heraldic banners fluttering in the breeze. The earlier barons, not less noble, had been, perhaps, a shade more grim; and, in coming from earlier writers to Froissart, we feel—is it the wine they are drinking, or the love-songs they are singing? or a haunting thought of the eyes of the Countess of Salisbury?—that we are two or three generations nearer the cavaliers.

Laborious Collins, the genealogist, has an excellent way in his *Peerage*, of giving extracts from old wills and the like documents, in which we see the manners of past times without any possibility of false colour. The second Earl of Salisbury made his testament in 1397:—

‘Wherein he stiles himself Earl of Salisbury, and Lord of the Isles of Man and Wight, and bequeaths his body to be buried in the conventual church at Bustleham founded by his father: And that xxvs. should be daily distributed amongst 300 poor people until his corpse should be brought thither. He likewise appointed that xxiv poor people should bear torches on the day of his funeral, each torch of eight pound weight, and each of them wearing a gown of black cloth, with a red hood. Also, that there should be nine wax lights and three mortars of wax about his corpse: and that upon every pillar of the church, there should be fixed banners of his arms. Moreover, that xxxl. should be given to the religious, to sing trentals, and pray for his soul.’

We

We quote this to illustrate the love of ceremony and display belonging to those ages, and giving them that picturesque air which fills Froissart's pages like a coloured light. It was one of the Beauchamps that first ordered that 'a horse completely harnessed with all its military caparisons' should 'proceed before his corps.' In fact, feudalism was poetic. It had for all the grave occasions of life, a corresponding symbolism, which served to the people as an image of the moral truth in each. Hence, feudalism formed the manners of Europe, and habituated the popular mind to reverence and admiration. A noble of those days, the highest type of the manhood of the country, was in himself a kind of education, not only for the youths who lived about him, expressly that they might study him in that light, but for the general people who saw him constantly, and regarded him as a species of ideal. It is no small compliment to English feudalism to say that it contributed to the national education, so powerful a moral influence: and our *first* gratitude (for this as for all other traditions of the kind) is due to the old aristocracy, the original blood, whose history is thus a matter of national concern.

It was in the latter part of the fourteenth century, that the ranks of Marquis and Duke were introduced; and that another change took place in the manner of creating peers. We have seen how barons by tenure were succeeded by barons by writ. In October, 1387, Richard II. created one of the Beauchamps a peer, by *letters patent*. The effect of this was to fix the exact nature of dignities and to *determine the succession*. Before the new practice began, it had been common for our sovereigns, though summoning in a general way to parliament the barons of the country, to discontinue the summonses when they had political motives for doing so. How, during this state of things, could dignities be really described as *hereditary*? The letters patent, whatever may have been the motives which prompted them, have had at least the effect of indissolubly associating the dignity of peerage with the hereditary idea.

We may state here that there are no titles of honour now extant of older date than 1400, except baronies; of these there are *eleven*, ranging from the barony of De Roos, 1264, to that of Camoys, 1383. All are held through female descents, and some by termination of abeyances in favour of co-heirs. In several of them the succession has come through three different families. Perhaps the best, from the feudal point of view, is that of Hastings, the date of which is 1264, and its holder an Astley, in the male line, of a family which was baronial in the reign of Henry II. To this fact we may add, that *two* of the lines which supplied the founders of the Order of the Garter, two, however, out of so many

many as *twenty-six*, are in to-day's Peerage—Courtenay and Grey. *Tempus edax*, the reader reflects perhaps! But the Nevilles, Stanleys, and Hastingses had the Garter not many years after the Order was instituted.

Before passing into the 'fourteen hundreds' we shall notice two more facts of interest which belong to the century with which we have been occupied. The first is, the accession of the earliest race of merchants to the Peerage in the persons of the De la Poles. Trade, when it was of a great and generous sort, was not despised in the palmiest days of chivalry—in the days of Sir John Chandos and Sir Walter Manny; nor, indeed, was exclusiveness ever the character of the real old aristocratic system. The great Edward III. himself speaks, in a legal document, of the late William de la Pole as his '*beloved merchant*.' William deserved as much. He was a grand merchant of Kingston-upon-Hull, who on one occasion had sent the King a thousand pounds in gold; and on another, provided 'sixty tuns of white wine for the King's army,' 'to be conveyed to Berwick-on-Tweed.' Nor did the King repay him with mere empty honours; he paid him in hard cash, and gave him a good manor. He summoned his son, Michael de la Pole, to Parliament in 1366. Michael became Admiral of the King's Fleet in the North; and in 1385 [8th Richard II.], Earl of Suffolk. Henceforth their history is that of a family of the highest aristocracy. They fought at Agincourt; they suffered attainders, and rose again; they became Dukes of Suffolk,* K. G.'s, Lord Chancellors; married with Edward IV.'s sister, Elizabeth; and finally perished of too much greatness, in the reign of Henry VIII. And all this greatness arose out of trade in a country town, and in an age when, according to popular notions, we might have expected trade to be obscure and despised. It would be difficult to point out a mercantile family in the Peerage which ever attained the same historic mark as the De la Poles: the nearest approach to it was the case of the Grevilles, in the next century.

The second fact of interest which we must notice before coming to A.D. 1400, is the birth, towards the close of the century, of a son and heir to a knightly family in Norfolk. This may seem no great matter to notice in an essay on the Peerage, but it assumes larger proportions when we state that the lad grew up to be Sir Robert Howard, and married, *circa* 1417-18, the Lady Margaret Mowbray, eldest daughter of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, by Elizabeth Fitz-Alan, daughter and co-heiress

* The first Duke married Alice Chaucer the poet's grand-daughter. It is pleasant to reflect on this union between a family that had risen by commerce, and a family that had risen by literature, in those generous old times.

of Richard Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel. We wonder whether all the greatness that was to accrue to their posterity ever entered into the heads of Robert's parents, especially 'Dame Allice,' his mother, who—

'by her last will and testament, dated October 13, 1426 (4 Henry VI.) and proved on the 20th, orders her body to be buried in the south part of the church of Stoke-Neyland, near her father; to which church she bequeaths 40s. and her white gown striped with gold.'

The worthy old knight and his wife, the said Alice—

'both lie under a gravestone before the high altar in the said church; and thereon the figures in brass of a knight, with his sword by his side, and his lady by him, with the arms of Howard and Tendring at the corners circumscribed in black letters, as follows:—*Orate pro Animabus Johannis Howard, Militis, qui obiit Ann. 14—, et Allicie uxoris ejus, quæ obiit in festo Sancti Luce Evangeliste, Ann. 1426, quorum Animabus propitiatur Deus.*'—Collins.

Pope's famous couplet has made the name of the Howards a synonyme for all that is august and patrician. The truth, however, is, that it was the Mowbray marriage which founded their greatness; that they did not become peers till 1470; and that their remotest ancestor traceable flourished about 1297—1308. This was Sir William Howard, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas to the two first Edwards. After him came a race of good fighting knights in the eastern counties, much given to naval life, holding a dozen manors or so, obtaining the usual grants for fairs and markets, and otherwise figuring as most substantial gentry. They had been sheriffs and county members, and were now about to enter on a far higher sphere. In justice to the memory of Sir Robert Howard, and to vindicate him from the suspicion of fortune-hunting, let us observe that his wife did not inherit till fifty years after her death.* The son of their marriage was the first peer of the family, Baron Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and K.G. They leaped, as it were, to the highest rank in England at a bound, and, in spite of a vast number of forfeitures and attainders, have kept it ever since. Note, too, that they are almost the only house which we have hitherto seen attaining a very great position, of whom we can say, without doubt, that they were not Norman. This is a significant circumstance in Peerage history.

We now come to a period of vast importance in the annals of the English aristocracy—to the fatal Wars of the Roses, which

* Memorials of the Howards, by Howard of Corby. App. iii.

drenched the country with noble blood, destroyed some great houses, and impoverished all; gave a final blow to waning feudalism; exterminated the Plantagenets; and has affected, in infinite ways, the subsequent history of England.

The first half of the fifteenth century produced some peerage events of consequence preparatory to these results. The Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury, ended in an heiress, who married Richard Nevill, third son of the Earl of Westmoreland. Richard Nevill became Earl of Salisbury accordingly, and was father of the renowned Earl the King-maker, who, marrying Ann Beauchamp, heiress of the Beauchamp Earls of Warwick, attained the greatest position of any noble of his age. Such inheritances, meeting in the person of a man gifted with all the qualities most popular in his generation, could not but make him ripe for grand enterprises. The disputed succession supplied the occasion. The legitimate line supplied in Edward a prince able to lead in such a way that no man need be ashamed to follow. The King *de facto* was miserably weak. There existed a few great houses over the kingdom, whose joint banners could at any moment create an army, and who, besides their natural love of war, had all sorts of private interests to draw them into faction. About the middle of the century, it would seem as if everything concurred to give the leaders of England at once a good pretext and a good opportunity for destroying each other. The battles were great duels between the nobles and gentry of each faction. They spared the common people on principle, and massacred each other without mercy. It was a most consistent result that they should have ended by inflicting deep injury on the system to which they owed their power; and to their violence in that age may be legitimately traced the Tudor despotisms, and in part the comparative weakness of the aristocratic principle in our Civil War.

Nothing strikes the reader of the events of that age more forcibly than the impromptu way in which an army is raised. It forms itself on the horizon as rapidly as a thunder-cloud. This was the result of the kind of feudalism which still remained, though the original system had been modifying itself for generations. A great lord had not proper military tenants, but then his tenants were in such a relation to him, that they easily transformed themselves into his soldiers. The family papers of houses show that the principle of early days was to grant leases, which were at once *liberal* and *short*, so that the dependence of the tenant was complete and yet kindly.* Add to this the reverence

* See Whitaker's Craven for some curious particulars about the old domestic economy of the Cliffords.

for blood and rank, which was something quite different from all that we call by that name in our modern language, and which was symbolised by liveries, badges, ceremonies, &c., so as to weave itself into every detail of daily life, and we easily see how, when everybody knew more or less of arms, a great landholder could raise an army. To be sure, he had to set off against this, that to lose his land was to lose everything. He had little power of saving or getting money, and attainder and forfeiture drove him from his eminence to abject destitution in exile at a blow.

We shall now take a few great families of the time, and show how they fared during the stormy days of the Roses.

The Percys had been made Earls of Northumberland at the coronation of Richard II. in 1377; but Richard had offended them: they had joined Henry when he landed at Ravenspur, and accepted from him great rewards. Then they rose against Henry in the way everybody remembers, from Shakspeare,—were defeated at Shrewsbury,—coquetted with the king, rose again, fell again (at Bramham-Moor, where the first earl lost his gray old head), and lay still for a while like a blasted oak. Henry V., however, made it up with this princely race, and the Percys fought for the Red Rose. The second earl (Hotspur's son) was slain at St. Alban's in 1455; the third earl was slain at Towton in 1461, and the honours were duly 'forfeited' by the victorious Edward. The fourth earl was 'restored,' however, by the same king, who had the youth brought out from the Tower (where he had spent many weary years away from the free sports of the North) to swear fealty to him. This earl lived to see the settlement of things under Henry VII. Younger sons of the earls fell in these wars on the side of the same Rose: one, Lord Egremont, at Northampton; one, Sir Ralph, at Hedgeley-Moor, the latter exclaiming '*I have saved the bird in my bosom!*' by which he meant his faith to Henry VI. The Percys, we see, had their share of suffering in these troubles.

The Red Rose was strong in the North, and the Cliffords (baronial from the reign of Henry II.) were ferociously Lancastrian. Thomas eighth Lord Clifford was slain at St. Alban's; then came that savage John Lord Clifford, who slew the young Edmund Plantagenet after Wakefield, and fell himself at Towton. He was the father of the famous 'Shepherd Lord,' known to all men through Wordsworth, who peacefully watched the stars which had glittered on his stormy ancestors' camp-fires, yet showed on the field of Flodden the spirit of his race. The strange blending of the quiet and the wild elements came out in this line of Cliffords till the last. The son of the Shepherd Lord passed his youth as a kind of rake and outlaw, the

the terror of the North, and by and by we find him a comparatively respectable 'first Earl of Cumberland, 18 July, 1525, K.G. ob. 1542,' as if he had never chased a stag through another man's woods in his life. The second earl was both studious and scholarly, but he turned out against the 'rebel earls' with Lord Scroop when he was wanted; and, finally, we have the notable Earl of Cumberland who made nine sea voyages, was a man of science, married a 'domestic model,' and yet had a strong dash of the prodigal and rake too. In him, the seventeenth baron, this renowned line, whose family tree will always be conspicuous for the beautiful blossom of legend that grows out of its trunk (we allude of course to Fair Rosamond), produced its last direct male chief. Rills of the blood, however, flow in many known families; and the existing Lords Clifford of Chudleigh are admitted to be cadets.

The Nevilles were at this time the most powerful family in England. We have seen by what alliances they had managed to gain this overwhelming position. Their head was Earl of Westmoreland. They were Earls of Salisbury, and Earls of Warwick—Barons Fauconberg, Abergavenny, Latimer, and Montagu. Seven coronets were theirs at the same time, and all had come out of the great old stem of Neville of Raby.

The whole Neville power, however, was not on the side of the White Rose, of which the greatest of the family, Warwick, was the strength and the glory. Westmoreland leaned to his kinsmen the Percys rather than to his kinsmen of York, and gave his support to the House of Lancaster. An Earl of Westmoreland fell, with his brother Sir John Neville, at Towton. Neville blood flowed in every field. Salisbury, the *King-maker's* father, was beheaded by the Lancastrians, after Wakefield; Lord Montagu perished, with his kinsman Warwick, at Barnet. Of the seven dignities three only survived into the reign of Elizabeth, in which two of them perished, and one alone is still existing in the English Peerage.

The De Veres, Earls of Oxford, were Lancastrian. One of them was beheaded after Edward's accession, in 1461. The ancient family was reserved for a more melancholy close, in a less heroic period.

The Talbots, in the person of that great warrior John Talbot, had attained the Earldom of Shrewsbury in 1442. The venerable Earl died before Bourdeaux, in 1453, on which—as Anstis informs us—

'when his body was found after the battle of Chastillon, upon Dordon, by his herald, who, as the historian words it, had worn his coat of arms; he kissed the body and broke out into compassionate and dutiful

dutiful expressions—"Alas! it is you, I pray God pardon all your misdoings. I have been your officer of arms forty years or more, 'tis time I should surrender it to you;" and while the tears trickled plentifully down his face, he disrobed himself of his coat-of-arms and flung it over his master's body.'

The second Earl stuck to the family that had honoured *his* family, and died for the Red' Rose on the field of Northampton.

We feel that these latter pages smell of blood, and we shall not make our story of these dark days longer than we can help. But there are bits of family history too important to be passed over in the briefest sketch of peerage-history. The Howards, under the influence of their new great kinsmen the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, were Yorkists to the backbone. The star still used in their livery is said to represent the White Rose.* Edward made the first Lord Howard Captain-General of his forces at sea, when Warwick turned against him, and Lord Howard carried the royal banner at his funeral. The line of Mowbray having ended, Richard III. created him Duke of Norfolk, and gave him large grants. How he fell at Bosworth is one of the most familiar passages of English history.

This was an important century in the history of the Stanleys. It has been mentioned—and it is a fact agreed on by all antiquaries—that this family sprang off the old Lords Audley, taking their new name from the manor of Stanleigh, or Stanley, in Derbyshire. In the latter part of the fourteenth century, Sir John Stanley, an early Knight of the Garter, married the heiress of the Lathams of Latham. They were active northern gentlemen, much employed in the regular old work by the Second Richard and Fourth Henry, and rose steadily as the fifteenth century advanced. It was Henry who gave them that licence to fortify a house in Liverpool [A.D. 1406] to which the present Lord Stanley not long ago alluded in a speech which he made in that famous town. From Henry, too, they derived their little principality of Man (lost by the Percys in their forfeiture), where they long exercised sway, and whence they used to swoop down occasionally on the opposite Scotch coast of Galloway and get duly expelled by the M'Dowalls and M'Cullochs. They seem to have acted a very long-headed part, besides the gallant and governing one which belonged to them as inheritors of the regular feudal blood. They had been constantly employed by the House of Lancaster, during whose reign they were Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland and Knights of the Garter, and by whom they were first summoned to parliament as barons in 1456. Nevertheless, the

* Howard's Memorial of the Howards.

second Lord Stanley (afterwards first Earl of Derby*), was of high mark in Edward's court, and employed by him against the Scotch, and declined to join Warwick, when he rose against him. In fact, this noble—Lancastrian by tradition, but Yorkist by connexion, for his first wife was a Neville—seems to have worn the two roses twined together in his helmet. But there was no treachery in what *he* did—none of the damning meanness of which that age supplies several examples. He began life just as Edward was about to begin his reign, and was loyal to him throughout. It is clear that Richard never made a friend of him, and it is known that he was imprisoned and nearly murdered during that reign. There seems to have been no duplicity in his attitude at Bosworth—no betrayal of trust. He acted with policy and played the game of his friends, most admirably when we consider the ticklish nature of the position; but what natural or honourable ties did he break?—what faith did he violate? The Stanleys are one of the few old families which came out of the Roses greater men than they went in. This prudential character adhered to them, for when the two northern Earls turned out in Elizabeth's time and wanted the then Earl of Derby to join, on the ground that the 'old nobility' were kept under, he steadily refused.

One noble who lost his head in the cause of York ought not to be forgotten by men-of-letters. This was John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, the faithful friend and patron of Caxton the printer. 'O good blessyd Lord God!' exclaims the venerable William, 'what grete loss was it of that noble, vertuous, and wel-disposed lord!' Caxton was the most intensely feudal man of his age, a fact which has sorely vexed some of his modern admirers, who, however, comfort themselves by reflecting that they know a great deal better what the state of things was then, than Caxton himself, who only lived in the midst of it all.

When we look back on the fate of the Wars of the Roses, we are struck by the great numbers of high families engaged on the side of the Rose of Lancaster. Nobody can doubt that the hereditary right was on the other side—a circumstance which shows us how strong a hold the two first Henrys had taken of the nobility, and how immense must have been the Warwick connexion which could overthrow their dynasty.

The general effect of the Wars on the Peerage is best shown by the succeeding reigns. No noble afterwards could make any head against the Crown. All that was left of pure feudalism was steadily and successfully attacked and modified. New men and

* See the note to p. 448 of *Nicolas* by Courthope, for proof that there were two Lords Stanley of whom the second was he who wore his coronet at Bosworth. There used to be some confusion on this point.

new families rose to the highest pitch of greatness. Indeed, it might not improperly be laid down that proof of real *noblesse* (in the continental sense), before the accession of Henry VII., is necessary to any family that claims to belong to the thorough historic aristocracy.

While fully alive to the evil effect of these contests on the Order, we are, however, of opinion that the general public considerably over-rates it under some of its aspects. There seems to be a notion that the battles and attainders swept away whole dozens of families from the very face of the earth, and left no old races in the ranks of the English lords. In one of Mr. Disraeli's most popular novels, '*Coningsby*,' an accomplished manufacturer broaches the doctrine that no old families now have titles, and the hero of the book has nothing to say. Had we been enjoying Mr. Milbanke's hospitality at that moment, we could have named, off-hand, at least thirty English peers whose ancestors were *bons gentilshommes* long before a sword was drawn for either Rose, and who can prove the same 'by charter and seisin,' as the Scotch antiquaries say.

The popular error in question arises partly from people's forgetting how many Norman houses had terminated before the Roses began, and so crediting those struggles with heavier results than they can claim. We have already seen that many families played leading parts there, and yet survived, and still survive. So that, when Macaulay tells us that

'The extent of the destruction which had fallen on the old aristocracy may be inferred from a single circumstance. In the year 1451 Henry VI. summoned *fifty-three* temporal lords to Parliament. The temporal lords summoned by Henry VII. to the Parliament of 1485 were only twenty-nine, and of these twenty-nine several had recently been elevated to the peerage.'—*Hist. of England*, i. p. 38—

the discrepancy of numbers must be explained otherwise than by supposing that *twenty-four* noble families perished entirely between the two dates. Henry VII.'s Parliament was notoriously Lancastrian in its composition; and again, several of those entitled to come may have been minors. It does not follow, if we do not find a name in the Parliament of 1485, that the name was extinct. Take the case of the Devereuxes, Lords Ferrers of Chartley. Walter Devereux fell at Bosworth, on the side of Richard. Now *his* son was not summoned in 1485, but *he was* in 1487; and his grandson was Viscount* Hereford, and lineal ancestor of the present nobleman of that title.

* The dignity of Viscount was introduced into the Peerage by Henry VI. (1440).

When we come to the Tudor period we find great changes in the history of the Aristocracy going on. It was the policy of that family, as we all know, to pull the Order down. Henry VII. began the system of employing lawyers and churchmen to the exclusion of the nobility; and was especially active in repressing the 'giving of liveries,' and all that favoured that maintenance of retainers which constituted the strength of the old families. For, we need scarcely say that liveries—like badges, and knots, and heraldry—were essentially feudal, whatever they may be nowadays, when people put servants into 'livery' who only yesterday left off wearing it themselves. There is a well-known story of Henry being feasted by the Earl of Oxford with splendour, and as he departed from his castle being saluted by gay groups of gentlemen and yeomen in the symbolic splendour of attire which marks the following of the *De Vere*. The King started. 'By my faith, my lord, I thank you for your hospitality, but I cannot allow my laws to be broken in my sight. *My attorney must speak with you.*' What the King was doing by power of law, time itself was assisting him in by its irresistible social changes. The following is a significant passage in Lord Bacon's fine biography of Henry:—

'Inclosures at that time began to be more frequent, whereby arable land, which could not be manured without people and families, was turned into pasture, which was easily rid by a few herdsmen; and tenances for years, lives, and at will, whereupon much of the yeomanry lived, were turned into demesnes.'

That is to say, the yeomanry—the bulk of the old fighting 'following'—were changing their condition, and ceasing to be yeomen. Thenceforward the old system was being always gradually sapped by social changes, and the money interest began to insinuate itself into the old landed organization. Perhaps the best redeeming feature of the change was, that the gentlemen of the country began to take that interest in agriculture which has now for so long distinguished this class. That characteristic can scarcely be called feudal, since the old freeman was a fighting and governing man, and the land was tilled by classes in a state of more or less modified serfage. How few are the objects of rural life (*garbs*, and so forth) used in heraldry compared with the lions, stags, and boars, or the crosses, escallops, and bezants, which symbolised the wars, the sports, the faith, of the middle ages!

In Henry VIII.'s reign we find some of the old aristocracy advanced. The Cliffords became Earls of Cumberland; the Mannesers Earls of Rutland; and the Somersets Earls of Worcester.

cester. The Mannerses, an old knightly family of 'prime quality' for ages, had recently become Lords Roos by marrying the heiress of the Rooses, who brought them Belvoir. But the important feature of the reign was, after all, the fact, that in it were laid the foundations of the powerful modern Whig aristocracy. The Russells, Seymours, and Cavendishes now began to rise into importance, and their family trees took deep root in the confiscated soil of the Church. The Russells and Seymours may be said to have been gentry before, but all their historic consequence dates from the time when John Russell of Dorsetshire captivated Harry by his conversation, and Jane Seymour was found by poor Anne Boleyn sitting on Harry's knee. There was an attempt once made to derive the Cavendishes from a Norman family called Gernon, but no genealogist now believes the story. The founder of the house was Wolsey's well-known servant, and *his* remotest ancestor was a successful lawyer. From about this period, too, we may date the influence of the Law on the Peerage. A Basset or a Howard may have in the early ages founded a family, but such cases were rare, whereas in the sixteenth century, under the despotism of the Tudors, law began to be a regular source of nobility. We are afraid to think how many peerages have sprung from the fountain of honour bubbling up in Westminster Hall. The Dudleys, though they were of good old blood, owed their immense consequence in that century to the Dudley—Empson's colleague—of the reign of Henry VII. Favouritism again, as is always the case in the reigns of very powerful princes, enriched or enlarged the peerage of the eighth Harry. Brandon, who married his sister, became a Duke almost at one stride, and transmitted through his daughter Frances, who married Grey, Marquis of Dorset, that claim to the crown of England which cost the fair Platonist, Lady Jane, her head, and the family their honours. The Howards now lost their noblest historic personage, the gentle Surrey, on the scaffold, where so much of his kindred blood was doomed to flow. Probably it helped to make the Crown so strong and popular, that some great personage was always in that sixteenth century being brought to the block. It impressed the vulgar with the sense of a grand and tragic equality of condition when they saw a stately gentleman who only a few days before was lord of a palace on the Thames and three parts of a county bow down his head to the man in the mask. What dramas these executions were for the mob! with the black velvet hangings, the guards, the armed horsemen, and the grey old tower standing grim against the sky. They quite harmonised, as spectacles, with the majestic verse of
Marlow

Marlow and Shakspeare. Nay, they helped to make the aristocracy popular. To lose your head you must have played some grand and daring game; at all events, you were feared by the Crown. A friendly feeling, too, sprang up between the crowd and the victim. The victim addressed them in a long speech, beginning 'Good people!' and tears were flowing freely before the axe fell. The English all knew each other better, and lived more in each other's sight in every way, than they do now. The strings of life were drawn close by the feudal organisation; and hence, too, the honour in which the old families were held; the reverence they commanded. There is a world of significance in remembering how Jack Cade, when he wanted to be popular, had called himself a Mortimer, and said his mother was a Lacy! The great Napoleon, to win the Continent, had, on the contrary, always to profess that he belonged to 'the *canaille*,' though he knew, and his brother Joseph and all of them well knew, that the Buonapartes were of good Italian nobility.

Queen Elizabeth, though she liked 'blood,' was chary of her honours. She never made above seven peers in all her long reign. She liked men of high blood about her, but if a man was a useful man she would take him from the dunghill. The Percys and Nevilles when they rose against her government, rose partly from the grievance of 'new men;' and when the 'dun bull' was hoisted in the northern air his roar was intended to terrify such intruders. But her Majesty's Government knew their work: the northern Earls fell, and the senior line of Neville disappeared out of the English Peerage in the person of a sixth Earl of Westmoreland—a title revived in the next reign in the person of Francis Fane, whose father had married the Baroness Despencer, a female lineal descendant of Ralph Neville, the first Earl of Westmoreland.

The Queen brought the Sackvilles into the nobility in 1567. This was one of those old families of Norman origin, which, by long remaining in the gentry, gave that order its peculiar, and entirely English, *prestige*. Their first peer was a singular and great character—Lord Buckhurst. The feudal families were the earliest patrons of literature, just as they had ever been the foremost in war; and Lord Buckhurst's name survives still in the memories of students of our early drama. Life was now beginning to be more peaceful and modern in its tastes; the young nobles travelled, and brought home a perfume of Italy with them, and letters made their appearance in the Strand palaces and old country seats of the aristocracy. Buckhurst had spent some time 'beyond sea,' and there perhaps had acquired those profuse habits which old Roger Ascham attributes to gentlemen who

who knew Venice. At all events, there is a good story told of the way he was reformed. An alderman, from whom he had borrowed, kept him waiting one day so long before he came down that his Sackville blood rose at it, and he turned a good sober economist from the effect it produced on him. He was in high office under Elizabeth, was made Earl of Dorset by James, and the line only ended in the last Duke of Dorset in our own day.

Another of her peerages was the Earldom of Essex, bestowed on Walter Devereux, second Viscount Hereford, father of her favourite, Robert. This Earldom expired with the famous parliamentary general. Another was the barony of Hunsdon, bestowed on her cousin, Henry Carey. Two—the Earldoms of Warwick and Leicester—she gave to Ambrose and Robert Dudley, sons of the Duke of Northumberland who suffered in the last reign. Sir Philip Sydney's mother was a sister of these two peers; and when the writer of the famous pamphlet called 'Leicester's Commonwealth' attacked (among other things) the descent of the Dudleys, Sir Philip replied with peculiar indignation. This 'Reply' by that renowned gentleman is so little known, compared with the 'Defence of Poesy' or the 'Arcadia,' and it so admirably illustrates our present subject during the Elizabethan period, that we are tempted to give an extract from it:—

'Now to the Dudleis, such is his [the writer's] Bownti, that when he hath poured out all his flood of scolding eloquence, he saith thei are no Gentlemen, affirming, that the then Duke of Northumberland was not born so; in truth, if I should have studded, with myself, of all pointes of fals invectives, which a poisonous tong could have spitt out against that Duke,—yet it would never have come into my Hed, of all other thinges, that any man would have objected Want of Gentry to him; but this Fellow doth lyke him who when he had shott of all his sailing Quiver, called one Cuckold that was never married,—becaws he woold not be in debt to any one evill Word. I am a Dudlei in Blood, that Duke's Daughter's Son, and do acknowledg, though in all truth I may justly affirm, that I am by my Father's syde of ancient and allwaies well esteemed and wel-matched Gentry, yet I do acknowledg, I sai, that my chieftest Honor is to be a Dudlei, and truly am glad to have Caws to set forth the Nobility of that Blood, whereof I am descended, which but upon so just Caws without vain glori could not have been uttered; since no Man but this Fellow of invincible Shamelessness, woold ever have cald so palpable a Matter in Question. In one place of his Booke, he greatli extolleth the great Nobilitie of the Hows of Talbot, and truly with good Caws, there being, as I think, not in Europe, a subject Hows which hath joined longer Continuance of Nobiliti with Men of greather Service and Loyalty. And yet this Duke's own Grandmother whose Blood he makes so base was a Talbot, Daughter and sole Heir to the Vicount of Lile; even he the same man,

who,

who, when he might have saved himself, chose rather manifest Death than to abandon his Father, that most noble Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, of whom the Histories of that tyme made so honourable Mention. The Hows of Grai is well known, to no Hows in England in greater Continuance of Honour and for number of great Howses sprong of it to be matched by none,—but by the noble Hows of Nevel;—his mother was a right Grai, and a sole Inheritor of [by] that Grai, of the Hows of Warwick, which ever strove with the great Hows of Arundel, which should be the first Earl of England: he was lykewise so descended as that justly the Honour of the Hows remained chieflly upon him being the only Heir to the eldest Daughter; and one of the Heirs to that famous Beauchamp Earl of Warwick that was Regent of France; and although Richard Nevel who married the yougest Sister, becaws she was of the hole Blood to him that was called Duke of Warwick, by a point in our Law carried away the Enheritance; and so also I know not by what right the Tytle, yet in Law of Heraldry and Descentes which doth not consider those Quiddities of our Law, it is most certain that the Honour of the Blood remained upon him chieflly, who came of the eldest Daughter.—And more undoubtedly it is to be said of the Hows of Barklei, which is affirmed to be descended lineally of a King of Denmark, but hath ever been one of the best Howses in England; and this Duke was the oneli Heir general to that Hows which the Hows of Barklei doth not deny, howsoever as sometymes it fals out between Brothers, there be question for land between them. Many other Howses might herein be mentioned, but I name these, becaws England can boast of no nobler, and becaws all these Bloods so remained in him, that he, as Heir, might (if he had listed) have used their Armes and Name as in old tyme they used in England, and do daili both in Spain, France, and Itali:—So that I think it would seeme as great News as if thei came from the Indies, that he who by Right of Blood, and so accepted, was the awncientest Viscount of England; Heir in Blood and Armes to the first or second Earl of England; in Blood of Inheritance, a Grai, a Talbot, a Beauchamp, a Barklei, a Lislai (Lisle) should be doubted to be a Gentleman. But he will say these great Honors came to him by his Mother. For these, I do not deny they came so; and that the Mother being an Heir hath been in all ages and contreis sufficient to nobilitate, is so manifest, that, even from the Roman Tyme to modern Tymes, in such case, they might, if they listed, and so often did, use their Mother's Name: and that Augustus Cæsar had both Name and Empyre of Cæsar, only by his Mother's Ryght, and so both Moderns. (That is both name and arms.) But I will claim no such priviledg; lett the singular Nobilitie of his Mother nothing avail him, if his Father's blood were not in all Respects worthy to match with hers.—If awncient undouted and untouched Nobility be worthi to match with the most noble Hows that can bee; This Hows therefore of Dudlei which in despyte of all shamelesnesse he so doth deprave, is at this Dai, a Peer as we term it of the Realm, a Baron, and as all Englishmen know a Lord of the Parliament, and so a Companion both in Marriage, Parliament, and Tryall to the greatest Duke that England can

can bear; so hath it been ever esteemed, and so in the constitutions of all our Laws and ordinances, it is always respected.*

This passage is interesting for several reasons. It exhibits Sir Philip not in a mere literary composition, but full of zeal in a matter personal to himself. It shows us what families were considered noblest in that age; and it gives us a very clear notion of the importance which the Elizabethans attached to Quality. The truth is, that they regarded it as a real and intrinsic advantage to the individual who possessed it (like beauty, or genius), apart from any social weight it gave him. Spenser commences one of the cantos of his romantic poem thus,—

‘ In brave poursuitt of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence,
Seemes to be borne by native influence.’

And this was an article of faith among the gentlemen of the kingdom. They held the old Greek doctrine, that ‘nobility is virtue of race’ (*εὐγένεια γὰρ ἔστιν ἀρετῇ γένους*), and believed that those who possessed it were naturally superior to other men. Their portraits—calm, stately, brave, and wise faces—justify their creed to the eye; and the men they produced—the Sydneys, Raleighs, Bacons—justify it to the understanding. By-and-by there will be a hearing again for this side of affairs in Europe, after the total failure of the revolutionary party to produce governing intellects has had a still wider scope to show itself in.

The Comptons were raised to the Peerage, also, by Elizabeth. They were old Midland-county gentry of that respectable class from which it was so natural that the Peerage should be recruited, and which was now pushing its way, by the professions, into the higher ranks of the State. The genealogical rank of these families is to the baronial lines, with which, indeed, they sometimes vie in antiquity, though inferior in historic importance.

During this reign the Clintons—long barons—acquired the earldom of Lincoln, which is now merged in their higher title. The first earl was Lord High Admiral before Howard of Effingham, and took for his third wife Surrey’s ‘Geraldine.’

We have mentioned, we think, all the families, except Cecil, which the Queen honoured in this way. Only two of those which she raised from the Commons are now in the Lords. At her death the Peerage consisted of about 59, of whom 19, according to a calculation by Sir Egerton Brydges, ‘had had

* From the Sydney Papers by Collins.

their first advancements before the end of the reign of Henry III.* There are now in the English Peerage (leaving out the earldom of Shrewsbury, as being in dispute) 18 peers whose lineal male ancestors were English noblemen when Elizabeth's reign closed. As changes were made in a far more sweeping way after that date, which thus represents a kind of aristocratic epoch, we give their names. They are—

DUKES.	MARQUESSSES.	EARLS.	VISCOUNTS.	BARONS.
Norfolk.	Winchester.	Derby.	Hereford.	Stourton.
Beaufort.	Salisbury.	Huntingdon.		Raglan.
Rutland.	Exeter.	Pembroke.		
Newcastle.	Northampton.	Suffolk.		
		Berkeley.		
		Delawarr.		
		Abergavenny.		

This gives a good idea of the permanence or non-permanence of *titles*, though the expiration of a title does not necessarily imply that of a family. We have inserted 'Norfolk,' though it was under attainder; and should mention that the peerages of the Seymour and Courtenay families, now possessed by them, were in 1603—the first in the possession of a junior branch, and the second unclaimed by Lord Devon's ancestor. The forty titles or so which have perished since Elizabeth's death, include some great names: Cliffords Earls of Cumberland; Dacres of Gillesland;* Sackvilles Lords Dorset; Greys Lords Kent; Scropes, Lords Scropes of Bolton; Chandoses of Sudeley; Wilmoughbys of Parham; De Veres, Earls of Oxford, amongst the best. The curious in these matters may have remarked that the very dash of fire in the blood which made the old houses glorious in days of action, made them also apt to ruin themselves when there was nothing to do.

If Queen Elizabeth was remarkable for keeping the Fountain of Honour locked up, and the key in her royal pocket, her successor had precisely the opposite tendency. Old Fuller asked once, 'Why should the Fountain of Honour be dry, if the channel of desert be running?' But James did not confine himself to rewarding desert, but prostituted his royal functions in so shameful a manner, that a strict line must in many cases be drawn between his period and preceding ones. It is likely that the way in which he granted and even sold titles, was one of the causes of that revolt against old notions of reverence and loyalty, which, during the civil wars, raged in the blood of England. Nothing is more

* The last heir male of this family, Randal Dacre, died in London in 1634, and was buried at Greystock, at the expense of the Earl Marshal! The estates had gone, previously, by three heiresses to three separate Howards. The Howards did not behave well to the Dacres.

plausible than to talk of strengthening an order by making it more popular in its constitution, &c. &c.; but, *practically*, we know that in early days in England nothing was so *un-popular* as a batch of bran-new potentates. The proofs are abundant. When James began scattering coronets (*'crownets'* they called them in old times), a wag issued a pamphlet, which professed to teach people 'How to remember the names of the Nobility.' This illustrates the general feeling on the subject.

Among the worthy creations of James were, the peerages of Secretary Cecil, Sir Robert Sydney, Stanhope of Harrington, Egerton, Grey of Groby, Spencer of Althorpe, Bacon, and such like. He also restored the Howards from the effects of the fourth Duke's foolish flirtation with Mary Queen of Scots, and his son's attainder, by allowing to that amiable but weak duke's grandson his father's honours,—the ancestral baronies—and the Earldom of Surrey. This was the stately Earl of Arundel, Earl of Norfolk and Earl Marshal, of whom so vivid a portrait is given by Clarendon—a very high-bred lofty personage, fond of Italian travel and the arts, and whom the young cavaliers looked on as one of the old school. 'Here comes the Earl of Arundel,' the King's favourite, handsome Hay, Earl of Carlisle, used to say, 'in his plain stuff and trunk-hose, and his beard in his teeth; that looks more like a nobleman than any of us!' The Earl Marshal used to preside in his court to try people for offences to gentility generally—calling your heraldic swan a goose, and such profanities, to which the young generation was but too prone! With a good deal of foolish pomp, however, bred by long peace and the growing wealth of London, and town-life in their fine great houses (the gardens of which ultimately became the 'square-gardens' of our present Metropolis), the nobles of that breed combined high qualities. Greville, Lord Brooke—sprung from a merchant-prince of the old Plantagenet days, and with much illustrious blood in his veins—was one of the school; a great friend and patron of Camden's, and the early friend and biographer of Sir Philip Sydney. They show his monument in the fine old church of St. Mary, Warwick, where many Beauchamps, Dudleys, and Grevilles lie; and round it may be read (while his dead decayed banner is rotting overhead) the remarkable epitaph:—

'Servant to Queen Elizabeth;
Counsellor to King James,
And friend to Sir Philip Sydney.'

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was one of the same school—the son of 'Sydney's sister,' to whom Ben Jonson looked up with regard; and such men as he and Lord Falkland—

land—in whose gardens poets and philosophers discussed noble themes—kept alive that respect for their class which some of the Court doings were only too likely to impair. The frivolity and brutality of James's favourites served the Puritans with a very natural theme, and the bad effect of all had to be borne (as so frequently happens in history) by a son of far different life and better intentions.

It was James who first ennobled the present families of Cavendish and Montagu. The Cavendishes spread into two great branches—Devonshire and Newcastle; the Montagus into two, also—Montagu and Manchester.* Both had risen by the law, which was the source of the greatness of more and more families as time advanced. With law, trade also grew more conspicuous as a source of peerage. Families appeared which, instead of tracing to a hero, only traced to a Lord Mayor. The Holleses and Baynings, Leighs, and Hickses, ennobled by James, or soon after, were specimens of these, and brought jolly blood, rich with custard and plum-pudding, to mingle with what was left of the Norman streams. We shall not go into the question to which races the nobility of England owes its renown. But it is pleasant to mark such circumstances as that it was from an ancestral merchant-tailor that Lord Craven, the devoted friend of Elizabeth of Bohemia, drew his blood,—one of the truest gentlemen of the seventeenth century.

James, also, created the peerages of Denbigh and Digby, and raised the house of Villiers to the highest rank in one generation. Lord Denbigh drew his lineage from the House of Hapsburgh, and was an ancestor of Tom Jones—two holds upon fame, which, like anchors at bow and stern, will keep his house's fame stable for ever. The Digbys are true old English gentry, immortalised by Sir Kenelm. The Villierses are a curious instance of a family rising by its good looks, and if they had been Roman instead of English nobles, might well have taken the cognomen of 'Pulcher.' They came out of a Leicestershire manor-house, where they had been vegetating in their woods, and became one of the most prominent families in England in one age. The first Duke of Buckingham had 'a numerous and beautiful female kindred,' says Fuller, and strengthened his position by the connexions they formed. Lord Denbigh's wife was one of them,

* * Upon the 19th day of December [1620] was Sir Henry Montagu, late Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, created Baron Kimbolton, in the county of Huntingdon. . . . He was third son to Sir E. Montagu of Boughton, in the county of Northampton, supposed by some to be lineally extracted from the ancient Montagues, Earls of Salisbury.—Sir Simonds d'Ewes, *Autobiography*, i. 160.

and Marlborough's great-grandmother, and the mother of Chatham was of the same family in the next century.

The peerages created by James, in his twenty-two years' reign, were as many as sixty-two. Of his earldoms three survive: Suffolk, Denbigh and Westmoreland. Of his baronies, five: Petre, Say and Sele, Arundel of Wardour, Dormer, and Teynham. A few more of his titles are merged in higher ones subsequently attained,—in the dukedoms of Manchester and Devonshire, for instance; and the Villierses have two earldoms indirectly due to him. But the balance gives an awful mortality, notwithstanding, in titles of honour, and shows how many are the risks of the failure of a direct male line. The complete extinction of names, even, is one of the curiosities of genealogy. Open a 'London Directory,' and in that solid mass of English names how few are the gentle ones! As for some of the early Norman names—powerful and famous in their day, too—they would be as unfamiliar, if mentioned to modern ears, as those of the Labdacidæ or the Valerian *gens*.

The mortality, however, among the titles of Charles I. is even more striking. Little more than half-a-dozen survive out of nearly sixty; four of these are earldoms: Lindsey, Stamford, Winchilsea, and Chesterfield. Three are baronies, Stafford (though females), Byron, and Ward; while Brudenell is merged in the later elevation of Cardigan. The Byrons, though baronial at the Conquest, were, for many ages, simple gentry, till Charles brought them to their old sphere again. The Brudenells first attained distinction as lawyers in the reign of Henry VIII.

Charles I. naturally used his prerogative in aid of his arms, and sometimes, where he did not give titles, gave heraldic 'augmentations'—pretty little symbolic thanks, such as a rose in the chief, or what not; very satisfactory to families which possess them now! Some of his creations were titles of world-wide renown. He made Sir Edward Herbert Lord Herbert of Cherbury—that strange mixture of chivalry and philosophy, feudal gentleman and pedant; as if you had taken a Pythagorean and dipped him head over ears in the 'Fairy Queen.' He made William Cavendish (nephew of the first Earl of Devonshire) Earl of Newcastle—a very magnificent noble, though rather ornamental than suited to such terrible times. He became Duke of Newcastle afterwards, and is chiefly remembered by the quaint biography of him by his Duchess, which is very curious, and was a great favourite of Charles Lamb's. The same King made the Mordaunts Earls of Peterborough, and the grandson of the first Earl was the famous Peterborough of Anne's days—a true specimen

specimen of the dashing old Norman blood. He also made the Pierreponts Earls of Kingston, and from this race descended the immortal 'Lady Mary.' It is impossible to forbear remarking what a large proportion of eminent persons came from the ancient families: the Sackvilles, Mordaunts, Herberts, Pierreponts, Stanhopes, St. Johns, Vanes, Savilles, and the like—most of which, in the reigns of the Charleses and early Georges, began to be absorbed into the House of Peers. Though constantly all but swamped by new families, there has never been a period down to this present one when the feudal families have not been able to point to men capable of meeting 'all comers' in the cause of their ancient renown.

Some of Charles I.'s peers repaid him for their honours, with their blood. He created Lord Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon; and Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, Earl of Sunderland. Both fell, under his standard, at Newbury. The Byrons fought for him, passionately; and so did the Stanhopes. Another family ennobled by him was Lucas, one of which, Sir Charles, died so nobly at Colchester.

During this reign, the venerable lines of Stafford and Clifford of Cumberland came to an end. Two centuries had passed since Englishmen had been opposed to each other in deadly civil strife, and though they fought at Marston-Moor and Naseby, under a fair sprinkling of those who had led them at Northampton and Towton, and though the later of the wars did not produce one first-rate man on either side who was not of gentle birth, still a change was visible in the leadership, in Charles's days, which is deeply significant in peerage history. The highest commands in the royal army were in the hands of houses which had risen since the days of the Roses. How different was now the position of the Nevilles! How different that of the De Veres! Where were the Mowbrays and Fitz-Alans? The great Percy of Northumberland himself, instead of being at the head of the North with 14,000 men at his back, of his own raising, was now a half-neutral personage who would not act at all with the King against the parliament, and would not act, thoroughly, with the parliament against the King. Another very important symptom of this struggle as bearing on the history of English aristocracy was the increased importance of the gentry. The real practical leaders whether of Cavaliers or Roundheads—Granvilles, Hoptons, Langdales on the one side, Fairfaxes, Wallers, Cromwells, Hampdens on the other—were members of that order. The court-martial which sentenced to death that most loyal and excellent nobleman James Stanley, Earl of Derby, comprised some of the best names in Lancashire and Cheshire.

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One effect the Civil War produced in common with the Wars of the Roses was to inflict heavy injury on the families engaged in it. After an estate had been sequestered, its woods felled, its proprietors exiled or imprisoned, fines levied on him, damage done to his dwelling house, the mass of losses together was only too likely to ruin the race. In many respects, those wars changed the face of the country. Beautiful antique windows in country churches, full of the 'quarterings' of the neighbouring lord of the manor, were smashed in the scenes of violence inseparable from civil struggles. City scribes came down, and bought up estates. We find Fuller complaining, that during the late troubles, many 'upstarts' had 'injuriously invaded the arms of ancient families.' And, what with the shock given by the years of agitation and disturbance to the old traditionary life of the country, and what with the influence of the Court of the Restoration, worldly, frivolous, satirical, we find a tone and sentiment prevailing about birth and rank generally, which is quite different from that of earlier days. 'The contempt of scutcheons,' says Lord Halifax, 'is as great a fault in this age, as the overvaluing them was in former times.' The pride of a man of quality was now less in his pedigree as a fine chain which connected him with the chivalry of old Europe, than in the accidents of his social position, his title, his place at Court, his wig and ruffles, his gilt coach drawn by Flanders mares.

Charles II., to whose reign these observations chiefly apply, was as profuse in granting honours, as, and probably less fastidious to whom he granted them, than his father and grandfather. He created over sixty. The most distinguished of his creations were Clarendon and Halifax, the first borne by the great historian, the second by the brilliant Saville, the politician and wit. Several of his most honourable creations survive still, Clifford of Chudleigh, Cardigan, Latimer (since merged in the higher title of Leeds), Townshend, Carlisle, Shaftesbury, Berkeley, Sandwich, Dartmouth. Four of his own descendants are in the peerage of Great Britain; and several distinguished persons have come of his blood, Topham Beauclerk for instance, Charles Fox, and the late Sir Charles Napier.

In the days of Charles, flourished the last of the De Veres, Aubrey, twentieth Earl of Oxford, with whom that line expired on his death in 1702. Their close was a melancholy one. Horace Walpole, who at one time bestowed much attention on their pedigree, and who was very curious about such details, has a sad story about the fate of some of them, which may be seen in his Letters, and need not be repeated here.

After the Revolution, the great Whig families obtained the crowning

crowning honours of the realm. The dukedoms of Leeds, Bedford, and Devonshire were created in 1694. The reign of William was also marked by the introduction into England of the houses of Bentinck and Keppel, raised to the peerage as Portland and Albemarle in 1689 and 1697. The family of the latter is said by Edmund Burke to have been of the oldest and purest nobility that Europe could boast before it was enrolled among the nobility of England. The same King ennobled, for the first time, the very ancient Northern family of Lowther; he made Christopher, son of the renowned Sir Harry Vane, Lord Barnard (a title which has duly descended to his heir, the Duke of Cleveland), and he gave coronets among others to Somers; to the Ashburnhams (a family described by Fuller as 'of stupendous antiquity!') and the Fermors; besides creating the Villierses, Earls of Jersey.

The Peerage of England consisted, when the last century began, of about a hundred and fifty, of which forty-four still exist under the same titles, and twenty are merged in higher ones. This calculation does not include the case of a few baronies then in abeyance, and of which the abeyance has since been terminated by the Crown.

We are not required to treat of the many creations of the last century in detail. The Peerage owes its historic character to earlier ages, and we have already indicated the families from which that historic character is principally derived. Neither of the two great parties of England is free in modern times from the reproach of having abused the royal prerogative in this department for the purposes of 'party.' When the Tories created twelve peers in a day in 1711, it provoked a natural excitement; but when the Whigs in 1718-19 endeavoured to pass a bill limiting the Peerage for the future, and so creating an oligarchy injurious both to king and people, the blow struck at the Constitution was of the most serious character. This notable scheme was defeated in the House of Commons by 269 to 177, and the attempt is now chiefly remembered as having been the cause of a misunderstanding between those life-long friends Addison and Steele.

The great feature of the creations of last century and subsequently has been the predominance of the legal and political over the *feudal* element, if such an expression be still proper. The landed families of high antiquity have rarely survived to modern times in the opulence necessary to houses ennobled for the sake of their weight as ballast in the Constitution, and the discharge of that office has devolved on families enriched by commerce, or by law, or by marriages which have united large estates. Many, too, of the old Gentry have been absorbed into the Peerage, so as to

to make it even more difficult to recruit the Order further from that source. The Bagots, the Wodehouses, the Vernons, the Grosvenors, the Wilbrahams, the Lambtons, the Fitz-Williams, the Listers, the Byngs, all ennobled since the opening of last century, are not of a stamp which is to be found scattered plentifully in these days over English counties. We apprehend, however, that in recruiting the Peerage, it is from such families that peers should be taken in the first instance—political peerages being bestowed only on men of the highest character and standing—and money peerages as sparingly as can possibly be helped. Meanwhile, public opinion on these subjects would be much enlightened if the public would remember that aristocracies are prone to grow less respectable as they grow less *historic*; that the Roman nobles who flattered Caligula were not of the families which conquered Hannibal; and that the French aristocracy before the Revolution had become hateful, as much by the system which had made *noblesse* an affair of barter, as by any misconduct on the part of those who sprang from the warriors of Philip Augustus.

When the subject of the English Peerage was last discussed in the 'Quarterly Review,'* we stated its number to be 328, besides representative peers and bishops. The Whigs added to its numbers most copiously, not to say unscrupulously, when they got the opportunity after that time. When Lord Melbourne resigned in August, 1841, it was after bestowing some 42 coronets in four years. If Sir Robert Peel had imitated this example, instead of bestowing 5 only in the five years between 1841 and 1846, the House of Lords must have been enlarged, at a considerable expense for architecture. Since that time succeeding ministers have been more moderate. The Whigs renewed the game in 1846, indeed, but it was more reasonably played. Lord Derby during his administration only made himself responsible for advising three. Lord Palmerston has created twelve.

The entire Peerage of Great Britain and Ireland at present comprises 638 titles, of which 70 are Scotch, and 174 Irish. Of the 70 Scotch peers, *twenty* are Peers of the United Kingdom; and of the 174 Irish, 41 enjoy the same honour. This leaves the Peerage of the United Kingdom 455 in number, the purely English Peerage being 394. It may be stated generally, that of 203 earldoms of Great Britain and Ireland, 80 are a century old, and 55 out of the 313 baronies. As a rule, the Scotch titles are decidedly more ancient, there being no less than seven Scotch earldoms prior in date to that of Lord Derby. The benefits we

* In 1830.

have derived from an institution both venerable in itself, and, in many of the individual families which compose it, are not to be looked for in history alone, where most of the evil which is prevented, and much of the good which is effected, leave no trace. The advantages, to be duly appreciated, must be sought in the principles of human nature; and under this aspect they are finely summed up by Burke in the luminous page in which he records the opinions of Lord Keppel, and, it is needless to add, of himself. 'He valued ancient nobility, and he was not disinclined to augment it with new honours. He valued the old nobility and the new, not as an excuse for inglorious sloth, but as an incitement to virtuous activity. He considered it as a sort of cure for selfishness and a narrow mind, conceiving that a man born in an elevated place, in himself was nothing, but every thing in what went before, and what was to come after him. Without much speculation, but by the sure instinct of ingenuous feelings, and by the dictates of plain, unsophisticated, natural understanding, he felt that no great commonwealth could by any possibility long subsist without a body of some kind or other of nobility, decorated with honour and fortified by privilege. This nobility forms the chain that connects the ages of a nation, which otherwise, with Mr. Paine, would soon be taught that no one generation can bind another. He felt that no political fabric could be well made without some such order of things as might, through a series of time, afford a rational hope of securing unity, coherence, consistency, and stability to the state. He felt that nothing else can protect it against the levity of courts and the greater levity of the multitude. That to talk of hereditary monarchy without anything else of hereditary reverence in the commonwealth was a low-minded absurdity, fit only for those detestable "fools aspiring to be knaves," who began to forge, in 1789, the false money of the French constitution—That it is one fatal objection to all *new-fancied* and *new-fabricated* republics among a people who, once possessing such an advantage, have wickedly and insolently rejected it, that the *prejudice* of an old nobility is a thing that *cannot* be made. It may be improved, it may be corrected, it may be replenished; men may be taken from it, or aggregated to it, but the *thing itself* is matter of *inveterate* opinion, and therefore *cannot* be matter of mere positive institution. He felt that this nobility, in fact, does not exist in wrong of other orders of the state, but by them, and for them.'

ART. III.—1. *The Miscellaneous Works of Tobias Smollett.* Complete in 1 vol. London, 1856.

2. *New Editions of Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphry Clinker.* London, 1857.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born, say his biographers, in the year 1721, 'in the old house of Dalquhurn, near the village of Renton,' in the vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire. This is correct, with the exception that the village of Renton did not then exist. The vale of Leven, now the site of a bustling bit of railway, and studded with print-works, bleaching-works, and iron-works, consisted then of parts of the three rural parishes of Bonhill, Cardross, and Dumbarton proper; and the house of Dalquhurn, which was close to the Leven, was in the parish of Cardross.

The Smolletts were about the most important family in the district. The head of the family was the novelist's grandfather, Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, a descendant of the still older Dumbartonshire Smolletts, whose influence he had inherited and extended. Bred as a lawyer in Edinburgh, he had represented the burgh of Dumbarton in the old Scottish Parliament as early as 1688; having been one of the most active supporters of the Revolution, he had been knighted by William III., and appointed to one of the judgeships of the Commissary or Consistorial Court in Edinburgh; he had continued to sit for Dumbarton in the Scottish Parliament, and had been so zealous a promoter of the proposed union of the kingdoms that in 1707 he was made one of the Commissioners for framing the articles on which the union was based; and, after the measure had been carried, he was the first representative of the Dumbarton district of burghs—i.e. of Dumbarton, Glasgow, Renfrew, and Rutherglen—in the united British Parliament. Now, in his old age, he was living chiefly on his estate of Bonhill, with a goodly number of derivative Smolletts looking to him as their chief. By his marriage with a daughter of Sir Aulay Macaulay of Ardincaple, Bart., he had four sons and two daughters. Of the sons, the eldest, named Tobias, had gone into the army, where he attained the rank of Captain, and died while yet young. Two others, James and George, had taken to the Scottish bar. The youngest, Archibald, remained without a profession. He had married, without his father's consent, a certain Miss Cunningham of Gilbertfield; and, as she had little or no fortune, the old Knight had found it necessary, in forgiving them, to settle his son on the life-rent of the little property or farm of Dalquhurn, near
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the paternal mansion of Bonhill, with an allowance making up an income of about 300*l.* a-year. Here were born three children—a daughter, named Jane, who was the eldest; and two sons, James and Tobias. Not long after the birth of Tobias, his father died, and the care of the widow and the orphans devolved on the grandfather. For Tobias, as the youngest son of a youngest son, and with uncles, aunts, and cousins standing between him and the fountain-head, the prospect was necessarily none of the best. But it was a time when Scottish houses had peculiar facilities for getting their cadets disposed of, and a Smollett of Dumbartonshire had as good a chance as any.

Among the first conscious feelings of every young Lowland Scot is the feeling of his Scottish nationality. A fervid *amor patriæ*, a glowing recollection of Bruce and Wallace as heroes of but one side of the Tweed, and a pugnacious sense of some difference still between the larger population to the south and the smaller to the north of that river, are part of the intellectual outfit of every Scottish boy. Smollett was no exception. Although Wallace had been everywhere in Scotland, nowhere had he been so much as in the country round Dumbarton. How many were the stories of his prowess in that region, of his wanderings with his faithful followers, of his lurking about the grand old castle of Dumbarton itself, where they still showed his sword as a relic! And had not Bruce's residence in his old kingly days been Cardross Castle, and had he not here died and here bequeathed his heart to the Douglas? All this, known to young Smollett through immemorial legend, took the usual effect. Grandson as he was of one of the framers of the Union, he had the Wallace-and-Bruce form of the Thistle fever as strongly as either Burns or Scott had it after him; and it was, doubtless, owing to the subsequent tenor of his life that the effects were not so permanent on his constitution and career.

There would be necessary differences, however, between the juvenile Scotticism of a Smollett born in the vale of Leven in 1721, and that of a Burns born in Ayrshire in 1759, or of a Scott born in Edinburgh in 1771. The Vale of Leven had its peculiarities, both physical and historical, over and above what appertained to it more or less in common with the rest of Scotland. In point of natural beauty few districts could come up to it. There was the Vale itself, as yet innocent of steam or chemicals, a perfect bit of Lowland solitude, through which, under moist but genial skies, the sheep-bell tinkled, while the angler pursued his craft. Followed southwards, this Vale led to the open splendours of the Clyde, the indented coasts of which, once seen flashing in the sunlight from Dumbarton Castle, the eye never forgets;

and, followed northwards, it led to the matchless Loch Lomond, the lower beauties of which, where the wooded islets seem to swim on its placid surface, are but a gradual promise of the sterner grandeurs of its upper and narrower shores. A Lowland Scot himself, though with a spice of Highland blood, the boy was thus on the confines of the southern Gaelic region, or rather in the midst of it. He could hear Gaelic spoken or preached in his immediate neighbourhood, and a brief excursion on the Lake took him into the very heart of the Macgregors and the Macfarlanes, where nothing but Gaelic would pass, and where the wild Celtic customs were still untouched. Or if, returning from occasional contact with the Gaels, he betook himself to such associations of more intellectual interest as his own Lowland part of Dumbartonshire afforded, was there not the fact that it had given birth to Scotland's greatest scholar? The tradition was that the grammar-school of Dumbarton, where Smollett received his first classical education, was that where Buchanan had received his two centuries before; and the master of the school in Smollett's days was a certain Mr. John Love, whose main occupation in life, besides teaching, was talking and writing about Buchanan. To all this as bearing on Smollett's boyhood, in respect of *place*, add the recollections involved in the circumstance of the *time*. Smollett preceded Scott by exactly fifty years. Things which were to Scott matters of legend, were to Smollett matters of observation. He listened to the talk about the Union when it was yet recent and unpopular, when tough old Scotch lairds in his grandfather's hearing would trace all evils under the sun to that act of national treachery, and when the distinction of being 'true-born Scots' and not 'Britoners' was yet proudly kept up by all who had had the luck to draw breath before the fatal year. Some of these 'true-born Scots' could entertain him with reminiscences extending back to the reigns of the last male Stuarts, ere yet Britain had to seek her kings among 'wee German lairdies.' Jacobitism was rife about him; the memory of the '15 was fresh; ever and anon there were rumours of a new insurrection brewing among the clans; and even at the Commissary's own table, when the punch went round after the claret, some grim Lowland kinsman or some hot Highland chief might drink the King's health, passing his glass over the water. Rob Roy, known only to Scott by description, might have been seen by Smollett. It was six years before Smollett was born indeed, that Mr. Francis Osbaldistone and Mr. Nicol Jarvie had paid Rob their ever memorable visit; but Rob was still alive and hearty about his place of Inversnaid; and it was not till Smollett was a lad of seventeen, and had sailed up

up and down the Loch many a time, that Rob's piper struck up his last march and his bones were laid to rest in the braes of Balquhiddel.

Readers of Smollett will know that we are not attaching too much importance to the circumstances of his Scottish breeding. Not only are his writings full of Scottish characters, Scottish allusions, and Scottish humours, but the very last exercises of his pen both in prose and in verse were in loving celebration of the scenes of his boyhood. 'I have seen,' he says, 'the Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all.' And so in his 'Ode to Leven Water':—

'On Leven's banks while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.'

This was the re-awakened patriotism of the elderly Scot revisiting his native place after long absence. Before, however, he had quitted those scenes, the *amor Scotiæ* had begun to show itself in the same literary guise. At the grammar-school of Dumbartonshire he was known as a writer of verses on local subjects. Like every other Scottish boy of a scribbling turn, he had resolved to write a poem of which Wallace should be the hero; and when he gave up that theme as too ambitious, it was over the pages of Buchanan's History that he meditated the drama which he actually wrote on the story of the murder of the Scottish king James I. at Perth.

Smollett's desire was to go into the army, but here he was thwarted by the old knight, who had already got a commission for the elder brother James. When he was about fifteen years of age, Tobias was sent to Glasgow to attend the University, and qualify himself for some profession. Chance rather than deliberation determined that this profession should be physic; and from about 1736 to 1739 Smollett was one of some hundreds of youths who fluttered about the cloisters of Glasgow College. After he had begun to attend the medical classes he was apprenticed to a Mr. John Gordon, then a well-known surgeon in the town.

Smollett's three years of Glasgow studentship were but an extension of his acquaintance with Scottish life and its humours. To conceive what Glasgow was at that time is almost beyond the powers of an Englishman. 'Can you direct me the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland called Glasgow?' asks young Osbaldistone, before he leaves England, of Andrew Fair-service.

service. 'A town ca'd Glasgow?' echoes the indignant Andrew; 'Glasgow's a ceety, man;' and, under Andrew's guidance, the adventurer and the reader enter Glasgow together. Defoe corroborates Andrew's description, speaking of Glasgow in 1727 as 'the emporium of the west of Scotland for its commerce and riches,' and, 'in a word, one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best built cities in Great Britain.' And yet then, and for ten years later, the population was not over 17,000. But it was the time of the rise of the West India trade, when the Glassfords and Dunlops and Cunninghams and Campbells and others, whose names are identified to this day with the commerce of Glasgow, were availing themselves of the new opportunities afforded by the Union to Scottish enterprise, and acquiring, by their mingled thrift and sagacity, what were considered colossal fortunes. These 'tobacco princes,' as they were called, were the aristocracy of Glasgow. On the *Plainstones*, where they walked daily in their scarlet cloaks, curled wigs, and cocked hats, with gold-headed canes in their hands, all others made way for them with reverence. Inferior to these were the 'weaver-bodies,' and other members of the trade-corporations, many of whom were substantial citizens. Distinct from both, and yet mingling with both, as a kind of intellectual element, was a little knot of College-professors, medical men, and clergymen. The Professor of Moral Philosophy at that time in the University was the metaphysician Hutcheson. The Professor of Mathematics, and one of the eccentricities of the town, was Robert Simson, the editor of Euclid. Among the younger medical men were William Cullen and William Hunter, the future chiefs of British medicine, though as yet unknown to fame. Half of the professors were clergymen, and, if any of the others had his doubts about Calvinism, he kept them to himself. The whole social economy of the place was rigid, frugal, and methodical. The wealthiest citizens, with few exceptions, lived not in separate houses, but in floors having but one sitting-room for the whole family; and such a thing as a private carriage was unknown in the town. The master of every respectable household was its king and priest, seldom spoken to by his children or servants, and never without awe. In the morning he went to his shop or counting-house; he returned in the middle of the day to dinner; the afternoon was again spent in business; and only in the evenings did he relax and take his pleasure. The habit then was for the seniors to meet in taverns while the women-folks and young folks had their tea; but punctually at nine o'clock the step of the good man was again heard at his own threshold, and all was hushed for family-worship and supper.

As regards the Presbyterian decorum of the place, we greatly fear Smollett was one of the rebels. Among the various traits of his Scottish nativity, at all events, which he carried with him to the end of his life, we do not find the faintest symptom of attachment to Scottish ecclesiastical forms. There can be no doubt, at any rate, that, in the matter of conduct, he had generally his name on the black books, and that he was a ringleader in college riots and all sorts of mischief. Mr. Gordon, it is said, would take his part against less charitable judges, and when any of his neighbours spoke to him of the superior steadiness of *their* apprentices, would answer that it *might* be all very true, but he preferred his own 'bubbly-nosed callant wi' the stane in his pouch.' Before his apprenticeship was over he flattered himself that he was a very good-looking fellow and a favourite with the ladies. Now, too, as his friend Dr. Moore expresses it, 'he began to direct the edge of his boyish satire against such green and scanty shoots of affectation and ridicule as the soil produced,' and he especially attacked Glasgow in its two main characteristics—its commercial or money-making pride, and its religious zeal and strictness. It is a singular fact that most of the Scottish literary men of the last century, from Allan Ramsay downwards, were in this position of antagonism to the Presbyterianism of their country. It is only in later days that there have been remarkable specimens of Scottish literary genius, not only in sympathy with the national religious feeling, but even inspired and inflamed by it.

But there were graver parts in Smollett's character than mere love of frolic. What he makes Roderick Random say of his diligence at college is true of himself: 'In the space of three years I understood Greek very well, was pretty far advanced in mathematics, and no stranger to moral and natural philosophy; logic I made no account of; but, above all things, I valued myself on a taste in the *belles lettres*, and a talent for poetry which had already produced some pieces that met with a very favourable reception.' Among these pieces is to be included his tragedy of 'The Regicide,' which was finished in some shape before he had passed his nineteenth year. Puerile as this effort undoubtedly is, the fact that he should have written so long a piece at so early an age shows that the literary propensity was strong in him, and that he was cultivating it by assiduous reading. Where he got books is something of a mystery, as there was no circulating library in Glasgow till 1753.

The cause, or one of the causes of Smollett's leaving Scotland, was his grandfather's death. The old knight died in 1739; what

what property he had was left to his lawyer-sons, James and George, or to their sisters; and there was no provision for the widow and children of his deceased son, Archibald. As Smollett's elder brother was already in the army, and as his sister was either married or just about to be married to a Mr. Telfer, a gentleman of some property in Lanarkshire, it was chiefly his own prospects that were affected. He set out on the then difficult journey of four hundred miles to London, taking with him a small sum of money and a very large assortment of letters of introduction. 'Whether his relations,' says Dr. Moore, 'intended to compensate for the scantiness of the one by their profusion in the other, is uncertain; but he has been often heard to declare that their liberality in the last article was prodigious.'

It is not clear that, when Smollett went to London, his intentions were merely those of a literary adventurer. But, having 'The Regicide' in his pocket, how could he resist having a dip into the world of letters? Even now it is one of the minor miseries of life to be in the vicinity of a young man who has a tragedy in manuscript; and it must have been worse still when there was some shadow of a chance of getting a tragedy acted, and when, consequently, the ordinary form of a young writer's ambition was to be introduced to the manager of a theatre. Smollett, it seems, began his literary experience in this way. 'As early as the year 1739,' he says, 'my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly. Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who &c.' The patron here alluded to is said to have been Lord Lyttelton, then Mr. Lyttelton, and Secretary to the Prince of Wales; and, if so, Smollett's introduction to him may have been through Mallet, his under-secretary, or Thomson, his friend. As the tragedy is preserved, we can judge for ourselves how far Mr. Lyttelton was to be blamed. The account which Smollett gives of his feelings is, however, interesting, as showing thus early the irascibility of his nature. According to every account we have of him, he was not one of that 'canny' order of Scots who are said to make their way by incessant 'booing.'

Smollett was still busy with his tragedy, when 'his occasions called him out of the kingdom.' In other words, his friends had procured him an appointment as surgeon's mate on board a king's ship. A youth of eighteen, whose only known qualification was that he had been a surgeon's apprentice in Glasgow, could

could hardly have expected anything better. Indeed, if the descriptions in 'Roderick Random' of that gentleman's difficulties at the Navy Office and at Surgeons' Hall are at all a record of Smollett's own experience, it was not without some trouble that his friends got him the appointment. It was a time, moreover, of some commotion in the naval service. Walpole, whose long ministry had hitherto been studiously pacific, had been obliged (1739) to declare war against Spain. The war was to be conducted chiefly in the West Indian seas and along the coasts of Spanish America, where there were ships to be captured and settlements to be attacked, and a brilliant beginning had already been made by the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon.

Smollett's biographers embark him as surgeon's mate in 1739, and they do not restore him to England till 1746. We know for certain that he served in the disastrous Carthage Expedition of 1741. He was surgeon's mate on board one of the largest ships of the squadron which sailed from the Isle of Wight in October, 1740, under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, to join Admiral Vernon's squadron in the West Indies; and he was in this ship during the whole of the operations of the combined fleet and the land-forces against Carthage in the following March and April, including the terrible bombardment of the Fort of Bocca Chica. When the enterprise was abandoned, the fleet retired to Jamaica, whence part of it returned to England, while part remained for farther service in the West Indian seas. Smollett was with the last portion; and he seems to have cruised about the West Indies for the better part of 1741, if not longer. It is certain, too, that for a while he resided in the island of Jamaica, where he became acquainted with a Creole beauty, Miss Lascelles, the daughter of an English planter. In any case, he was back in England and his name removed from the Navy Books by the early part of 1744. This is proved by a letter, dated 'London, May 22, 1744,' addressed to a friend in Scotland, and at the close of which he says,—'I am confident that you and all honest men would acquit my principles, however my prudentials might be condemned. However, I have moved into the house where the late John Douglas, surgeon, died; and you may henceforth direct for Mr. Smollett, surgeon, in Downing Street West.'

If this is to be interpreted as meaning that Smollett had then quitted the navy and settled in London in quest of private practice as a surgeon, we may guess in what respects his 'prudentials' might be liable to criticism. The war with Spain had by this time been engulfed in the much larger war of the Austrian succession,

succession, in which Great Britain took part with Maria Theresa against the alliance of the German Emperor, and France, Spain, Poland, Sardinia, and Naples. On the eve of the war, Walpole had resigned (1742); but, as the Hanoverian interests of George II. were involved, and as the war was popular, it was carried on with spirit, levies of British troops being raised for it, and George himself crossing the sea to show his German pluck at Dettingen (1743). In a war of such dimensions there were, of course, unusual opportunities for promotion; and it so happened that the political changes which accompanied it were of a kind that might have been favourable to Smollett's interests. One of the chiefs of the new government, and, till 1745, the sole minister for Scotland, was the Marquis of Tweeddale; and his secretary was the astute Scotchman, Andrew Mitchell, afterwards Sir Andrew Mitchell and British Ambassador-Plenipotentiary at the Court of Frederic the Great of Prussia. If we may judge from numerous letters to Mitchell which we have seen in manuscript, he was supposed by his countrymen north of the Tweed to be all but omnipotent in procuring berths for them; and among those who wrote to him 'at my Lord Tweeddale's office at Whitehall' was James Smollett the younger of Bonhill, all of whose epistles begin 'Dear Cousin,' and contain requests for favours mixed with family and political gossip. It may easily, therefore, be perceived how upon Scotch principles Tobias might have been blamed by his relatives for deserting the navy at such a promising crisis.

Smollett was only twenty-three years of age when he settled in London. It was the time of the so-called Carteret Administration, which had succeeded that of Walpole, and was itself just about to give place to the ten years' Ministry of Pelham (1744-1754). Scarcely had the change of administration been effected when the country heard of the defeat at Fontenoy (April 30, 1745); during the same year there were rumours of French invasion; and before the year was over there was the domestic explosion of the Highland Rebellion.

From the time of his setting up his brass-plate in Downing-street, the young sailor-surgeon found more to do in talking about public affairs than in attending patients. So far as appears, however, he let the Carteret administration pass without hearing from him; and it was not till the year 1746, when the Pelham ministry had been nearly two years in office, that he allowed his pugnacity to show itself in print. What then roused him was his indignation at the treatment of Scotland after the suppression of the Highland Rebellion. Inheriting the Whig principles of his

his family, he had doubtless, while the Rebellion lasted, as little sympathy with it as any subject of King George. But the Scot was still stronger in him than the Whig; and when, after the Rebellion, there came the news of the butcheries at Culloden, and the trials and executions of the rebels by scores, and all the measures for breaking up the Highland clan-system, and incapacitating Scotland for giving any trouble to England in future, Whiggism was absorbed in a sudden access of the *amor patriæ*, and there was not a wilder patriot to be found in London. His 'Tears of Scotland,' written about this time, cannot even now be read without some enthusiasm by those who call him their countryman.

He was by this time pretty well cured of any hereditary affection which he may have had for the Whigs. The years 1746 and 1747 accordingly saw the publication of two political poems in the form of small quarto pamphlets—the first entitled 'Advice,' and the second, professedly a sequel to the first, 'The Reproof.' Both poems are in the form of dialogue. The imaginary colloquists are the Poet and a Friend. Neither the Pelham Ministry nor the public took much notice of Smollett's satires; a poem named 'Alceste,' which he wrote about the same time for Mr. Rich of Covent-Garden Theatre, by way of *libretto* for some music of Handel's, was rejected as unsuitable; and his darling tragedy of 'The Regicide' still remained on his hands. It was just when his affairs were at their worst that the Creole beauty, Miss Lascelles, who had come over from Jamaica to England, consented to marry him. People who knew her afterwards thought her a 'fine lady, but a silly woman.' He married her in 1747, when he was twenty-six years of age, and immediately, on the strength of her 3000*l.*, took a new house, and began to give parties. As it turned out, however, the 3000*l.* were not forthcoming. After a lawsuit with trustees, only a fraction of it was found to be recoverable; and Smollett, with his delicate, dark-complexioned wife, and with one little daughter, was remitted again, for his household expenses, to physic and literature. The income to be expected from physic was but trifling; and the metrical form of literature not having answered his expectations, there only remained the alternative of prose. Richardson had published his 'Pamela' in 1741; Fielding had followed with his 'Joseph Andrews' in 1742, and had since then published his 'Jonathan Wild;' and by these, as well as by what was known in England of the works of Le Sage, a tendency had been created towards that form of prose-fiction which is distinguished as 'the Modern Novel.' Instinct as well as calculation prompted

prompted Smollett to attempt this new species of composition; and in 1748 he published, in two small volumes, his novel of 'Roderick Random.' The success of the book was far greater than he had anticipated. As there was no name on the title-page, some at first attributed the book to Fielding; and when the truth was known, it was said that Fielding would have to look to his laurels. The first use which Smollett made of his popularity was to publish (1749) his 'Regicide' by subscription, at 5s. a copy, with the words, 'By the author of "Roderick Random,"' on the title-page, and with a preface informing the public how shamefully that piece had been treated by patrons and managers during the preceding ten years.

Whatever we may think of 'Roderick Random' now, it was no insignificant addition to the current literature of the year in which it was published. Of the established literary celebrities of the day, the two whom it touched most nearly were Richardson and Fielding. What were the claims of this new comer as compared with these popular favourites? In answering this question, the first thought would have been one to Smollett's advantage. He was far younger than either of his two rivals. Richardson was fifty-two when he published his 'Pamela,' and Fielding thirty-five when he published his 'Joseph Andrews.' Inconveniently for Smollett, however, just as the critics might have been weighing this fact in his favour, Richardson came out with his 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and Fielding with his 'Tom Jones.' Both were published in 1749, and both were the masterpieces of their respective authors. Smollett was at once cast back in the comparison; and all that could be said in his behalf was, that there was quite as much chance that *he* had not done his best in 'Roderick Random,' as there had been, eight years before, that Richardson had not done his best in 'Pamela,' or Fielding in his 'Joseph Andrews.'

Had Mr. Thackeray been alive at that day (and we are happy to think that he was not) his more subtle criticism would have pointed to at least one reason which made it probable even then that Smollett never would be equal, as a novelist, to Fielding. 'Smollett's novels,' he says, 'are recollections of his own adventures; his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he became acquainted in his own career of life. He did not invent much, as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humour.' This is pre-eminently true of 'Roderick Random.' It is a kind of burlesque autobiography. The hero in the main is Smollett himself. He is born in Scotland,

Scotland, and educated for a time at his grandfather's charge; he is sent to a Scotch University; he studies medicine, and is apprenticed to an apothecary; he comes to London to push his fortune; he goes to sea in a king's ship as a surgeon's mate; he makes acquaintance there with all sorts of odd characters and experiences all kinds of hardships; he is present at the attack on Carthage; he comes back to England and sees town-life in all its varieties, and something of English country-life to boot; he has 'a passion for the Belles Lettres,' and seeks the society of wits and unfortunate poets; and finally, after two volumes of accidents and reverses he is rewarded above his deserts by the happy possession of Narcissa. The substance of the whole story is evidently furnished by actual reminiscence; and though incidents are purposely distorted, and there is a superabundance of comic invention in the filling up, yet to this day the reader of 'Roderick Random' cannot divest himself of the idea that he is reading about Smollett. So much is this the case, that both Smollett himself, and his friends for him, had a good deal to do afterwards to persuade people that he had not intended the ruffianly old judge in the story to be a picture of his own grandfather; nor the pedagogue to be Mr. Love of Dumbarton; nor Potion the apothecary to be worthy Mr. Gordon of Glasgow. To some of the personal caricatures he must have pleaded guilty; and we are not sure but that actions for libel might have been brought against him with some chance of success by several Navy Captains and well-known civilians.

This was a different method from Fielding's, and the difference was intrinsically one of inferiority. 'Roderick Random' was an example of a lower style of literary art than either 'Tom Jones' or 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Unable to deny this, all that Smollett's friends could do was again to fall back upon his youth, and to suggest that he might hereafter eclipse his previous efforts. How far their hopes were realised will be seen, by the next fourteen years of Smollett's life (1749—1763). The events of these fourteen years and their literary results will be best exhibited in chronological form.

1749—1751 (*etat.* 28—30). Smollett had not given up his hopes of reconciling medicine with authorship. He obtained the degree of M.D. in June, 1750, from Marischal College, Aberdeen; and he published, about the same time, 'An Essay on the External Use of Water; with Remarks upon the Method of using the Mineral Waters at Bath.' We have never seen this production, but from numerous allusions of a medical kind
scattered

scattered through Smollett's other writings, we should judge that one of his hobbies as a physician was the therapeutic use of water, and that he had notions on this subject approaching those of our modern Hydropathists. Had he persevered in the profession, his friends thought there was little doubt of his ultimate success. Practice coming in but slowly, however, he gradually ceased to solicit it; and though continuing to designate himself 'Dr. Smollett,' turned his thoughts wholly to literature.

As was natural, his first project was another novel. It was to be somewhat after the model of 'Roderick Random,' and with a repetition of those sea-characters which had pleased so well in that story, but with fresh materials and on a larger scale. It was partly with a view to pick up hints that he determined on a continental trip. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) had thrown France once more open to British tourists, and in the autumn of 1750 Smollett went over to Paris. Here he found his young countryman Moore, afterwards a novelist like himself, but then only completing his medical studies, after having attended the classes in Glasgow, and been an apprentice there to Smollett's old master Gordon. Moore, who was but nineteen years of age, had been introduced to Smollett in London, and was now his *cicerone* in Paris, helping him with his superior knowledge of French, in which tongue Smollett was by no means expert. They made excursions together to St. Cloud, Versailles, &c., and Smollett made no secret that he was picking up characters to be introduced into his novel. Moore remembered particularly one English artist whom they encountered perpetually in the picture galleries and other places of resort, and who disgusted Smollett by his incessant talk about *vertù*. Smollett had evidently marked this man for his purpose; and, accordingly, in his 'Peregrine Pickle,' which was published in 1751, shortly after his return to England, Moore had no difficulty in recognising the unfortunate painter in the character of Pallet. Less justifiably, as Moore and everybody else thought, Smollett had introduced a caricature of Akenside the poet, who had provoked his wrath by some offensive remarks against the Scotch. In short, what with the use of the materials hastily gathered in the course of this visit to the continent, and what with a bolder range in search of incidents and characters through the phases of English life, Smollett contrived to make his 'Peregrine Pickle' twice as long as its predecessor, and, in the opinion of many, twice as good. The book, it is true, encountered on its first appearance a storm of opposition. 'Certain booksellers and others,' says Smollett

Smollett himself, 'were at uncommon pains to misrepresent the work and calumniate the author. The performance was decried as an immoral piece and a scurrilous libel; the author was charged with having defamed the characters of particular persons to whom he lay under considerable obligation; and some formidable critics declared that the book was void of humour, character, and sentiment.' Considering that not only Akenside but also Lyttelton, Cibber, Fielding, and other persons of more or less influence were satirized in the book, the opposition was natural; and the only wonder is that the audacious young author escaped so well. 'Luckily for him,' he says, 'his real character was not unknown, and some readers were determined to judge for themselves.' The consequence was a very rapid sale of the novel both in England and Scotland, and, what pleased the author still more, such a demand for it on the continent, that it was very soon translated into French.

1751—1754 (*ætat.* 30—33). Dr. Smollett, the author of 'Roderick Random' and 'Peregrine Pickle,' was a man of metropolitan note. He took a good house in Chelsea (the house has been pulled down, but prints of it are to be seen) so as to be out of the bustle of London, and here he began to be visited by not a few of the celebrities of the day, as well as by numbers of young men, chiefly from Scotland and Ireland, who laid his generosity under contribution. He seems from his open-handed disposition to have been peculiarly liable to incursions of this sort, and to have always had about him a bevy of literary and other unfortunates whom he assisted 'even beyond what his circumstances could justify.' In one case his benevolence led him into a scrape. A Scotchman, named Gordon, 'whom he had saved from imprisonment and ruin, and clothed and fed for a series of years,' had prevailed upon him 'to endorse notes for the support of his credit,' and had then thrown himself into the Insolvency Court. Irritated by the fraud and by insolent letters sent in defence of it, Smollett went into town and gave Gordon a beating, on which Gordon brought an action against him for assault. Smollett gained the day, but the Hon. Mr. Hume Campbell, who acted as Gordon's counsel, having, as he thought, attacked his character unwarrantably in his address to the jury, it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from another breach of the peace on the person of that gentleman. As it was, he wrote him a thundering letter, demanding an apology; and, when no apology came, he printed the letter in the newspapers.

By this time he had confirmed, if not extended, his literary reputation by the publication of his third novel, 'The Adventures
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of 'Ferdinand Count Fathom' (1753). The hero is not, as in 'Roderick Random' and 'Peregrine Pickle,' a young scapegrace with good and bad qualities intermixed, but an absolute and unmitigated villain, whose career is a series of knaveries more consistently fiendish than those of Mephistopheles himself. There had been a precedent for such a fiction in Fielding's 'Jonathan Wild;' and Smollett did his best, by introducing characters of romantic virtue, and by leading the scoundrel himself through a succession of scenes affording scope for circumstantial description, to impart to the tale the necessary amount of interest. As in the case of 'Jonathan Wild,' however, the ghastliness of the subject defeated the chances of more than a temporary popularity for the book; and now it is only known, if known at all, through a few of its striking episodes. Among these are the Schiller-like description, near the beginning, of the storm at night and of Fathom's adventure in the hut of the French robbers, and the tragi-comic description, near the end, of 'Majesty in eclipse,' as represented in the person of the unfortunate King Theodore of Corsica, finishing his strange career as a prisoner for debt in the Fleet. In spite of the villany of his hero, Smollett, overcome at last, as it might seem, by some fund of softness in his constitution, does not bring Fathom to the gallows, but crushes the vice out of him by a closing accumulation of miseries, and then remits him to a life of further probation under a feigned name. As if to prove the wisdom of this procedure, we again encounter Fathom in a subsequent novel in the guise of a thoroughly reformed gentleman neatly dressed in black, with a visage of profound melancholy, and doing much good in his neighbourhood.

1754—1756 (*ætat.* 33—35). Although 'Count Fathom' had been Smollett's only acknowledged publication during the three years which we have thus traversed, he had doubtless been occupied with other work. It was the time, as every reader of Boswell's Johnson knows, when the booksellers of London were rapidly breaking up the system of private and aristocratic patronage, under which literary talent had till then mainly subsisted, and when, in the competition of different bookselling-schemes, there were hundreds of ways, some of them odd enough, as it seems now, in which a ready pen could be turned to account. To write a preface or dedication for a book in the press, to superintend a translation or correct it when it was finished, to compile a treatise on a professional subject, or write a pamphlet which was to appear under another person's name, was not an uncommon method, even with honest Johnson, of
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eking out his earnings. Smollett seems to have avoided miscellaneous work of this kind as much and as long as possible; but he could not avoid it altogether. There are probably remains of his industry yet untraced among the periodicals of the late years of the Pelham ministry. It was after the modification of that ministry caused by Mr. Pelham's death in 1754, that he began a task which is said to have been suggested to him by the booksellers, but which he carried on eventually as a speculation of his own. This was his translation of '*Don Quixote*,' published by subscription in 1755. Though the list of subscribers was numerous and the speculation was profitable, Smollett's qualifications for the task were much called in question while the work was in progress, and after its appearance a controversy arose as to its merits in comparison with the previous translations of Jarvis and Motteux. Recent authorities, we believe, award to Smollett's version that most questionable of all merits in a translation, the merit of '*preserving the spirit of the original*' at the expense of literal accuracy.

Such as it was, the translation had cost Smollett many months of severe labour; and as soon as it was off his hands, he found himself much in need of relaxation. He accordingly took the opportunity of paying a visit to Scotland, from which he had been absent sixteen years. One of his first resting-places after crossing the border was at Scotston in Peeblesshire, the property of his sister's husband, Mr. Telfer. His old mother was staying there; and Smollett, who was now her only surviving son (his elder brother having been drowned off the coast of America), was introduced to her by Mr. Telfer's connivance as a gentleman from the West Indies. 'The better to support his assumed character,' says Dr. Moore, 'he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance; but while his mother's eyes were riveted on him, he could not refrain from smiling; on which she immediately sprang from her chair, and, throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Ah my son! my son! I have found you at last!"' She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; 'but your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.' From Scotston he went to other places, and among them to Glasgow, where he spent a day or two very pleasantly with his friend Dr. Moore. The changes in the city since he had left it were all for the better. His old master was now no longer a surgeon, but a physician of high repute. One or two of the old University professors, including the mathematician Simson, were still in their places; and among the successors of those who were gone were some of whom Glasgow might well

be proud. The Greek chair was filled by Mr. James Moor, a scholar of no mean mark; Cullen, not yet removed to Edinburgh, filled one of the medical chairs, and Joseph Black, the chemist, another; and Hutcheson's post as Professor of Moral Philosophy had fallen to Adam Smith. Among these men the author of 'Roderick Random' was sure of a welcome none the less hearty that they could claim him as an alumnus of their college; and, if he remained in Glasgow over a Saturday, it was hard if he escaped dining with them and others on 'hen-broth' at the famous Anderston Club.

1756—1760 (*ætat.* 35—39). On his return from Scotland, Smollett entered on a new period of his career. It had been determined by the booksellers, or, at all events, by Baldwin of Paternoster Row, to start a literary journal in opposition to the 'Monthly Review,' which had been in possession of the field since 1749. The new organ, which was also to be published monthly, was to bear the name of the 'Critical Review,' and was to be conducted by 'a society of gentlemen;' in other words, by five persons more or less known in London literary circles, of whom Smollett was one. The first number was published in January, 1756, and though the words 'by a society of gentlemen' appeared on the title-page, it was immediately assumed by the public that Smollett was the responsible editor.

The first four years of the existence of the 'Critical Review' coincide with a very important period in the history of Britain. After the death of Mr. Pelham in 1754, the government had been carried on by a continuation of the same ministry under Pelham's brother, the Duke of Newcastle. From this ministry Pitt was dismissed in 1755. Suddenly, in the midst of altercations between Newcastle in power and Pitt in opposition, there came the European tumult of the Seven Years' War (1756), in which Britain leagued herself with Frederick the Great of Prussia against France, Austria, and their adherents. As usual, Britain made but an awkward outset. The French became masters of Hanover; and in the Mediterranean there occurred the naval mishap at Minorca, which led to the recall and execution of Admiral Byng. In the midst of a tempest of public clamour, the Ministry of Newcastle resigned (November, 1756), and for seven months the country was without a settled Government. At length (June, 1757) Pitt became Premier, with Newcastle and Fox as his chief subordinates; and under his magnanimous sway the country entered on that astonishing career of victory which includes within so small a space of time so much of what is most heroic in the annals of British action. Hanover was recovered; the coasts of France were blockaded, and her navy all but annihilated;

hilated; the French colonies in Africa were seized; Canada and other parts of America were wrested from the French by a series of military exploits, in the last of which Wolfe lost his life; and in India the conquests of Clive transferred a new empire to our keeping. It was in the midst of these splendid successes of the Pitt Administration that George II. died (October, 1760).

So far as the 'Critical Review' took part in politics, it seems to have gone along with the general feeling in applauding the change from the dregs of the Whig Ministry of the Pelhams to the triumphant dictatorship of Pitt. In form, however, the new journal was more literary than political. The articles consisted exclusively of reviews and notices of new books, British and foreign. From the glance we have been able to bestow on the earlier numbers, we should say that the Review was creditably conducted. Among the works reviewed in the first number are Sheridan's 'British Education,' Grieve's 'Translation of Celsus,' Macknight's 'Harmony of the Four Gospels,' Dr. Birch's 'History of the Royal Society,' Mr. Borlase's 'Account of the Scilly Islands,' Dr. Thomas Blackwell's 'Court of Augustus,' Dr. Huxham 'On Antimony,' Murphy's farce of 'The Apprentice,' Foote's farce of 'The Englishman returned from Paris,' one of Crebillon the younger's Tales (which is denounced as an immoral publication), and Voltaire's 'Pucelle d'Orléans.' In subsequent numbers, from 1756 to 1760, there occur notices of successive volumes of Hume's History and Essays, and of such works as Home's 'Douglas,' Burke's 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' Dyer's 'Fleece,' Wilkie's 'Epigoniad,' Gray's 'Odes,' Smith's 'Theory of the Moral Sentiments,' and Butler's 'Literary Remains.' The notices are generally very respectably written, and the judgments pronounced on the more important works are, in the main, such as posterity has ratified.

Smollett's position as principal editor of the 'Critical Review' was not without good effects both on his temper and on his relations to his contemporaries. We are apt to fancy the author of 'Roderick Random' and 'Peregrine Pickle' as a man who must have been always dining out, always ready to go into a tavern, and always carrying a boisterous fund of good humour with him wherever he went. There could not be a greater mistake. He was a proud, retiring, independent fellow; 'in manner,' according to Moore, 'reserved, with a certain air of dignity,' and 'far more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve than of those who could serve him.' He had some steady old friends, indeed, such as Armstrong, who had kept up their intimacy with him in his own way; Wilkes, also, then a dashing young wit about town, had found him out,

and taken to him very cordially; but, with a few such exceptions, his company at his Sunday dinners and receptions at Chelsea had consisted mainly of a motley crowd of literary waifs, related to him by clientage, and forming what might have been called a Smollett set. In becoming editor of the 'Critical Review,' however, he necessarily enlarged the circle of his acquaintance. We do not find that he became as intimate as some others with that society of artists, politicians, and men of letters in which Johnson moved and ruled; but there does not seem to have been any important member of it, from Johnson himself downwards, with whom he did not come into occasional contact. Goldsmith he probably knew as soon as any one in London did; for, though Goldsmith's first connexions, on settling in London in 1756, were with the 'Monthly Review,' he was a contributor to the 'Critical Review' not long afterwards. Of the kind of acquaintance he had with Johnson there is an interesting record in a letter of his to Wilkes of the date March, 1759, in which he asks Wilkes to use his influence with the Admiralty to procure the discharge of Johnson's black servant, Francis Barber, who had been pressed on board a King's frigate. In this letter he writes with a certain familiar reverence of Johnson as 'our lexicographer,' and the 'great cham of literature;' he seems pleased that, though Johnson and he 'were never cater-cousins,' Johnson should have desired his assistance on the occasion; and he hints that Wilkes also may like the opportunity of laying his well-known enemy under an obligation. There are other instances, too, proving that, whether owing to his better acquaintance with his contemporaries personally, or to a conscientious feeling that he was not entitled as a reviewer to indulge in private grudges, his relations to the literary notabilities of his time became less those of an Ishmaelite than they had hitherto been. He took an early opportunity, for example, to make amends to Garrick for some former disrespectful allusions to him, which had arisen out of the business of the rejected tragedy.

Editorship in any age, however, has its dark side; and Smollett soon found that, in becoming connected with the 'Critical Review,' he had made himself liable to a host of discomforts. In the first place, he did not write *all* the articles, but was only one of 'a society of gentlemen,' some of whom seem to have had the power of inserting articles without consulting him. This of itself brought inconvenience. Thus, as early as August, 1756, we find him writing to Richardson to assure him that 'a silly, mean insinuation against his writings,' which had appeared in the Review, was inserted 'without his privity and concurrence.' He had not always this explanation

tion to give; nor were the reviewed authors always Richardsons. There was the notorious Dr. Shebbeare, for example, who, having been attacked in the Review, came out with a pamphlet entitled 'The Occasional Critic, or the Decrees of the Scotch Tribunal rejudged,' in which Smollett was assailed with every epithet known in the vocabulary of rage, and the Review denounced as a nest of beggarly Scots, pecking at Englishmen, and chirruping to one another. Then came honest Joseph Reed, a rope-maker, whose mock tragedy of 'Madrigal and Trulletta' had not been sufficiently praised, and who in consequence printed 'A Sop in the Pan for a Physical Critic, in a Letter to Dr. Sm—ll—t,' beginning, 'Dear Toby,' proceeding ingeniously to references to 'a certain Caledonian quack by the courtesy of England called a Doctor of Physic,' and ending with professional allusions to the writer's skill in the manufacture of 'halters.' A more respectable opponent than either Shebbeare or Reed was Dr. James Grainger. His translation of 'Tibullus' having been sharply noticed, Grainger retaliated in a 'Letter to Tobias Smollett, M.D.' A writer in the Review, most probably Smollett himself, took the trouble to reply to this letter. Grainger had spoken of Smollett sneeringly as a writer for bread. The 'reflection,' says the respondent, 'is remarkably curious in two respects—first, that it should be held reproachful for a man to live by his talent for writing; and secondly, that the reproach should be hinted by Dr. James Grainger.' Some allusion had also been made to 'Dr. Smollett's housekeeping.' That topic 'Dr. James Grainger might with propriety have avoided,' returns the critic, 'unless he could prove that ever Dr. Smollett solicited him to defray any part of his domestic expenses;' to which it is added, 'that Dr. S. does keep house and lives like a gentleman,' as Dr. James Grainger, and divers other authors of the age, might testify from experience. Such were the literary amenities of London in 1757-8. What seems to have annoyed Smollett most was the outcry against the Review as a Scotch organ, partial to Scottish authors. He took the trouble to inform the English public that of the five persons who managed the Review he alone was a Scot; and in one of his letters to Moore of Glasgow he complains that it is rather hard that there should be this outcry in England at the very time when he hears that Home and Wilkie, and other writers in Scotland, are smarting under recent notices of their writings in the journal and accusing him of having written them.

The 'Critical Review' occupied but a fraction of Smollett's time. In 1756 he edited for Dodsley, in seven volumes, 12mo., a 'Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages, digested in

in a Chronological Series,' inserting in the collection several contributions of his own, and amongst them an account of the Carthagena expedition of 1741. In the following year he issued a new edition of his '*Peregrine Pickle*;' in which, 'owning with contrition that,' in the first edition, 'he had in one or two instances given way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment,' he retrenches offensive passages, and at the same time 'reforms the manners and corrects the expression.' Among the passages omitted were those reflecting on Lyttelton and Fielding. In the same year (1757) he wrote '*The Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England; a Comedy in two Acts*,' and had the satisfaction of seeing it performed at Drury Lane. The incident of the piece is the supposed capture of an English pleasure-yacht with a young lady and a young gentleman on board by a French frigate in the Channel; and the humour consists in the exultation of Champignon, the French captain, over his splendid prize, and the dialogue of Oclabber, an Irish lieutenant, and Maclaymore, a Scotch ensign, who are serving as exiles on board the frigate, and make no secret of their disgust for the Frenchman, and of their joy when an English man-of-war comes in sight and rescues the prisoners. Notwithstanding that Garrick behaved very handsomely on the occasion, and did all he could for the success of the piece, it had but a brief run at first. Afterwards it became popular from its adaptation to the patriotic enthusiasm of the day. But Smollett was engaged in a service of a far more laborious kind than the composition of a naval farce. If even at this time it is matter of complaint that we have no complete and continuous History of Great Britain of merit proportionate to the subject, the case was worse a century ago. The only works of the kind in the language which pretended to comprehensiveness or continuity were those of Echard and Carte and the translation of Rapin. David Hume, indeed, was at that moment occupied with his great work. The first volume, embracing the reigns of James I. and Charles I., had appeared in 1754; and the second was published in 1757. As the remaining volumes, however, were still only in progress, and as it was uncertain how far Hume's perseverance might carry him, there was no reason why a writer of more rapid powers of execution should not step in to supply the desideratum which Hume's labours were but gradually diminishing. This Herculean task was undertaken by Smollett. In 1758, after fourteen months of labour, he gave the result to the world in four quarto volumes, under the title of '*The Complete History of England from the descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748*,' containing the transactions of one thousand, eight hundred, and three

three years.' A history written at the rate of a century in a month was clearly not of the kind which Hume had reason to fear, and Smollett himself had signified as much in his preface. He made no claim to the discovery or the use of original documents, but only to the merit of having presented the public with 'a succinct, candid, and complete history of England, more easy in the purchase, more agreeable in the perusal, and less burthensome to the memory than any work of the same nature produced in these kingdoms.' The merit which Smollett claims may be allowed to him. Even yet, so far as such compilations have any value at all, Smollett's may be considered useful. The work, which was dedicated in a very dignified strain to Pitt, was received with much popular favour; it was reprinted within a year in weekly numbers, which are said to have had a sale of 12,000; and a new edition was called for in 1763. Smollett's critics, on the other hand, found enough in the History to attack and ridicule. Scholars mauled it for its inaccuracies; it was represented in hostile reviews as a work of paste and scissors; and both in England and Scotland the author was accused, in virtue of the tone of its later portions, of having changed from a Whig to a Tory. This last charge is noticed by Smollett in a letter to Moore. 'I own,' he says, 'I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but, in the course of my inquiries, some of the Whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves that I could not help stigmatising them for their want of integrity.'

It was an additional topic of offence to Smollett's enemies that his History and his other writings of the same period were noticed with praise in the 'Critical Review.' The articles were, doubtless, by his colleagues in the editorship, but it was not to be expected that his enemies would make distinctions. Smollett, however, had not yet reaped all the fruits of his connexion with the Review. Admiral Knowles, who had commanded one of the ships in the Carthage expedition, had published a pamphlet in defence of his conduct in another unsuccessful expedition—that against Rochfort in 1757. This defence had been noticed by Smollett in the Review in terms not very complimentary to the Admiral. The result was, that the Admiral commenced a prosecution against the printer. Smollett, having in vain endeavoured to compromise the matter through Wilkes and other friends, took the risk upon himself, and in May, 1759, he was fined 100*l.* and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench.

While in prison Smollett was visited by Wilkes, Garrick, and many other friends, and in order to pass the time as pleasantly

as possible, he wrote his 'Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves.' The story is a somewhat absurd travestie of Don Quixote. In lieu of the Spanish Knight we have a young English gentleman of naturally noble disposition, but half crazed by love, riding with his groom along English country roads, in quest of wrongs to be redressed, and, after sundry adventures, in which other odd characters figure, restored in the end to sound sense and his Amelia. In the course of the story, however, the author, as in former novels, leads the hero through a series of situations, affording matter for social description and satire; and he takes care to conduct him at sufficient leisure through the King's Bench. He did not publish the novel, after his release from prison, as a separate work, but reserved it to appear in parts, throughout the years 1760 and 1761, in a new periodical, called 'The British Magazine,' begun at this time under his direction in conjunction with Goldsmith. His only other occupation in 1759 and 1760, apart from the 'Critical Review,' seems to have been in writing portions of the 'Modern Universal History;' but if the estimate of what he contributed to this work is correct his pen must have been far from idle.

1760-1763 (*ætat.* 39-42). A new reign had now commenced. For a time there was no apparent change in the current of British politics. Pitt remained at the head of affairs; the war with France was carried on as before; and all the difference seemed to be that the nation had now a young sovereign of British birth, instead of the old Hanoverian George II. To the same extent as this was true of the national life at large, it was true also of the life of Smollett. He had projected a continuation of his 'History of England,' so as to bring it down from 1748 to the close of the reign of George II. as the suitable termination of such a work. Occasionally he had a new cause of chagrin, arising out of his connexion with the 'Critical Review,' but the only incident of this kind of any importance was a difference with the rising satirist Churchill. The 'Rosciad' had appeared in March, 1761, without the author's name, and had been welcomed by the town as the most trenchant satire since the days of Pope. A writer in the 'Critical Review' dissented from this opinion, and treated the satire as the joint work of Lloyd and Colman. Churchill retaliated by announcing his name, and at the same time publishing his 'Apology,' addressed to the 'Critical Reviewers,' in which, though much of the language is general, the reference from first to last is to Smollett. In this case, again, it seems that Smollett suffered for another man's fault. Although he made no communication on the subject to Churchill, yet,
understanding

understanding that Colman was also offended, he took means to have it explained, through Garrick, that he had had nothing to do with the article. 'I envy no man of merit,' he says, 'and I can safely say that I do not even repine at the success of those who have no merit.' Probably he thought that his own 'Advice' and 'Reproof,' written fourteen years before, at the age of five and twenty, were quite as good as this 'Rosciad,' about which the town was making such a fuss.

The nation was soon to be whirled out of that condition of comparative order and unanimity in which it had been left by George II., and, unfortunately for Smollett, he was to be drifted in the turmoil into a position, in comparison with which even his editorship of the 'Critical Review' was one of ease. From the accession of the new King it had been determined by him, or, as rumour afterwards said, by his mother the Princess-Dowager, that the war should be brought to a close, and, with it, the dictatorship of Pitt. It had been with a view to a modification in the conduct of affairs that the Earl of Bute, till then known only as a quiet Scotch nobleman, who had been governor of the young King, had been admitted to a share in the administration. When, however, in consequence of the obstruction thus established to a warlike policy, Pitt resigned (Oct. 1761), and when, moreover, after a short interval, the 'Scotch Favourite' himself assumed the Premiership (May, 1762), the soul of England was roused. Never before had a minister been so unpopular. His Toryism, his supposed indoctrination of the new King with arbitrary principles, his avowed anxiety to bring about a peace, all that he was, all that he had done, and all that it was feared he would yet do, were summed up for the convenience of popular rhetoric in the single fact of his Scottish birth. The consequence was as might have been anticipated. It was the acme of moral endurance to be a Scot in English society in the year 1762. It was no new thing, indeed, for Scotchmen to suffer raillery in England. Ever since the days of James I. and the Charleses they had been accustomed to sarcasm. But, balancing advantage against abuse, the Scots had come into England all the same, till in process of time the old hatred of them had passed into the milder form of mere occasional banter. Now, however, the accumulated antipathy of generations burst forth afresh, and a host of new satirists rushed to the ancient theme, till nothing was heard of in England but the pestilence of Bute and his Scots. The clamour lasted, not only throughout the actual period of the Bute administration, from May, 1762, to April, 1763, in the course of which Bute contrived to conclude the Seven Years' War by
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the Peace of Paris, in February, 1763, but also through the succeeding ministries of Grenville, Rockingham, Chatham, Grafton, and North, when the 'Scotch Favourite' was still supposed to have a backstairs influence.

It was Smollett's unhappy destiny to be the most prominent party-writer of the Bute ministry. He had been a great admirer of Pitt; but his admiration was not unqualified, and the gradual tendency of his political opinions, as we have seen, had been for several years away from the Whiggism to which he had been born, and towards Toryism, as at least worthy of a trial. Add that Smollett was a Scotchman, and there will appear no reason for surprise that, when Bute wanted to get wits and ready writers on his side, Smollett should have lent him his services. On the very day of Bute's accession to the Premiership his countryman started the first number of a ministerial weekly newspaper called 'The Briton.' Among his many antagonists there was one whose opposition he had probably anticipated. This was his friend Wilkes, now member for Aylesbury. As late as March, 1762, Wilkes had sent Smollett a copy of a political pamphlet he had written, and had received from Smollett a cordial letter, expressing disagreement with his views, but wishing 'that he may continue to enjoy his happy spirits and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity.' As it happened, within two months, the 'flowing sail' carried Wilkes full tilt against Smollett's own bark. When it was resolved to start a paper in opposition to 'The Briton,' Wilkes undertook it, and would have it called ironically 'The North Briton.' Churchill joined him, and what with the prose of the one and the verse of the other, Smollett's office was no sinecure. It was wit against wit, with the laugh all on one side:—

'The mean, despised, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forged where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.'

So sang Churchill, and so, in lighter language, wrote Wilkes, till the Bute ministry tottered, and the arrest of Wilkes, on account of the famous No. 45 of the 'North Briton,' made him for ten years to come the most popular man in the three kingdoms.

Before the arrest of Wilkes, and before Bute had resigned, Smollett had broken down. Wilkes, Churchill, and others might partly claim the triumph; for the 'Briton' closed its existence in February, 1763. But other causes were at work. Smollett had been labouring at his 'Continuation of the History of England.' He had been engaged also in other literary schemes, including

including a 'Translation of the Works of Voltaire,' in twenty-seven volumes, and a compilation entitled 'The Present State of all Nations.' Under such an accumulation of labour, his health and spirits had given way; and when, as the last and worst of his miseries, there came the loss of his only and darling child, just as she was passing from girlhood into womanhood, he was completely prostrated. His friend Armstrong advised him 'to have recourse again to the Bath waters,' which had been useful to him in the preceding winter; but his wife 'earnestly begged,' he says, 'that he would convey her from a country where every object served to nourish her grief.' He followed her advice. 'Traduced,' as he says, 'by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair,' he 'fled with eagerness' from his country 'as a scene of illiberal dispute and incredible infatuation.' He crossed the Channel to Boulogne in June, 1763; he remained at Boulogne till September, and proceeded thence by Paris, Lyons, and Montpellier to Nice; he resided at Nice from November, 1763, to May, 1765, making occasional excursions in other parts of Italy; and in June, 1765, he returned through France to England. He was thus absent exactly two years.

Among the circumstances attending Smollett's farewell to England, there was one which imparted to it a character of grace. He had brought his account of the reign of George II. to a conclusion, and in appending to it a brief enumeration of the men eminent in the Arts and Letters whom the reign had produced, he had taken occasion to speak with respect of many of his contemporaries. After mentioning Swift, Pope, and Young as relics of a former age, he passes to Thomson, and then couples Aken-side with Armstrong as 'excelling in didactic poetry.' Glover and Wilkie are mentioned for their epic attempts, Mallet and Home as authors of tragedies, and Cibber and Hoadly as comic dramatists. While referring to dramatic literature, he inserts a panegyric on Garrick as an actor, for which Garrick wrote to thank him. Johnson, Mason, Gray, and the two Wartons, are mentioned together as occasional poets; while Johnson's general pre-eminence in literature is separately recognised. There is an allusion to 'the delicate taste, the polished muse, and the tender feelings of a Lyttelton;' Guthrie, Carte, Campbell, and others of that class, have each a favourable word; and Hume, both as an historian and philosopher, has ample justice done him. Fielding and Richardson receive a sentence apiece. 'The genius of Cervantes,' he says, 'was transferred into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters and ridiculed the follies of life with equal strength,

strength, humour, and propriety. The laudable aim of enlisting the passions on the side of virtue was successfully pursued by Richardson in his "Pamela," "Clarissa," and "Grandison;" a species of writing equally new and extraordinary, where, mingled with much superfluity, we find a sublime system of ethics, an amazing knowledge and command of human nature.' Thus gracefully did the invalid wave his adieu to his literary contemporaries, or to such of them as survived. He had had battles with not a few of them, but now he was going, and might never return again!

Had Smollett *not* returned again, it might have been the part of some one of those he had left behind him to add to his enumeration of the literary men of the reign of George II. an obituary notice of himself. Had this been the case, what would have been the estimate? There was no lack now of that additional evidence as to Smollett's capabilities which critics might have thought necessary fourteen years before. The question which had been adjourned in the year 1749, when Smollett, at the age of twenty-eight, had but just attached himself to the literary world of London, by the publication of his 'Roderick Random' and his 'Regicide,' might now be resumed with some chance of solution, when there were also the three additional novels of 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Count Fathom,' and 'Sir Launcelot Greaves,' to be taken into account, and when, moreover, his name was associated with a two-act comedy, a translation of 'Don Quixote,' a range of volumes on English History long enough to fill a shelf, large contributions to several well-known compilations, and innumerable articles on all subjects in newspapers and periodicals. In respect of *quantity* of writing, at least, Smollett had kept himself sufficiently before the public eye. But though it is a maxim with some that the greatest authors have also been the most voluminous, it by no means follows that the most voluminous authors are the greatest. Looking, therefore, to the quality of Smollett's writings, as well as to their bulk, whereabouts among his literary contemporaries should we have had to place him, had his farewell to England in 1763 been his final exit from the world?

An element of some importance in this question is the fact that, if Smollett had been advancing, neither had the literary world to which he belonged stood still. Some stars of the Georgian heaven had completed their declension, and disappeared; others had changed their places; and new luminaries had risen above the horizon. Among the lesser lights that had disappeared were Cibber, Shenstone, Dyer, and Collins; among the greater, Fielding and Richardson. Broken down in health, like poor Smollett himself, Fielding had died at Lisbon as early

as 1754, having three years before added 'Amelia' to the list of his novels. Richardson had survived till 1761, and had given the world a third novel in his 'Grandison.' After the death of Cibber in 1757, the laureateship had been conferred on William Whitehead; and it was under the nominal sovereignty of this star of very small magnitude, that Johnson, the true *Georgium Sidus*, rolled on in his course, carrying with him his numerous coevals. Of these, however, few besides himself became brighter in the new reign than they had been in the old. Young and Mallet only survived as names; Akenside and Armstrong added little to what they had already done; and though Gray, Lyttelton, Mason, and the Wartons belong as authors to the early part of the reign of George III., only the Wartons then first attained literary celebrity. There were, however, new luminaries of some importance. There was the rising genius of Burke. Horace Walpole was becoming known as something more than a mere dilettante, and had his 'Castle of Otranto' ready for publication. Then there was Oliver Goldsmith, Smollett's associate in periodicals, and already giving signs to the discerning of the exquisite genius which was to appear afterwards in all its brilliancy. Churchill had begun, somewhat at Smollett's expense, his brief and lurid career. Macpherson's 'Ossian' was in the first flush of its contested success. Lastly, passing over Percy, Falconer, Hawkesworth, and others in various departments, there was a new name of note in Smollett's own department of the novel. Sterne, though an older man than Smollett by eight years, had only made his appearance in 1759, when he published the beginning of his 'Tristram Shandy.' The last volumes of the work had not yet appeared, but already the reverend author was hailed as a fourth in the group which included Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett.

In this list we have taken account only of the *southern* section of the literature of Britain at this time. But (and Smollett must have noted the fact with peculiar interest) there was now, in addition to general British literature, having its centre in London, and to which Scotchmen and Irishmen as well as Englishmen contributed, the beginning of a distinct North-British literature, having Edinburgh for its centre, and carried on by Scotchmen who stayed at home. The period of the rise of this North-British literature is, in fact, the latter part of the reign of George II. There had been hardly a sign of it in 1739, when Smollett left Scotland. Not that there had not been literary Scots before, but that such Scots as had a literary tendency, as, for example, Thomson and Mallet, could only gratify it by migrating southwards and attaching themselves

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to the band of professional authors congregated in London. In Smollett's own day the same law still acted. But, though literature as a profession could only be carried on in London, there had arisen in Scotland, since Smollett's departure from it, a sufficient taste for letters to generate a native authorship of a non-professional character. There were not a few men, already provided for in the Church, or the Law, or the Universities, who now employed their leisure in writing books. In Edinburgh, where, with the exception of Allan Ramsay, who wrote in the Scottish dialect, there had been no author worth naming, there were now such authors as David Hume; Lord Kames; the historian Robertson, who had given to the world the first of his works; Tytler, who had criticised him and Hume; Dr. Hugh Blair; and Dr. Adam Ferguson. Connected more immediately with Glasgow were Adam Smith and the metaphysician Reid; while already in Aberdeen, which Reid had just left, there was the promise of a poet in Beattie. In the rural parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, the Rev. Robert Blair had written his 'Grave,' published in 1743; and, as if that parish had been especially bewitched by the muse, Blair's immediate successor in the living, the Rev. John Home, had there written the tragedy of 'Douglas.' In short, there was now a cluster of northern lights in the island, distinct from that grouped round Johnson in the south; and, though Smollett belonged to the latter cluster, it is necessary to remember that he did so accidentally as a Scot who had started from his sphere.

Seen even amid so many contemporaries, Smollett is personally interesting. His life had been one of struggle and adventure beyond what fell to the share of most men; and, on the whole, he had gone through it manfully. One could not, indeed, describe him as a man of high moral nature, or even of the nicest moral sense. There is nothing in him of Johnson's stateliness; we are not drawn to him with that fondness with which we always think of Goldsmith; and we miss in him the frank English heartiness which attracts us in Harry Fielding. Few men, with anything of his power of work, seem to have been so habitually irritable. He was always quarrelling with somebody, and always proclaiming his wrongs. He was a more querulous Swift, with less of ferocity, and professing about the same estimate of human nature. 'I really believe,' he writes to Moore, 'that mankind every day grow more and more malicious.' Yet, with all this, there was much in him that was likeable. His misanthropy was, in a great measure, the effect of ill-health. What would have been weakness in his complaints of ill-usage was saved from that character by the pugnacity with which he returned

turned the supposed insults; and no one who knew him doubted his generosity. 'The battle over,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged, and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him. You see somehow that he is a gentleman through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats.' The same critic sees a symbol of his life in 'the shattered oak-tree with green leaves springing from it,' which is the family crest of the Smolletts. Moore's picture of him from actual knowledge is equally pleasing. In person, according to this friend, he was 'stout and well-proportioned, his countenance engaging,' but with an air 'that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers.' He was 'of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate;' and, 'though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct attended with misfortune.' He had 'no suppleness in his conduct,' and 'for himself,' says Moore, 'he never made an application to any great man in his life.' 'His passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression.' Altogether, that is, he was a proud, irascible, mettlesome, and kindly Scot!

The literary estimate of Smollett corresponds with the estimate we have of the man. As a critic and political writer he had many equals and some superiors; as a poet he had done barely enough to put his name on the list; as a comic dramatist he was neither a Foote nor a Murphy; as a metrical satirist he was not a Churchill; as a historian he was certainly not a Hume; but when we add what he was in all these departments to what he was as a novelist, the total impression is very considerable. Taken only as a novelist, he had made good his right to be mentioned in literary history along with Richardson and Fielding. Of these two it was with Fielding that he had most in common, though far inferior to the author of 'Tom Jones,' and in many respects very dissimilar also. Fielding had the characters he meant to introduce well in view from the first; he arranged all with consummate art, so as to bring them into one well-conceived history; he elaborated each character with care; and though he had a fine vein of satire or humour, he aimed at classic harmony in the combination. Smollett, on the other hand, seemed to start with only one or two characters, and with a vague idea of the direction in which he was to lead them; other characters suggested themselves as he went on; these encounter comic

comic mishaps, or pass through situations, in the description of which the author drags in his reminiscences in the lump; the object seems to be to multiply these situations as much as possible; and it is only after there has been enough of travelling to and fro, that the characters, or a residue of them, are brought together to wind up the narrative and see the hero and heroine married. His notion of a story was rather that of the traveller than the historian; his chief characters are kept on the move through a succession of places, each full of things to be seen and of odd physiognomies to be quizzed.

The superiority, as regards literary art, is, therefore, indubitably Fielding's. His, as Mr. Thackeray says, is the 'greater hand,' the hand at once of more vigorous sinew and of finer tact and cunning. In style, too, Fielding is the more classical, clear, and finished. Smollett writes on rapidly and carelessly with a rough, robust, and rather hard fluency. There are passages, nevertheless, in Smollett which for rhetorical strength excel anything in Fielding; and there is a stronger constitutional tendency in Smollett to the sombre, the grand, and the poetical.

As regards the matter of his stories, we find such a bustle of coarse life, such swearing and rioting and squalor, and, above all, such incessant thumping and fighting and breaking each other's heads and kicking each other's shins as could never have taken place in any conceivable community or under any system of police, unless the human skeleton had been of much harder construction than it is at present. But as life wears an aspect not altogether dissimilar in the works of Fielding, we begin to be aware that something of the sort must have gone on a century ago, and to see that to some extent Smollett *may* be considered as describing 'life and manners.' Here we have a description of a carrier's waggon and its passengers on a journey; here of a country inn; here of a London ordinary; here of a Parisian gambling-house; here of a company of wits; here of a Parliamentary election; here of the gun-room or deck of a ship; and so on through prisons, lunatic asylums, government boards, and every possible aggregation of human beings. Smollett's spirit in the course of these social descriptions is generally that of a satirist; sometimes, however, as in his description of abuses in the naval service, he writes with the zeal of a reformer. Frequently he is the pure humourist, having no satirical purpose at all, but revelling in his taste for comic fancies. Of this kind are the famous description of the Feast of the Ancients in 'Peregrine Pickle,' Pallet's agonies in the Bastille in the same novel, Pallet's horror on eating a rabbit and being told that it is
a cat,

a cat, and the description of the two old sailors tacking across the fields to church on horseback.

It is, however, by his *characters*, as such, that a novelist lives, and here, too, Smollett has accomplished not a little. The most graphic and original are certainly the sea-characters, Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes; after whom in point of merit may be reckoned Morgan, who is half a seaman too, and Strap the faithful barber. 'I think Uncle Bowling in Roderick Random,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'is as good a character as Squire Western himself, and Mr. Morgan, the Welsh apothecary, is as pleasant as Dr. Caius.' This is high praise; but, for our part, it is not to 'Roderick Random' but to 'Peregrine Pickle' that we would go for the best specimen of Smollett's genius. The matter of the latter novel seems to us on the whole superior to that of the other; and Trunnion as a character is at least equal to Bowling. The description of the old Commodore's death is one of the finest things in Smollett.

'About four o'clock in the morning our hero arrived at the garrison, where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other, whilst Mr. Jolter administered spiritual consolation to his soul, and between whiles comforted Mrs. Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum; the physician having just taken the last fee and retired after pronouncing the fatal prognostic.

'Though the Commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses; and when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved, . . . so that the Commodore, perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words:—"Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the toplifts of your heart give way because you see me ready to go down at these years. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; thof I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port in a most blessed riding; for my good friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage and be brought up in the latitude of heaven. Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me chock full of physic; but, when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's shop in his hold. These fellows come alongside of dying men, like the messengers of the Admiralty with sailing orders; but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in dudgeon. This cursed hiccup makes such a ripple in the current of my speech that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my wind-pump will go, I would willingly mention a few

things which I hope you will set down in the logbook of your remembrance, when I am stiff, d'y'e see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy, in her old age; she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little crank and humoursome by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me. Jack Hatchway, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in England, and I believe she has a kindness for you, whereby, if you two grapple in the way of matrimony, when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life. . . I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever sat face to the weather. But I hope you'll take care of the rest of my crew, and not disrate them, after I am dead, in favour of new followers. As for that young woman, Ned Gauntlet's daughter, I'm informed as how she's an excellent wench and has a respect for you; whereby, if you run her on board in an unlawful way, I leave my curse upon you and trust you will never prosper in the voyage of life. . . . Shun going to law, as you would shun the devil; and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired, till I am safe underground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the 'Renummy.' Let my pistols, cutlass, and pocket compass, be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear; and they must keep a good look out that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again, for the lucre of what they can get, until the carcass is belayed by a tombstone. As for the motto, or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr. Jolter, who are scholars; but I do desire that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English, that, when the angel comes to pipe all hands at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother-tongue. And now I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather wheresoever you are bound." . . .

'His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease till next day in the afternoon; during which remissions, he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his hope that, for all the heavy cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour. At last his voice sank so low as not to be distinguished; and, having lain about an hour, almost without any perceptible signs of life, he gave up the ghost with a groan.'

It is but proper to add the epitaph prepared in accordance with the old Commodore's request:—

'Here

'Here lies, foundered in a fathom and a half, the shell of Hawser Truncheon, Esq., formerly commander of a squadron in his Majesty's service, who broached to at 5 P.M., Oct. x., in the year of his age threescore and nineteen. He kept his guns always loaded, and his tackle ready manned, and never showed his poop to the enemy, except when he took her in tow; but, his shot being expended, his match burnt out, and his upper works decayed, he was sunk by Death's superior weight of metal. Nevertheless, he will be weighed again at the Great Day, his rigging refitted, and his timbers repaired, and, with one broadside, make his adversary strike in his turn.'

Had Smollett died at Nice in 1764 or 1765, as some of his friends had anticipated, he would still have been remembered, in virtue of such passages, among our greater writers. 'Roderick Random,' according to the general taste, 'Peregrine Pickle,' according to ours, would then have been his masterpiece.

But Smollett was to live six years longer, and was to give to the world three additional books. He returned to England, as has been stated, in June, 1765; and in 1766 he published, as the fruit of his absence, two octavo volumes, entitled, 'Travels through France and Italy, containing Observations on Character, Customs, Religion, Government, Police, Commerce, Arts and Antiquities; with a particular description of the Town, Territory, and Climate of Nice; to which is added a Register of the Weather, kept during a residence of eighteen months in that city.' This is really one of Smollett's best works; more readable, as we think, and better worth reading, than his minor novels. It is written in the form of letters sent home from Boulogne, Paris, Lyons, Montpellier, Nice, &c., to a friend in England. It is as substantial a book of travels of that day as we have seen; and there is more evidence of medical and other learning in it than in any other of Smollett's works. It is too clearly, however, the book of an invalid. Wherever he goes, the author, as a Briton, found food for his contempt in foreign manners and institutions; but his condition as an invalid rendered him susceptible of a thousand additional chagrins and inconveniences. The state of the weather, the quality of the cookery, the condition of the beds and remote inns, the conduct of landlords and postilions, are all registered with a minuteness which suggests that Dr. Smollett must have been a very testy tourist. Once or twice he is on the point of knocking a landlord down, and several times he causes a mob at the doors of an inn by his violence. Even the beauties of foreign nature and art are seen through a medium of spleen; and though he admires and praises many things, it is generally where admiration and praise might be least expected. Sterne, whose 'Sentimental Journey,' published in 1768, seems to have

been intended as a satirical contrast to Smollett's 'Travels,' makes an express allusion to him as a traveller of a peculiar genus. 'The learned Smelfungus,' he says, 'travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on; but he set out with the spleen and the jaundice, and every object he passed by was decoloured and distorted. He thought he wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but an account of his miserable feelings. I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon; he was just coming out of it. "It is nothing but a huge cockpit," said he. I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, with a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he spoke of "moving accidents by flood and field," and of the cannibals which each other eat—the Anthropophagi. He had been flayed alive, and bedevilled, and worse used than St. Bartholomew at every stage he had come at. "I'll tell it," said Smelfungus, "to the world." "You had better tell it," said I, "to your physician."' As Sterne's visit to Italy was made in 1764, when Smollett was also there, this may be the record of an actual meeting of the two novelists.

Poor Smelfungus had been consulting physicians. One of the most interesting biographical passages in his 'Travels' is that in which he tells a characteristic story of his adventure with a physician at Montpellier. This physician had immense local celebrity; but Smollett suspected him to be nothing better than a quack. To put the matter to the test, he consulted him by letter, sending him a detailed statement in Latin of his case, and accompanying the statement with a handsome fee. 'Cough, never unaccompanied by fever, anxiety, and difficulty of breathing,' is one of the sentences of this long catalogue of his symptoms. 'A slight increase of coldness or dampness in the air,' he proceeds, 'the putting on of a disused garment, the least excess of exercise, walking, riding, or shaking in any vehicle, all bring on new evils. The nervous system extremely irritable,' &c. And again, farther on, by way of history of his illness, 'Some years ago, youthful exercises being suddenly left off, the patient lapsed into a sedentary life. His mind being turned to rather hard studies, his fibres were gradually relaxed. By the bending of the body in writing and reading a malady seized the chest. A scorbutic affection aided the onset of the disease. The first attack was too much neglected. Delay did not mend matters. The stomach refused fitting remedies. The difficulty of breathing increasing, bleeding was tried in vain. The pulse became weaker, the breathing more difficult; all got worse.' After further details, there is this passage. 'Last spring a terrible misfortune brought on dreadful mental agony; the patient

patient was convulsed in body and mind. After leaving his country, grief, anxiety, indignation, and savage recollections followed him.' Poor Smelfungus! Luckily, or unluckily, however, for the French physician, he did not understand one word of the Latin document, a portion of which we have thus translated. He sent Smollett an opinion and prescription in French, which clearly proved his ignorance. Smollett replied in French, politely insinuating that the physician was an ass and a quack, and so the affair ended.

On the whole, however, the southern climate and the excitement of travelling had done Smollett good; and when he returned, in June, 1765, he considered his health as nearly re-established. A few months in London undeceived him; his consumptive symptoms returned, with the aggravation of rheumatism and an ugly sore in the arm; and, after the publication of his 'Travels,' he resolved on a summer journey to Scotland by way of change. He reached Edinburgh in June, 1766, and spent a week or two as pleasantly as the state of his health would permit him in the society of that place, receiving due attention from Hume, Home, Robertson, Adam Smith, Dr. Blair, and Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, as well as from Cullen, the two Monros, and others of the magnates of the Edinburgh medical school. The house in which he resided is still pointed out in Edinburgh. It was in St. John-street, then a new and somewhat aristocratic street, going out of the Canongate. His sister, Mrs. Telfer, a widow in easy circumstances, and with grown-up sons and daughters, had a 'flat' in this street; and it was with her that Smollett resided. His mother was living with her daughter at the time; and as Smollett had his wife with him, they formed quite a family party. Mr. Robert Chambers, in preparing his 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' was able to collect authentic reminiscences of this visit of Smollett, and of the members of the household. Mrs. Telfer was remembered as a 'somewhat stern-looking specimen of her sex, with a high cast of features, but in reality a good-natured woman, extremely shrewd and intelligent,' and with an inordinate passion for whist. Smollett himself was recollected as 'dressed in black clothes, tall, and extremely handsome, quite unlike the portraits at the front of his works, all of which were disclaimed by his relations.' His wife was described as rather pretty, 'with a dark complexion,' but with no great reputation for sense—out of her element perhaps among her Scotch relatives. The tradition also was, that Smollett's daughter, had she lived, was to have married her cousin Major Telfer, then a sprightly young fellow, and a great favourite with his uncle. When Smollett and
his

his wife left Edinburgh for Glasgow, Major Telfer and his mother accompanied them. At Glasgow they stayed with Dr. Moore, now a married man, and with several children, one of whom, then a boy of five years of age, was the future General Sir John Moore. It is pleasant to think that the author of 'Roderick Random' must have patted the head of the future hero of Corunna. He was so ill while in Glasgow, however, that he could not see many of his old friends. When a little better, he and his party continued their journey as far as the Vale of Leven, and spent some time at Cameron, the new mansion of his cousin Commissary Smollett, on the banks of Lochlomond. Here, as he looked for the last time on the scenes of his boyhood, something of his old spirit returned; and, with the beautiful lake which he loved so well at his feet, the Leven, along which he had so often strayed, flowing clear as ever over its pebbly bed, the Highland hills looming around in the same sky of alternate mist and blue, and the mingled sounds of Scotch and Gaelic in his ears from homely native voices, it was as if he had never left this sequestered spot, or as if all the intervening years of pain and toil had been a mere waking dream.

Returning from Scotland in August, 1766, the invalid went to spend the winter at Bath. He suffered a serious relapse; the sore in his arm assumed a dangerous appearance, and for a time it was supposed that he could not recover. To his own surprise, however, and that of all about him, he rallied suddenly. 'My cure,' he writes to Moore, 'is looked upon as something supernatural; and I must own that I find myself now better in health and spirits than I have been at any time these seven years. Had I been as well in summer, I should have exquisitely enjoyed my expedition to Scotland. Between friends, I am now convinced that my brain was in some measure affected, for I had a kind of *coma vigil* upon me from April to November without intermission.' Although Smollett attributed his cure to a course of treatment which he had himself proposed to his physicians, he seems to have retained a high idea of the efficacy of the Bath waters. As has been already mentioned, however, he was something of a hydropathist in his medical views; and he appears to have fancied that, had the Bath waters been the simple natural element, their efficacy would have been quite as great. His views respecting the virtues of cold water included its internal as well as external use, and the author of 'Roderick Random' was theoretically a teetotaller. 'The longer I live,' he says in one of his letters from abroad, 'the more I am convinced that wine and all fermented liquors are pernicious to the human

human constitution, and that for the preservation of health and exhilaration of spirits there is no beverage comparable to simple water.'

Smollett did not carry his theory into rigid practice. Almost the only thing we know of him for the three years between 1767 and 1770 is, that during those parts of the year when he was able to be in London, he resumed his old Sunday dinners at Chelsea, and we have his own certificate that his hospitality was generous :

'He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received, in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage and above dependence. At two in the afternoon I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table, and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. [Here follows a rather questionable description of the appearance and talk of the said "originals," some of them Scotch, some Irish, some English, with one Piedmontese among them, all literary men, "who had at different times laboured in the service of their landlord, but had now set up for themselves in various departments."] After dinner we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S—— gave a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert walk, whence most of them dropped off one after another without farther ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon's visit.'

This description, which occurs in the last book that Smollett wrote, was evidently written with the deliberate purpose of leaving a portrait of himself in his relations to certain of his meaner literary contemporaries. When he wrote it, he was once more sick of the world, and cared little whom he hit.

Whatever money Smollett may have saved, the stock must have now been waning. It can hardly, however, have been in the spirit of money-making that he wrote his next work, 'The History and Adventures of an Atom.' This work, which was published in 1769, is never read now, and probably seldom was read when it was new. It is a kind of Rabelaisian satire on the whole history of public affairs in Britain from the year 1754 to the close of the Chatham or second Pitt ministry in October,

October, 1768. The satire is in the form of an apologue. The ultimate atoms of matter being indestructible, one Atom, which had existed for ages in the empire of Japan, comes at last, by a series of adventures, to be lodged in the brain of 'Nathaniel Peacock, of the parish of St. Giles, haberdasher and author,' to whom it reveals all its recollections of Japanese history. These Peacock writes down from dictation, and hence the book. Japan is, of course, Britain; and, in carrying out the clumsy conception, all the political personages of Britain during the period embraced in the satire, as well as foreign potentates related to Britain during that period, are introduced under imaginary Japanese names. George II., the Prince of Wales, George III., the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Newcastle, Pitt, Lord Mansfield, the Earl of Bute, the French king, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Jack Wilkes, and a score or so of others, come in duly; and a key to the names would have to be prefixed to the book to make it intelligible to modern readers. The purport of the book is that all these personages had been knaves or blockheads, that the British people was 'a blatant beast,' and only had its deserts in being ruled by such a pack; that all that had been done in Britain for fourteen years was matter of laughter to the gods; that Whiggism and Toryism were both alike nonsense; and that, in fact, humanity in general was a bungle, the sky black, the sun a flaming hypocrite, and the moon green cheese. There are powerful passages in it, however, comparable for coarse wildness of fancy to some in Rabelais, and biographically the book is interesting, as Smollett's philosophical retrospect of the History which he had already penned as a narrator, and helped in as a party-writer. There are no symptoms in the book of feebler powers, but there are symptoms of something like insanity.

Smollett in truth was slowly dying, and, in his progress to death, he had reached a state of mind in which he thought he had no terms to keep with Pitt, or Bute, or George III., or 'the blatant beast,' or even his own past life and conduct. One little favour he might have looked for from the Grafton ministry, then in office. It was decided that he should again go to Italy, and his friends thought that it might be a graceful thing in Government to make this arrangement easier for him by appointing him British consul at Nice, Leghorn, or Naples. No such favour could be obtained for the author of the 'Adventures of an Atom,' and early in 1770 Smollett set out again as a private British invalid, and took up his residence at Monte Novo, near Leghorn. Letters sent over by him to English friends in the course of that and the following year exhibit him as in a state of

of extreme debility, and as knowing that he must die in the place where he was. In one letter, in which he wishes his correspondent 'every comfort and consolation that this rascally age affords,' he shows his continued interest in home-affairs by asking whether Junius, then at the height of his mysterious celebrity, is not supposed to be Burke. On the whole, however, he had withdrawn himself as much as possible from any interest in current British politics beyond that which a British invalid in Italy might feel in glancing at a newspaper when it came in his way; and what intervals of ease the kingly climate of Italy afforded him in the course of his gradual decline were spent in the composition of a novel, in which he seems to have taken more pleasure than in any of its predecessors. This was 'The Expedition of Humphry Clinker,' the manuscript of which was sent over to London and published there in three small volumes towards the middle of 1771. Critical notices of this work appeared but slowly; and before many of them could have reached him, the author was past all feeling of their influence. The stage of pain had been succeeded by one of languishing weakness; and on the 21st of October, 1771, he died at his house near Leghorn. He had just reached the fifty-first year of his age.

The estimate that had been formed of Smollett's genius in his lifetime was necessarily enhanced after his death, as the public became aware of the merits of the work which they had been so slow to read. 'Humphry Clinker,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'is, I do believe, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began.*' This verdict is in accordance with the general opinion, and it may be added that not only is the humour of the book finer and clearer than in any of Smollett's former novels, but the style is also more mellow, and the whole conception deeper and happier. There is a harsher power in some parts of 'Peregrine Pickle;' but, if any one of Smollett's novels is entitled to a permanent place among the English classics, it is 'Humphry Clinker.' Coming after the 'Adventures of an Atom,' it is a biographical curiosity; and we can only account for the more genial spirit which it shows as compared with that savage performance, by supposing that, in the quiet of his Italian retirement, the author had regained something of serenity and resignation. Looking back, in this state of comparative composure, on the preceding three or four years of his life, we can conceive him dwelling with a melancholy self-irony on their various reminiscences, and resolving then to cast

* Smollett, however, has now been surpassed in richness of humour by Mr. Dickens, who in this particular has never had an equal.

them into the shape of a novel. In Matthew Bramble, the tetchy yet benevolent old invalid, travelling about for the recovery of his health, he figures himself; in Jerry Melford, Bramble's sprightly nephew, there is something of his own nephew, Major Telfer; in Lydia Melford, the niece, it was thought there was some recollection of his lost daughter; Tabitha Bramble, the housekeeping sister, and Winifred Jenkins, the maid, were possibly also in part copies from originals; and what more easy than to lead this family group, with a lover for Lydia in the background, on a tour through Bath and London to Scotland, picking up new characters by the way, such as Clinker himself and the Scotch lieutenant, Lismahago? In carrying out this scheme, Smollett had more than the usual pleasure which an author feels in a story of his own making. An exile on the Italian coast, he repeated in imagination, as he wrote, his recent visit to his native land; fancied himself walking once more, in the person of Matthew Bramble, in the High Street of Edinburgh; posting thence with Jerry to Glasgow, and there shaking hands with Moore and his other Glasgow acquaintances; and finally, as the goal of his ideal journey, domiciled again in his cousin's house, amid the oak-woods of Cameron, in the heart of scenery to him the loveliest in the world. The Scotticism of 'Humphry Clinker' is unmistakable. The best parts of the book are unquestionably those describing the Scotch portion of the tour, and these are written with an accuracy as to places, persons, and names, which shows that it was Smollett's intention in the book to enlighten English ignorance as to the state of the northern part of the island, and beat down by facts as well as laugh down by jests the international rancour still prevailing. How patriotically, for example, he speaks of Edinburgh as a 'hot-bed of genius,' enumerating eminent contemporary names in proof of the representation; and with what satisfaction, in passing through Glasgow, he introduces Glassford, the great merchant, as a proof of the enterprise of the place, and his old master, Dr. Gordon, as a proof of its public spirit! With what care, too, is the character of Lismahago drawn, as a type at once of the good and the bad, the excellent and the absurd, in the Scottish national temper. Scott's Dugald Dalgetty is not a better character than Smollett's Lismahago.

It was after Smollett's death also that it began to be seen how much he had in him potentially of the higher faculty of the poet. He had published a metrical tragedy and two metrical satires in his lifetime, besides one or two scraps of verse in the course of his novels; but it was only after his death that these scraps of verse, with others which he had left in manuscript, were collected and read together as '*Smollett's Poems.*' It was then found that,

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in lyrical poetry especially, Smollett might have been something in his day, even with Gray for his rival. His 'Ode to Independence' alone would show that there was the spirit of poet in him :—

'Thy spirit, Independence! let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye ;
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.'

And in the same Ode there is this powerful strophe :—

'In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd ;
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring ;
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene,
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.'

If in Smollett's novels there is sometimes an anticipation of Scott, such lines as these seem also like an anticipation of Burns.

Three years after Smollett's death a monument was erected to his memory by his cousin, Commissary Smollett, of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven, and close to the old house of Dalquhurn in which he was born. The monument still stands, a tall Tuscan column, attracting the eye of tourists on their way between the Clyde and Loch Lomond, and informing them that the ground they are travelling over is the land of Smollett. The inscription on the monument, which is in Latin, was furnished in part by Johnson when he visited Commissary Smollett with Boswell in 1774 on his way to the Hebrides. Two years afterwards the Commissary died. Had Smollett been alive, he would then, as next male heir, have come into possession of the Bonhill estate, valued at above 1000*l.* a-year. As it was, the property came to his sister, Mrs. Telfer, who thereupon resumed her maiden name of Smollett. It was during her possession of Bonhill (1776-1789) that bleaching-works and printing-works were first established on the banks of the Leven, breaking up the pastoral solitude of the vale, but greatly improving the rental ; and a village having been founded by her for the accommodation of the workpeople it was called Renton, after her future daughter-in-law,

law, Miss Renton, who, it appears, was the identical 'Miss R——' mentioned in 'Humphry Clinker' as one of the belles of Edinburgh, by whose charms Jerry Melford was smitten. It is not pleasant to have to add that Smollett's widow seems to have been neglected by her Scotch relatives. She continued to live in Leghorn, where she erected a plain monument over her husband's grave, with an inscription furnished her for the purpose by Armstrong. In March, 1784, some theatrical performances were got up for her benefit in Edinburgh, and the proceeds, to the amount of 300*l.*, were sent over to her at Leghorn.

ART. IV.—1. *Ancient Wiltshire*. By Sir R. C. Hoare. London, 1812-19. Folio.

2. *Modern Wiltshire*. By Sir R. C. Hoare. London, 1823.

3. *Aubrey's Collections for Wilts*. London, 1821.

4. *Magazine of the Wiltshire Archæological Society*. Nos. 1-12.

5. *Handbook for Wiltshire*. 1856.

EVERY English county may be observed to possess some characteristic feature or peculiarity by which it is distinguished from its fellows. Yorkshire has its wolds, Westmoreland its lakes and mountains, Cumberland its border-towers and legends, Lincolnshire its fens and churches, Lancashire its factories, Cheshire its dairies and salt-works, Derbyshire its peak, Cornwall its mines, Hereford its cider-orchards, Sussex its hop-grounds, and so on. Wiltshire is characterised by its downs. Its very name summons up ideas of the shepherd of Salisbury Plain—visions of rolling prairies of short elastic turf, dotted with distant flocks, and otherwise objectless, except where some crested earthwork or cone-shaped mound rears its strange outline against the sky.

In truth, about half of the area of the county does consist of an elevated platform of bare chalk downs, whose steep bordering bluffs rise conspicuously from the adjoining vales, and seem to claim a kind of supremacy over the remaining half. Nowhere are you out of sight of them. Even to the north-west, where the limits of the county recede some fifteen miles from their extreme northern scarp, the surface of the vale rises so gradually towards the high platform of the Gloucestershire Cotswolds as to command from every slight eminence a view of the curtain of naked downs behind, hanging high in air their shadowy folds, brightened up at intervals by a chalk-pit, or a white horse, perhaps, cut out of the steep turfy slope, and glittering in the western sun.

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"This northern vale is well known to travellers by the Great Western as that of the Swindon Station and its bifurcating lines; to agriculturists, as the North-Wilts cheese district; to sportsmen, as the Vale of White Horse; to geographers, as the common basin whence the Thames and Avon, rising within a few miles of each other, draw off their 'first sprightly runnings,' as if in rivalry, towards the opposite sides of England.

Two other wide but smaller vales penetrate far into the great elevated chalk plain with wedge-shaped indentations, the broad ends of each opening to the west. That to the north is the Vale of Pewsey, noted among geologists for its abundant green-sand fossils. It terminates near the eastern limit of the county in a narrow cleft, through which the Kennett and Avon Canal reaches Hungerford. The southern vale of the Nadder, a tributary to the southern or Hampshire Avon, takes its name from the old castle of Wardour, which once guarded its entrance; and here too the green sand crops out from below the chalk, forming a high ridge, which rises at the hill surmounted by Alfred's Tower, in the grounds of Stourhead, to the height of 800 feet above the sea.

Both of these valleys run east and west, and both are drained by branches of this southern Avon, which after the singular fashion common to the rivers of chalk districts, carry off their waters not in the direction of the vale's length, but through a fissure-like depression, broken at right angles to that direction, and due north and south, across the whole breadth of the chalk platform into the channel at Christchurch. The county thus impartially distributes its surface streams in nearly equal proportions between the three seas. Indeed, the chalk ridge of Martinsell and St. Anne's Hill, not far from the centre of the county, furnishes three springs, which, as old Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary of the seventeenth century, observed, 'do take their courses thence three several waies:' one, to the German ocean through the Thames, one by Salisbury to the Channel, the third by Calne and Bristol into the Atlantic.

In early ages the vales were deep with miry clays, and in that congenial soil flourished vast oak forests, whose fastnesses afforded to the rude inhabitants some shelter from the invading legions of Cæsar. But they dwelt chiefly upon the hills. Indeed, it may be remarked, not of Wiltshire only but of a large part of England, that while in the present civilized age the great bulk of the population occupies the sheltered and fertile vales of the island—the highlands remaining comparatively uninhabited, and, until within a few years past, untilled—these last show evident marks of having been in very early ages densely populated and subjected to cultivation. The turfey downs of

Wiltshire

Wiltshire are almost everywhere scored by terraces or 'lynchets,' attesting the long action of the plough upon their slopes; and the foundations of large villages and frequent enclosures are scattered abundantly over their surface. It has been usually supposed that the hills were resorted to only for safe residence when the plains beneath were occupied by the victorious invaders. But it seems more probable that the vales were in those early times so obstructed by dense forests and undrained marshes as to be unfitted for agriculture or pasturage, unhealthy in climate, and almost impenetrable through want of roads; while the hills, though comparatively bare of soil, being generally dry, open, healthy, and easy to till or to graze, offered greater inducements to industrial settlement, independently of their facilities for defence against invaders.

Some portions of the downs, however, were doubtless from the first covered with wild forests, of which remnants still exist in Groveley and Greatridge Woods, Savernake and Clarendon Forests, and Aldbourne and Cranbourne Chaces.

No county in England possesses more numerous or more interesting remains of its aboriginal inhabitants than Wiltshire. Stonehenge and Avebury are to Britain what the pyramids are to Egypt or the cave-temples to India—the mighty and mysterious monuments of an unknown antiquity. They have no parallel in any other part of the island; and over the downs generally are scattered in profusion, as has been already said, British camps and earthworks, boundary ditches and trackways, foundations of houses and villages; above all, innumerable sepulchral mounds or barrows—some, like Silbury, of colossal size—attesting the long-continued occupation of their surface by the Celtic tribes who are supposed to have first colonised Britain. The Romans and Saxons likewise left abundant traces of their sojourn in 'Ancient Wiltshire,' which has had the advantage of a zealous and munificent historiographer in Sir Richard Hoare. Unfortunately, the great bulk and consequent costliness of his (literally) great work under this title has placed it out of the reach of ordinary libraries. To Sir Richard also the county is indebted for the publication (but on an almost equally expensive scale), under the name of 'Modern Wiltshire,' of the later history of its seven or eight southern hundreds, comprising nearly one half of its entire area. The northern half as yet remains without a history, if we except a few separate publications relating to single towns or manors, recently brought out by independent topographers, or appearing in the magazine of the Wiltshire Archæological Society, which was founded in 1853. The southern hundreds, though printed at the expense of Sir Richard Hoare, were written chiefly
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by a knot of congenial friends and lovers of topography, who, in his lifetime, were wont to congregate in his well-stocked library at Stourhead. Few of these now survive; but the names of Arundel, Cunningham, Offer, Bowles, Harris, Wansey, Benson, Hatcher, Matcham, Hunter, Black, and Nicholls, will be held in grateful remembrance, together with that of Richard Colt Hoare, by generations of Wiltshire men yet unborn. One of the survivors, Mr. Joseph Hunter, lately recorded his recollections of these gatherings in an interesting paper read before the meeting of the Archæological Institute, held at Salisbury in 1849; and the character of the place itself, as well as of its proprietor, was feelingly sketched by another of its frequent guests, 'Poet Bowles,' in lines not unworthy of his reputation, beginning—

‘And thou
Witness Elysian Tempe of Stourhead,
Whose classic temples gleam along the edge
Of the clear waters, winding beautiful,’ &c.

Days Departed, p. 18.

Among the meritorious labours of Sir Richard Hoare, not the least was his indefatigable exploration of many hundred barrows among the Wiltshire hills, the position and contents of which are duly chronicled in his work. In these labours he had the able assistance of Mr. William Cunningham, who, indeed, preceded him in the search, and was his chief agent in its prosecution.

Such earthen mounds or tumuli were the burial-places of the distinguished dead through many stages of society, from the rudest to that which marks a certain progress in civilization. In these repositories, together with bones of individuals of both sexes and of all ages, weapons of several kinds, in bone and stone, brass and iron, have been found; and ornaments of horn, glass, jet, amber, brass, and in some instances, of gold. The contents of some few indicate a Saxon, and perhaps Christian origin. But the great bulk are unquestionably British and Pagan. If venison is good living, then the old Britons must have lived well, for the horns of deer, together with hunting-spear heads, are of very frequent occurrence in their sepulchres. The largest barrow in England probably is Silbury Hill, which those who are old enough to have travelled the dreary old Bath road by Beckhampton to Marlborough will well remember. It is a perfect cone, except that the top is flattened. Its sides slope at an angle of about 35° ; its height is 135 feet, and its diameter at the base 500 feet. It covers an area of five acres. It has been opened more than once: in 1777, from

from the top, and again in 1849, by means of a tunnel bored through one side; but no interment, nor indeed anything whatever, was on either occasion found. From its proximity to the great serpent temples of Avebury, some have reasonably conjectured that its purpose was not sepulchral, like the ordinary barrows, but perhaps to afford a high position whence the chieftains or priests might view and direct the solemn processions and sacred rites celebrated in that mystic area. The name Sil- or Sul-bury is suggestive of the god Sul or Sol, to whom the hot-springs of Bath, 'aquæ Sulis,' were certainly dedicated, and who was probably worshipped in the adjoining fane.

The quaint and amusing Wiltshire antiquary of the seventeenth century, John Aubrey, who may be called the discoverer of Avebury, since its existence was unknown to Leland or Camden, had the honour and gratification of showing this Cyclopean monument to Charles II., in the year 1663, and also of walking his Majesty and the Duke of York up to the top of Silbury Hill; where, he says, the merry monarch amused himself by picking up snail-shells. Probably

'The things, he thought, were neither rich nor rare,
But wonder'd how the d—l they got there.'

Charles had a few years before spent a less agreeable hour at Stonehenge, and had then employed himself—while waiting for the friends who were to assist his escape from the island after the battle of Worcester—by counting the stones over and over, in order to test the tradition that no one could count them twice alike, which he convinced himself to be a vulgar error. The frivolity of mind which was this Prince's chief characteristic, peeps out in these small matters very drolly.

In Aubrey's opinion 'the temple at Avebury as much exceeds Stonehenge as a cathedral does a parish church.' But this was the partiality of a discoverer. The stone circles of Avebury no doubt suffer under the disadvantage of standing in the midst of houses, hedges, and orchards, in place of the lone surrounding waste to which we think Stonehenge owes much of its imposing grandeur. Avebury too, from the same cause, has been exposed to excessive dilapidation for building and other uses. It is only within a few years that a check has been put upon the practice of breaking up its few remaining colossal pillars for road material. Indeed nearly the whole of the once continuous avenue of upright stones has disappeared through this barbarous spoliation. Stonehenge must, however, at all times have been the grander temple of the two. It has also more of an architectural character; the great pillars of its outer circle having been roughly squared,
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and connected by a continuous circle of horizontal imposts with mortice-holes hewn in them to receive corresponding projections, or tenons, at the top of each upright stone. The five inner trilithons, moreover, are of dimensions far exceeding anything at Avebury, and, when perfect, the edifice—if such it can be called—as a whole must have possessed a majestic character. It is sometimes said that Stonehenge disappoints expectation; its vastness being lost in the expanse of open country around. This is purely a matter of feeling, and not to be argued on. We ourselves have certainly been far more strongly impressed by its sublimity and mystery, by reason of the absolute solitude that surrounds it. Its strange giant-like outlines loom from a distance upon the traveller's eye through the hazy atmosphere of the Downs, and affect his imagination with a sense of wonder and reverential admiration which he would scarcely feel if he saw it surrounded by incongruous objects. In this respect it resembles the temples of Pæstum and Segesta, which by general admission owe much of their imposing effect to their isolated position. The awe inspired by Stonehenge is heightened by the mystery that enshrouds its origin and purpose. In spite of all the learned lucubrations that have been employed in the attempt to solve these problems, from the profound Stukeley to the imaginative Duke, they remain to this day as doubtful as ever. The Celtic Isis has not yet withdrawn her veil at the wooings of any of her curious worshippers. Its astronomical import has generally been argued from the numbers and position of the stones composing its several circles. It has been considered in fact a kind of stone almanac, observatory, zodiac, and Orrery, all in one; as well as a temple of the sun; while the two separate circles of Avebury, with the serpentine avenue connecting them, have been supposed to be similar representative fanes for the worship of the Sun and Moon. Unfortunately, however, scarcely any two of the learned interpreters of these mysteries agree together on the mystical meaning to be attached to its different circles or stones. The story given in the *British Chronicle* of its foundation by Merlin at the instance of Emrys, King of the Britons, in the fifth century, as a memorial of the treacherous murder of his predecessor Vortigern by Hengist on this spot, is of very apocryphal character. In the midst of so much that is mythical, it is pleasant to be able to rest upon such facts as geology affords in relation to this stupendous monument of an unknown antiquity. The great stones of both the outer circle and pentagonal ellipse are hewn from concretionary masses of siliceous grit, belonging to tertiary strata of the age of the Bagshot sand, many of which show themselves *in*

situ in several neighbouring hollows of the chalk downs. These go by the local names of sarsen-stones or grey-wethers,—the latter from the resemblance they bear, when they pierce the turf in numbers, to a flock of sheep; the former meaning, perhaps, Saracen (or Pagan), an epithet which, after their conversion to Christianity, the Saxons may be supposed to have applied to the stones composing these ancient heathen temples. The small stones of the intermediate circle, as well as of the inner ellipse, are of granite, and must have been brought from a much greater distance, probably from Dartmoor. The altar-stone on which the Druids are usually supposed to have immolated human victims, or—as Mr. Duke prefers calling it—the stone of astronomical observation, is a coarse-grained basalt or ‘dolerite,’ derived perhaps from some of the Elvan dykes of the same district of Devon. It has been sometimes made a matter of needless marvel how the larger stones could have been conveyed to this spot from distances even of a few miles. But, in fact, the biggest pillar at Stonehenge is a trifle in comparison with some of the monolithic obelisks of Egypt. And the sculptures of Nineveh show by what simple means the rude force of numbers was in the earliest ages successfully applied to the transport of similar masses.

The downs around Stonehenge are thickly sprinkled with barrows; and close at hand are the earthworks called Vespasian’s Camp, and the Cursus, whatever that may have been. In the narrow vale beneath lies Amesbury, by some supposed to be Ambres-burh, answering to the Welsh *Caer Emrys*, the City of Ambrosius. At no great distance upon the opposite hill rises the colossal mound of Old Sarum—a sort of Wiltshire Nineveh. Here, however, history is no longer entirely silent; telling the tale, not indeed of its erection, but of its desertion. Whoever may have originally founded it—whether or not it derived its name of *Saris-burh* from the great Roman Conqueror, *Cæsar’s oppidum*,—the four Roman roads that meet at the spot prove it to have been a station of the Italian legions. Alfred certainly strengthened its bulwarks. King Edgar held there a National Council to devise the means of repelling the aggression of the Danes. And if we are to believe Henry of Huntingdon, the Conqueror, in 1085, convened upon the same spot his prelates, nobles, sheriffs, and knights, and there first and finally partitioned out all England into the grand system of feudal tenures, recorded in that still authentic survey and register of its territorial divisions which he then commanded to be made—*Domesday Book*. No small amount this of historical—or should it be called pre-historical?—fame, to be laid claim to by a bare, rude, earthen

earthen hillock. But this is not all. On its short sheep-bitten turf may yet be traced, in dry weather, the outlines of the foundation walls of its ancient and once splendid cathedral, built by Bishop Osmond—the Conqueror's nephew—but transferred by Bishop Poore in 1220, from that bleak and barren position, into the sheltered vale and fertile meadows of the fishy Avon beneath. Old Aubrey gives the following version of the cause of its removal, which he says he had from Bishop Seth Ward, who extracted it from the musty records of the cathedral.

‘The old church in the castle of Old Sarum being seated so high was so obnoxious to the weather that when the wind did blow they could not hear the priest say masse. But this was not the only inconvenience. The soldiers of the castle and the priests could never agree; and one day when they were gone without the castle in procession, the soldiers kept them out all night, or longer. Whereupon the bishop, although much troubled, cheered them up as well as he could, telling them he would study to accommodate them better. In order thereunto he rode several tymes to the Lady Abbess at Wylton to have bought or exchanged a piece of ground with her ladyship to build a church and homes for the priests. A poor woman at Quidhampton that was spinning in the street, sayd to one of her neighbours, “I marvell what the matter is that the bishop makes so many visits to my lady; I trow he intends to marry her.” Well, the bishop and her ladyship could not conclude about the land, and the bishop dreamt that the Virgin Mary came to him and told him she would have him build his church at Merrifield, and dedicate it to her. Merrifield was a great meadow where the city of New Sarum now stands and did belong to the bishop, as now the whole city belongs to him.’

There is probably truth in this story of disputes between the priests and soldiers, since Peter of Blois, a contemporary writer, describes the old church as ‘a captive within the walls of the citadel like the ark of God in the profane house of Baal.’ ‘Let us,’ he exclaims, ‘descend into the plain! There are rich fields and fertile valleys abounding in the fruits of the earth and watered by the living stream. There is a seat for the Virgin Patroness of our church to which the world cannot produce a parallel.’

And indeed almost without a parallel up to the present hour is the church which in the pleasant spot thus sensibly indicated was raised by Bishop Poore. Unparalleled it certainly is in position, in unity of design and style—the early English—and in exemption from disfiguring alterations in any subsequent age; for the elegant spire, 406 feet high, the loftiest in England—though added in the reign of Edward III.—is in perfect harmony with the rest of the building. In these respects we believe the exterior, at least, of Salisbury Cathedral stands alone among

ecclesiastical edifices of equal grandeur. The interior is disappointing—chiefly from the cold, poor, and meagre character given by the almost total absence of painted windows—the south transept alone having been recently supplied with them by the munificence of Lord Lansdowne. The chapter-house, just restored as a memorial to the late Bishop Denison, is of perfect beauty, as also the adjoining cloisters. We were struck, however, on a recent visit, by the appearance of decay in much of the external masonry of the cathedral itself, and we strongly urge the authorities charged with the maintenance of this precious fabric to look well to the evil before the mischief goes further.

The tradition has always gone that the new cathedral was built upon woolpacks. There can be no doubt that heavy tolls on wool sold in the markets of Wilts, formerly the chief wealth of the county, helped to pay the cost. The first stones were laid—after the bishop—by the celebrated William Longespee, son of Henry II. and the fair Rosamond, and by his wife Ela, in whose right, as heiress of the earldom and hereditary shrievalty of Salisbury, he held those honours, and the vast estates attached to them.

After the transfer of the cathedral the whole population of Old Sarum appears to have migrated very rapidly to the new site, preferring, it would seem, the rule of the church to that of the camp. In the time of Henry VIII., as we learn from Leland, the old place did not contain a single inhabitant. And remarkable as we have shown its early history to have been, we think there is nothing more remarkable in it than the fact that this houseless, treeless, lifeless lump of earth, uninhabited almost from times before Parliaments came into existence, should have continued till the other day to send two members to the Great Council of the Empire, while neither Manchester nor Birmingham had one.

As for the modern city of Salisbury, with its regular but dull streets, and rapid streams of water running through them, it remains at the present day probably much what it became soon after the building of its cathedral—the residence of an ecclesiastical establishment, and the chief town and market of a purely agricultural district, unintruded on by factory or fashion—neither at any time very populous or flourishing, nor allowed absolutely to decay—holding its own against time, but no more, during the six or seven centuries of its existence. What may be its future fate, now that it has become the terminus of three several railroads, remains to be seen. The *genius loci*, who has so long slumbered in the quiet precincts of the close, under the shadow of the mighty fane, and lulled by the cawings of its elm-seated rooks, must be fearfully startled in these days by the shriek of the

the railway-whistle, and the thunder of cab and omnibus through the unambitious rows of lowly cottage architecture which compose the main streets of the town.

Salisbury, however, was not always so quiet. In its early days parliaments themselves have been held in it; and the vicinity of the royal palace of Clarendon, famous for the Constitutions promulgated there, gave occasion to frequent royal visits. Nor is its subsequent history without interest. Lying on one of the main thoroughfares of the south of England, it was necessarily exposed to the continual passage of the opposing forces in times of civil warfare, and suffered accordingly. In this, indeed, it only shared the fortunes of the whole county, which, being about midway between London and the West of England, and possessing in early times a comparatively large population, and an extraordinary number of flourishing towns, feudal fortresses, and wealthy religious establishments to tempt plunderers, was from the first a common battle-field, in which Romans and Britons, Saxons and Danes, barons and their sovereigns, the partisans of the red and the white roses, of the crown and the commonwealth, of James II. and William of Orange, met, and contended for victory.

The bishops themselves were not always averse to fighting. Bishop Roger of Sarum, Chancellor to Henry I., built the strong castles of Devizes, Malmesbury, and Sherborne, besides strengthening that of Sarum, and held them all four, like a baron bold as he was, in the cause of Stephen against Matilda, the Bishop of Lincoln acting as his lieutenant. Stephen, however, seems to have thought such a bishop too powerful for a subject, and ungratefully took the first opportunity to disgrace and deprive him of his castles, which thenceforward vested in the Crown.

In the market-place of Salisbury, Stafford Duke of Buckingham was executed (1483) by Richard III.,—‘So much for Buckingham!’ and here, in the yard of the ‘Blue Boar,’ his headless skeleton, wanting also the right hand, was exhumed in 1838.

As was usual and natural in cathedral towns, much jealousy and dissension habitually prevailed between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities; town and gown quarrels; and, at the commencement of the struggle between Charles I. and his parliament, the mayor and corporation sided with the latter, the bishop and chapter, of course, with the monarch. The Wiltshire aristocracy were divided. Several took the popular side. Philip Earl of Pembroke, the lord-lieutenant of the county; Sir Edward Hungerford, probably then its largest land-owner; the Lord Brooke, Edmund Ludlow; Sir Neville Poole; Sir John Evelyn; and Colonel Eyre, of Brickworth,—were in arms for the parliament. On the king’s side were the Marquis of Hertford, and Sir Edward Seymour,

Seymour, Sir James Thynne, Sir Robert Hyde, the Lords Arundel, Stourton, and Howard, the Penruddocks, Talbots, Wyndhams, and the majority of the squires. The position of Salisbury rendered it unfit to sustain a siege, but it was occupied alternately by either party as they marched through in sufficient force,—at one time by Ludlow, then by Sir Francis Doddington, next by Waller, who in turn retreated before the king in person and Prince Maurice. In 1645 Ludlow with a few troopers maintained for many hours a chivalrous fight in the streets, close, and belfry, against Sir Marmaduke Langdale, but was forced to retreat at night, and Goring re-occupied the city—not for long, however, since Waller compelled him soon to evacuate it; and Fairfax for some time made it his head-quarters. The ascendancy of the Commonwealth at length secured to the citizens an interval of tranquillity and immunity from military lawlessness. But in 1655 the peace was once more broken in the streets of Salisbury by the abortive and ill-arranged rising of Colonel Penruddock of Compton, and Captain Grove of Chisenbury, two royalist Wiltshire squires of more zeal than discretion, who entered the town at the head of two hundred horsemen, and, seizing the sheriff and judges then holding the assizes, proclaimed Charles the Second king. Meeting, however, with no support in the town, they fled towards Exeter, but were speedily captured, and suffered upon the scaffold there for treason against the Commonwealth. Penruddock's younger brother had been killed the year before by a party of Roundheads, who broke into the house at Lavington in which he was concealed, and shot him dead while asleep in an arm-chair, in presence of the ladies of the family. Hence, perhaps, his exasperation and impatience, which proved very injurious to his friends in the neighbourhood, who were heavily dealt with by Cromwell from that time. On the restoration, the tables being turned, of course the Church-and-King party had its triumph over the corporation and citizens, but on the whole conducted themselves with moderation.

The story of Salisbury during these troubled times was that of many other towns in Wiltshire—indeed of the whole county. Devizes, Malmesbury, and Warminster were each twice over taken and retaken by the contending armies between 1643 and 1645. Marlborough was stormed, plundered, and fired by the Royalist army in 1642; and John Franklin, the popular member, together with some hundreds of his fellow-townsmen, carried prisoners to Oxford, where they were treated with great severity. In September, 1643, the king and Prince Rupert defeated the Earl of Essex at Aldbourn; and in April of the next year reviewed his army, 9000 strong, at the same spot, being himself
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the guest of Lord Seymour in Marlborough Castle. Stourton House was sacked and burnt by Ludlow in 1644. In September, 1645, Lacock Abbey was besieged and taken by Colonel Devereux, and Mr. Talbot taken a prisoner to London. Longford Castle was besieged by Cromwell in person, so also was the castle of Devizes. Sir John Glanvil, of Broad Hinton, is said by Evelyn to have 'burnt with his own hands his very fair mansion to prevent the rebels making a garrison of it.' Wardour Castle stood four different sieges: in the first being defended obstinately by the heroic lady Blanch Arundel, with a garrison of but twenty-five men, against Sir Edward Hungerford, with 1300, and cannon! nor did she capitulate until the castle had been mined, and even then insisted on and obtained safe and honourable terms: in the second, Lord Arundel himself retook it from Ludlow, and blew it up, that it might render no future service to the enemy.

Many desperate encounters took place between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces within the county. The defeat of Sir William Waller by Lord Wilmot in 1643, upon Roundaway Hill, near Devizes, was one of the greatest checks experienced by the latter throughout the whole contest. The civil war, of course, gave a sort of licence to marauders, who, under pretence of fighting for one side, plundered both. A certain Captain Dowett, commanding a *soi-disant* Royalist troop recruited at Devizes, was conspicuous in raids of this kind against the neighbouring towns. In self-defence the gentry and farmers of South Wilts organised armed 'clubs' to protect their property from both the conflicting parties. That they were great sufferers in the changing fortunes of the times is certain. The noblemen and gentlemen of estate were heavily fined, some for 'delinquency' against the Commonwealth, others subsequently for rebellion against the sovereign. Some, like Lord Arundel, fell in battle; others, besides Penruddock and Grove, on the scaffold. The commonalty were, of course, victimised as usual, 'Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.' Aubrey speaks of 'a great oake on Sir James Thynne's land by Woodhouse, adjoining Longleat, on which Sir Fr. Donnington hung up thirteen unlucky clothiers *after quarter*. Woodhouse was a garrison for the Parliament. He made a son hang his father, or *à contrà*.' Ludlow, in his *Memoirs*, adds that 'one of the clothiers, breaking his halter, desired to be allowed to fight any odds for his life. But he was hanged up again.' In retaliation for this deed, the Parliament ordered the execution of eight Royalist prisoners. Numbers of the parochial clergy (about sixty in Wiltshire) were ejected from their livings in 1644 for contumacy. On the restoration many of the opposite opinions suffered the same fate.

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From the Rebellion to the Revolution is no great jump. In 1688, on the landing of the Prince of Orange in Torbay, the army of James was concentrated at Salisbury as the key of the West. But neither officers nor men were inclined to oppose the deliverer. And before the king could reach the city they had marched forwards towards Axminster to meet and welcome William. A few days after, the very generals, Churchill himself, with the Duke of Grafton, Lord Berkeley, and others, followed the same course. James fled back to London, and on the 4th of December William entered Salisbury, accompanied by Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Ormond and Grafton, the Earls of Wiltshire, Shrewsbury, Macclesfield, and Clarendon, Churchill, Schomberg, Bentinck, and a royal retinue, welcomed by all as the protector of the laws, liberties, and reformed religion of the kingdom. A few days later he transferred his quarters to Littlecot, still being in Wiltshire, and there he was when the news reached him of James's desired flight from London. This was the last great historical event, of which Salisbury, or the county itself, was the scene.

The population of Wiltshire has increased in a slower ratio than that of any other county in England. In 1700 it amounted to 153,900; in 1801 to 185,157; in 1851 to 253,221. If we possessed the requisite data, it would probably be found that this relatively slow rate of progress has prevailed through all the previous centuries. In its towns especially there must have occurred a great comparative want of growth, if not indeed a positive decrease of population. Their early relative importance is evidenced by the great number of them, which up to the passing of the Reform Bill were boroughs, possessing the privilege of sending members to parliament. These were as many as sixteen,—the whole county therefore returning thirty-four members; while Yorkshire itself only sent twelve, Lancashire eleven, and even Middlesex—including London—but six representatives. Whatever may have been their wealth or population in the days of the Edwards and Henries, the majority of the Wiltshire boroughs long before the beginning of this century had dwindled to a very low condition; and many of them consequently found their way into Schedules A or B. Old Sarum was a pocket-borough, which seemed preserved as if on purpose to show the deep-rooted respect for vested rights and established interests which is characteristic of our English habits. But Great Bedwin, Ludgershall, Downton, Hindon, Wootton Bassett, Malmesbury, Cricklade, Heytesbury, were in truth not very different. They were all avowedly nomination boroughs, and were only to be defended upon the general ground, that, anomalous as they were in theory, they had proved practically

practically beneficial. The forms of election which were gone through on these occasions had often no doubt the appearance of a mockery. We well remember attending the final exercise of the right by one of the old Wiltshire boroughs, at which some thirteen pauper electors, who composed the corporate body—two of whom, the alderman and his deputy, were justices of the peace *ex officio*, and actually put their marks to their commitments, not being able to write—decrepit old souls, living on a miserable pension allowed to them as the price of their votes by the patron of the borough—were gathered together in an ancient hall, coeval almost with the Wittenagemot, and very appropriate to the ceremony—to nod their approval of two names of unseen, unknown men, presented to them as their members by the patron's agent. Great was the stir among the dead bones when an opposition candidate was suddenly proposed by a citizen present, and the bribery-oath tendered, as the law permitted, to the pensioned electors. Not that there was the slightest hesitation on their part about taking it; otherwise the poor old thirsty bedesmen would have got no supper that night, and their weekly pay would have stopped. And so fully was it recognised as the proper system, that the individual who allowed himself to be proposed as the opposition candidate was looked upon through the neighbourhood as guilty of ungentlemanly and indecent conduct in interfering with what were generally considered to be the private transactions of the patron of the borough.

At Westbury the electors were resident leaseholders of burgage tenements. But they were not entrusted with the deeds which made them so. These were brought to the election by the patron's agent, and taken away again so soon as the tenants, who swore to their holding them (being then in their hands), had voted.

The elections for the county were formerly managed by quiet arrangements among the chief families. But in 1777 a spirit of resistance showed itself among the smaller and independent freeholders. These succeeded, after a severe contest, in electing Mr. Ambrose Goddard, of Swindon, in opposition to Mr. Herbert (afterwards Earl of Carnarvon), who was supported by the entire body of the aristocracy. Clubs were afterwards established at Beckington and Devizes for the purpose of ruling the elections in the defeated interest, and for some time were successful. But in 1812 their strength was broken, and Mr. Methuen was elected in opposition to Mr. Penruddock, the candidate of the aristocratic clubs. From that date up to the passing of the Reform Bill the county elections were remarkable for the extreme obstinacy and vast expense with which they were usually contested.

contested. The fortunes of many a wealthy family were crippled by the mad expenditure of these party struggles. Each of the contested elections of 1818 between Long Wellesley, Benett, and Astley; of 1820 between Methuen, Wellesley, and Benett, must have caused the expenditure of above a hundred thousand pounds. The recollection of these extravagancies seems to have inspired a healthy horror of contests among the parties chiefly concerned in paying for them, since they have been very rare in either of the Divisions since the passing of the Reform Bill.

Wiltshire possessed before the Reformation many wealthy religious establishments, and is still extremely rich in architectural antiquities. Her beautiful cathedral has been already mentioned. Malmesbury Abbey preserves a fine fragment of the early Norman style. The great southern porch is unrivalled in England, perhaps anywhere, for its elaborate sculptures and mouldings of that age, and the remaining arches that once supported the great central tower and spire are extremely imposing. The nave, now fitted as a parish church, is very pleasing. Lacock Abbey retains much that is interesting of the domestic portions of the original edifice, the cloisters and chapter-house, the kitchen and refectory: even the nuns' dormitories form the bed-rooms of the modern mansion. The large octagonal angle-turret, in which is preserved an original copy of the Magna Charta of Henry III., sent to Ela Countess of Salisbury, the founder of the abbey, as hereditary sheriff of Wiltshire, is of a date subsequent to the demolition of the church; as is also the adjoining parapetted roof, to a leap from which by a spirited young heiress, the present owner, Mr. Fox Talbot, owes it seems his inheritance. The story is thus told by Aubrey in his quaint way:—

‘ Dame Olave, a daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Sherington of Lacock, being in love with John Talbot, a younger brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury (and her father not consenting that she should marry him), discoursing one night with him from the battlements of the abbey church, said shee, “ I will leap downe to you.” Her sweet-heart replied he would catch her then; but he did not believe she would have done it. She leap’t down, and the wind, which was then high, came under her coates, and did something break the fall. Mr. Talbot caught her in his armes, but she struck him dead; she cried for help, and he was with great difficulty brought to life again. Her father thereon told her that since she had made such a leap she should e’en marrie him. She was my honoured friend Col. Sherington Talbot’s grandmother, and died at her house at Lacock about 1651, being about an hundred yeares old.’

This lady’s portrait is still preserved at Lacock.

The

The priories of Bradenstoke and Kington St. Michael's are now farm-houses. Of Monkton Farley and Stanley Abbeyes nothing remains. Of Edington Priory, the beautiful church alone, from the altar of which the venerable Bishop Ayscough, Clerk of the Privy Council, was dragged away to be slain on the top of a neighbouring hill by the Jack Cade rioters of 1450.

Wiltshire owes the preservation of its many beautiful parish churches in a great degree to the excellent material afforded by the Portland beds of Chilmark, of which Salisbury Cathedral and several of the churches of South Wilts are built, and the equally good oolitic freestone of the north and west of the county. Some exhibit interesting portions of Norman or very early character. Such are those of Bishop's Cannings, Potterne, St. John's at Devizes, Tisbury, Great Bedwyn, Sherston. Very many have towers, in general handsomely pannelled and battlemented, of which Steeple Ashton, Melksham, Mere, Seend, Sutton Benger, Cricklade, Lydiard, Castle Combe, and Purton are good examples. Many of the smaller churches have gable bell-turrets of a simple and yet elegant character. Of late years much has been done, and well done, through the greater part of the county in church restoration, by the exertions of the clergy and gentry. An admirable example was afforded by Mr. Sidney Herbert in the erection of the new church at Wilton, the only attempt on a large scale with which we are acquainted, and a most successful one, to introduce into England the Romanesque or Lombard style of southern Europe. The decorative splendour of the interior of Wilton church is unrivalled. The detached campanile, though handsome, is perhaps too slight for its quasi-independent position.

Of the castles of Wiltshire, famous in the wars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, little beyond their foundations and earth-works remains. Of the domestic architecture of later ages few, if any, counties possess so many admirable specimens. The princely Longleat is the richest example known of the Italian fashion introduced in the reign of Henry VIII., of which the chief characteristics are numerous and large square-headed and mullioned windows, balustered parapets and terraces, and a general prevalence of horizontal lines. Woollaton and Audley End are other well-known instances of the style. The architect of Longleat is traditionally said to have been John of Padua, an *alias*, it is believed, for John Thorp. The Duke's house at Bradford, once inhabited by the eccentric Elizabeth Chudleigh, then supposed to be Duchess of Kingston, is of the same character, but on a smaller scale. So likewise are Charlton Park, the Earl of Suffolk's, the entrance front of which is attributed to

Inigo

Inigo Jones; Longford Castle, built by the Gorges family, on the whimsical plan of a triangle with circular towers at the angles; Stockton House, Mr. Biggs, in the vale of Wyly; the south front of Corsham House, Lord Methuen's; Littlecote, Mr. Popham's, of which the hall still contains upon its walls the identical buff-coats and steel-caps of Cromwell's Ironsides, forcibly bringing back the memories of the Great Rebellion.

Examples are not wanting of the earlier styles. Great Chalfield, near Bradford, is an almost perfect specimen of a manor-house of the time of Edward IV. The hall, with its lancet-windows and open roof of oak, the inner apartments with advancing oriels and radiated fanwork ceilings, still remain. The groined portal is uninjured, and the exterior walls retain their massive buttresses and fantastic heraldic terminals. The front opens on a square court, having on one side the farm and stable-offices and gate-house, on the other the church, with ample western window and gable belfry-turret. A moat surrounds the whole, and includes the garden and bowling-green. It was the property of the Eyres, inherited from the Tropenells, who built it.

South Wraxall, Mr. W. Long's, Bradfield near Hullavington, Norrington in the hundred of Chalk, built by the Gawens, and a vast number of other old manor-houses scattered over the county, are now converted for the most part into farm-houses, and in a state of greater or less dilapidation. Indeed in North Wilt almost every parish possesses one or more such specimens, their number, however, gradually diminishing through the combined effects of decay and modern improvements. They are always of stone, with generally a stone-tile roof, many gabled, having free-stone copings, and mullions and labels to every window, a projecting two-storied porch, wide pointed-arched chimneys to the hall and kitchen, and the remains of handsome oak panneling in the parlour and chambers. In their general character and accessories they still correspond to the description given by Aubrey of the usual features of a manorial mansion of the sixteenth century. 'The architecture of an old English gentleman's house, especially in Wiltshire, was a good high strong wall, a gate-house, a great hall and parlour, and within the little green court where you come in, stood on one side the barne: they then thought not the noise of the threshold ill musique.' The decayed condition of many of these once handsome seats of the local gentry is melancholy. The curious visitor finds, probably, the banquetting room, with its carved stone chimney-piece and broken wainscoting, in use as a cheese-loft—batts and beer-barrels ranged round the walls of the old hall, its mullioned windows blocked up with

rough

rough stone to avoid the tax — a pigsty under the carved oriel — the gatehouse occupied by poultry, and the chapel turned into the cart-stable.

Even the villages of this part of the county have a stamp of antiquity about them. In the chalk districts the cottages are of a meaner kind, being usually of brick or compressed clay, and thatched. They lie buried in the bottoms, invisible to a traveller over the high downs, who is apt to think this part of the county wholly uninhabited.

The towns have rarely any good architectural features of early date, with the exception of a few interesting market-crosses, one of which, that of Malmesbury, is remarkable for its elegance. Of late years several handsome town-halls, corn-exchanges, and other public buildings have been erected.

Among the modern mansions of note may be mentioned Wilton House, the seat of the Earls of Pembroke, to whom the monastery was granted at the dissolution. Of the original abbey, nothing remains, nor, of the mansion that succeeded it on the same site, either the famous Holbein porch, or the Inigo Jones south front. James Wyatt in the last century modernized, or, as he imagined, Gothicized, the whole. More recent alterations have, however, greatly improved the character of the building. The interior is rich in well-known and admired treasures of art — the marbles collected by James eighth Earl, and the paintings, especially the Vandykes of the great saloon, and among these the large picture of the Herbert family. After all, the great interest of Wilton lies in its family and historical associations, in the reminiscences it evokes of the author of the 'Arcadia' and its principal personage, 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.'

Similar associations, though of a more recent stamp, will ever haunt the halls of Bowood, the favourite retreat of more than one generation of great statesmen, the hospitable resort through a lengthened period of wit, poetry, philosophy, literature, and high art. Tottenham Park and Savernake Forest, the Marquis of Ailesbury's, together compose perhaps the most magnificent breadth of sylvan scenery in the island, to which the neighbouring chalk hills, some of which rise above 1000 feet in height from the sea, add a fine effect. Of its original mansion, Wolf-hall, the ancient seat of the Sturmys and Seymours, little is left but the old barn in which Henry VIII. and the Lady Jane held their marriage-feast. The long rambling galleries of the neighbouring Littlecot Hall still present a fit scene for the traditionary tale of Wild Darell's deed of darkness, which, in spite of the doubts raised by sceptical archæologists, will find believers to the end of time on the faith of Walter Scott's 'Rokeby' note.

Besides,

Besides, the bed-curtain still shows the fatal patch; the grate is to be seen in the bed-room; the stone stile still exists on which the hero of the tale broke his neck after it had by luck or favour escaped the gallows. These are material proofs such as no lover of the marvellous will discredit—in spite of Lord Campbell.

There are many other county tales, equally strange and more authentic. More than one Wiltshire gentleman has been the hero of deeds of violence or assassination. The murder of the Hartgills by Lord Stourton in 1556, for which he suffered 'with a silken cord,' not less, it is to be supposed, than his four servants, who met their fate at the same time in hempen ones, is a wild and scarcely intelligible story.

Another is the murder of Henry Long in 1594, a younger brother of Sir Walter of Draycote, by Sir Henry Danvers of Dauntesey and his brother Sir Charles, who, with a body of retainers, burst into a room at Corsham, where Long was dining with a large company, and shot him dead on the spot. The brothers Danvers fled to Titchfield House, the seat of Wriothesley Earl of Southampton, and thence escaped across the Channel. The cause of the quarrel was never known. Though a sentence of outlawry was passed against the murderers, it was soon reversed, and, indeed, was so little acted on that Sir Henry was positively created a peer, Baron Danvers, while the outlawry was still in force against him.

The crimes of Mervyn Audley, Earl of Castlehaven, of Font-hill, in South Wiltshire, for which he suffered execution in 1631, are too well known to be more than alluded to here. The assassination of Thomas Thynne, of Longleat—Tom of Ten Thousand—by Count Konigsmark in 1682, though it took place in the streets of London, occupies a page in Wiltshire story. The interest turns on the romance attached to the motive of the deed and the character of the fair mischief, the heiress of the Percies, at the time affianced to Thynne, but married within four months after his death to the Duke of Somerset. Swift insinuated, in some doggerel lines, that she had been privy to the murder, and is said to have lost thereby the bishopric of Hereford. Konigsmark himself escaped conviction through management and court interest, though his instruments, the actual perpetrators of the murder, were executed. One, Stern by name, protested 'his was a hard case: that he was going to die for the sake of a man he had never spoken to (Konigsmark), for a lady whom he had never seen, and a dead man whom he never had a view of'—Thynne having been shot inside in his coach. The Romance of the Peerage contains few wilder tales than this. It was Count Philip, brother of this Count Charles Konigsmark, who was the ill-fated lover

lover of Sophia of Zell, and himself assassinated and buried in a gallery of the palace of Hanover in 1694.

So much for the safety of life and the impartiality of justice two or three centuries back. In nothing, perhaps, has society more improved than in these points. It is worth while to read such events, as affording a contrast to the present happier times.

Among the modern seats of Wiltshire, one we have just mentioned, Fonthill, a few years since attracted very general attention. It affords an instance, such as old Aubrey delighted in recording, of the frequent changes that, as if by a sort of fatality, befall certain families, places, or properties. The ancient mansion of the Mervyns fell a prey to the flames. The second, built by the Cottingtons, and purchased by Alderman Beckford, shared the same fate in 1755. The third—Fonthill splendens, as it was called—erected by him at a cost of a quarter of a million, was for the most part pulled down in the beginning of the present century. Then sprung up that fairy fabric the Abbey, a wonder and a mystery for the years through which it arose on the summit of a lofty hill, no one, except the workmen, being admitted within the high walls of the surrounding grounds, six miles in circuit, and topped with chevaux de frise to keep out curious adventurers. And then it fell, first into the hands of Mr. Robins, who, in 1822, admitted all the world to it, and, through him, into those of Mr. Farquhar, an unknown old bachelor, just arrived from India with a million in his pocket, who paid down near four hundred thousand pounds for the Abbey and its contents. And then, after another sale by Phillips, which lasted twenty-seven days, and was attended by thousands, it fell bodily, leaving much wreck and rubbish behind. We remember visiting it shortly after the catastrophe, and admiring the ingenious construction of the great pillars of the lofty Gothic hall. They had been broken through, and the fractures disclosed literally but a few pieces of packthread, connecting some nails at the top with others at the bottom, upon which strings plaster of Paris had been run in a mould into the form of clustered columns. The more substantial framework of the building—if such an epithet can be applied at all to it—was of thin brick and lath-work. None can wonder that Mr. Beckford slept on stormy nights at a lodge some way off. The miracle is that the tower, which was more than 200 feet high, and was often seen to vibrate, stood for a single day. But Fonthill is now about to revive under its present owner, the Marquis of Westminster, who, undeterred by the fate that has attended so many previous structures, is erecting another palace on the spot. *Absit omen!*

Time has marked with vicissitudes of another character the

Great

Great House at Marlborough, built on the site of the old castle of Bishop Roger by Sir Francis Seymour, grandson of the Protector, and brother of the Earl of Hertford, who then owned, and occasionally resided at, Tottenham. In the commencement of the great rebellion, Sir Francis sided with the King, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Seymour of Trowbridge; but his mansion was held for some time by the Parliamentarians under Sir Nevile Poole in 1643, against the King's forces. Afterwards it was restored to Lord Seymour, who, compounding for his delinquencies, resided there peaceably until the Restoration, shortly after which he sumptuously entertained in it Charles II. and his Queen, with the Duke of York, on a progress to the West. When the estates of Savernake passed to the Earls of Aylesbury, Marlborough Castle was still retained by the Seymours, and in the early part of the eighteenth century was the residence of the Countess of Hertford, whose fantastic correspondence with her intimate friend Lady Pomfret is dated from thence. The poetic tastes and friendships of this lady are well known. Mrs. Rowe, Thomson, Dr. Watts, and Alexander Pope, were her occasional guests and frequent correspondents. On her decease the mansion was converted into an inn, which continued to be its destination up to a very recent date. It is now, after much enlargement and alteration, appropriated to the purpose of a college, founded for the education of sons of the clergy, and which under the able management of Dr. Cotton has obtained a wide and well-deserved reputation.

We must not linger over this tempting topic, otherwise much might be said of many other Wiltshire houses of no little note. Trafalgar, formerly Standlynch, the gift of a nation to her greatest naval hero; Spye Park, for a time the residence of the witty and profligate Rochester, then of the equally eccentric Bayntons; Amesbury, where dwelt the charming Duchess of Queensbury, Prior's

‘ Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed ’—

and the happy retreat of Gay, who here composed his Beggar's Opera; Erle Stoke, on which the late Mr. Watson Taylor expended a princely fortune; Draycote-Cerne, the ancient seat of the elder branch of the Longs, whose large Wiltshire and Berkshire estates, together with those of the Earls Tylney, were inherited in early life by the unhappy Mrs. Long Wellesley, and conferred upon her a melancholy notoriety some forty years ago; Dinton, the birthplace of Clarendon; Lydiard, the ancient seat of the St. Johns Lords Bolingbroke, Everley, Stourhead, Grittleton,

ton, Weston Birt, Rood Ashton, and many more, which might detain us pleasantly enough.

A word must be bestowed on the many treasures of art which Wiltshire possesses. The sculptures and paintings of Wilton House have been already alluded to. Longleat, together with its magnificent Lion-hunts of Rubens and Snyders, contains a rich collection of historical portraits, second only to that of Hampton Court or Windsor. Its neighbour, Stourhead, possesses many admirable specimens of the Italian schools. The pure taste of the owner of Bowood has adorned, without over-crowding, its walls with *chef-d'œuvres* of the best masters of every age and country, among which it is not easy to say whether modern or ancient art triumphs most,—the lovely females and children of Reynolds, Etty, and Newton, or the golden Madonnas and Magdalens of Titian, Luini, and El-Mudo,—the landscapes of Gainsborough, Calcott, Cooke, and Stanfield, or those of Hobbema, Ruysdael, Claude, Wouvermans, and Cuyp. The wonderful Murillo, purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne at the Erle Stoke sale of Mr. Watson Taylor, is to our mind the most admirable portrait in existence. The Gallery of Wardour Castle is justly celebrated, not only for its paintings, but for other gems of art worthy of the collection of a series of Counts of the Holy Roman Empire. That of Longford Castle is noted for its remarkable series of portraits by Holbein, Velasquez, Titian, Rubens, Giorgione, Mabrise, Zuccherro, and Vandyke. Of many first-class pictures, once the pride of Charlton Park, we must say, alas! 'Fuerunt,' since their mysterious disappearance on the night of the 10th of October, 1856. The thief had planned his villany most coolly. Having come down from London by a late train to the nearest station, he effected an entrance through a cellar-grating into the ground storey of the house, and, making his way to the saloon in which the pictures hung, took them down, and out of their frames, *which he hung again upon the walls*, packing up the canvases with paper and cord which he had brought with him. He was seen walking back to the station in the early morning with the large square parcel; but from that moment all trace of him was lost, and as yet nothing has been heard of the pictures, nor, from their well-known reputation, is it easy to suppose they could ever find a purchaser, or be offered for sale without discovery. Corsham House, together with the greater portion of the Methuen Gallery, contains many paintings of value collected by the late Mr. John Sandford, the father of the present Lady Methuen. The newly-erected Grittleton House has recently been made the depository of the fine works of art, both in statuary and painting, purchased by the late Mr. Neeld.

From the houses the transition is natural to the families that occupy them, and here the changes made by time are still greater. It is a remark common to other parts of England how rarely the same property is held by the same family for more than two or three generations. From this frequency of change Wiltshire has by no means been exempt. Of its really ancient families few indeed retain in the present day their early possessions. It were vain, of course, to look for the representatives, in any number, of the Barons and Knights of the times of the Plantagenets—the Giffards, Devereuxes, Montforts, Cheyneys, Daunteseys, Bassetts, De la Meres, Mauduits, Sturmys, Beauchamps, or Bonhams. But nearly all the aristocracy of the sixteenth century, Monpessons, Mautravers, Hungerfords, Gorges, Grobhams, Danverses, Ernleys, Pooles, Baynards, Kaynells, Bayntons, Ludlows, Gores, Snells, Moodys, Chafyns, Lamberts, Benetts, Buttons, Norbornes, Sadlers, and Smythes, are gone, or represented only by the female line. We have before us the very full list, called the *Withy MS.*, which combines the visitations of 1565 and 1620. It contains near two hundred and fifty names, of which we can find but fourteen remaining in the county. Further, we have searched the Presentations to Livings by families owning advowsons in Wiltshire down to the year 1700, and find, out of the whole number, none still occupying their ancient seats, except the following few: Popham of Littlecote, Thynne of Longleat, Arundel of Wardour, Herbert of Wilton, Wyndham of Dinton, Fox of Foxley, Estcourt of Newnton, Wroughton of Wilcot, Scrope of Castle Combe, Goddards of Swindon and Cliffe, Penruddock of Compton, Ashe of Langley, Long of Wraxall, Talbot of Lacock, Calley of Burdrop, Grove of Ferns, Duke of Lake, Phipps of Leighton, Howe of Berwick St. Leonard's, Bruce of Tottenham, St. John of Lydiard. By coming down even to 1750, the following only can be added: Astley of Everley, Herbert of Christian Malford, Bouverie of Longford, Howard of Charlton, A'Court of Heytesbury, Eliot of Down Ampney.

Let us pass to the aristocracy of genius. The worthies of Wiltshire of the first class are not so numerous as to detain us long, and yet the county may be justly proud of the list. The Hydes of Hatch have been already mentioned. Sir Christopher Wren was born at East Knoyle, of which parish his father was rector; Philip Massinger at Wilton; Joseph Addison at Milston; Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury; Sir Michael Foster of Marlborough and Sir James Glanville of Broadhinton, high-minded lawyers; George Montagu, the ornithologist, owner of Lackham, near Chippenham. Salisbury was the birth-place

place of Harry Lawes, the musical composer and friend of Milton; and boasts of having been for some time the residence of Fielding, who married the beauty of that place, Miss Cradock, the charming original both of his *Sophia* and *Amelia*, and here probably the great novelist commenced his greatest work, '*Tom Jones*.' From its neighbourhood he drew those vivid pictures of rural life which have conferred immortality on the Wiltshire squires and parsons of the last century. There are some alive yet who avouch their recollection of the originals of *Western* and *Allworthy*, *Trulliber* and *Parson Adams*. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of *Salisbury*. *Thwackum* was the master of the *Close* school; *Philosopher Square* and *Lawyer Dowling* were well-known characters living at the time. *Salisbury* may, indeed, claim to be the birthplace of the modern novel, for the '*Vicar of Wakefield*' and '*Humphrey Clinker*' were also both first printed there.

But, to come down to our own days, we may speak of the remarkable group of poets whom at one time North Wilts possessed as residents and near neighbours—*Moore*, *Crabbe*, and *Bowles*. Will *Sloperton* cottage be visited hereafter with the same interest as *Horace's Sabine villa*? *Bowles's* parsonage at *Bremhill* is beautifully situated, 'but' as *Moore* slyly records in his *Diary*, 'he had a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottos, hermitages, and *Shenstonian* inscriptions. When company is coming he cries "Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountains going." 'But,' he adds, 'with his genius, his blunders, his absences, he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets.' *Bowles's* oddities and simplicity were for a long period a great source of amusement to the neighbourhood.

The manufacturing town of *Trowbridge* was but a prosaic residence for a poet. But *Crabbe* studied human character rather than natural scenery. Moreover, it was not till a late period of his life that he settled there.

One other notability of recent times may be added to this eminent trio, 'the inimitable *Sydney Smith*,' who for two years held the curacy of *Nether Avon*, a village hidden in one of the hollows of the *South Wiltshire Downs*, and where he seems to have undergone the most imminent risk of starvation, both mental and bodily. 'Once a week,' writes *Lady Holland*, 'a butcher's cart came over from *Salisbury*; it was then only he could obtain any meat, and he often dined on a mess of potatoes sprinkled with a little ketchup. Too poor to command books, his only resource was the *Squire*, and his only relaxation long walks over those interminable plains, in one of which he narrowly escaped being buried in a snow-drift.'

We have frequently mentioned one Wiltshire antiquary, John Aubrey of Easton Pierce. We have to regret the recent loss of another in the person of John Britton. To both we are under obligation for much of our knowledge of the past history of the county; and, singularly enough, both were natives of the same parish, Kington St. Michael's, near Chippenham. The works of the latter are well known. We cannot dismiss the former, our quaint and amusing gossip, without some further notice.

John Aubrey was born in 1626 on the site of what is now the farm-house of Lower Easton Percy in that parish. By birth a gentleman, he inherited a considerable landed estate, but burdened with debt, and was therefore all his life in embarrassment, and towards its close was indebted for shelter in adversity to the hospitality of the Earl of Abingdon at Lavington-house, and of his friend Sir James Long at Draycot, an original member of the Royal Society, and an acquaintance of Evelyn and Pepys. His manuscripts, memoranda, and collections, relating chiefly to the natural history or antiquities of his own county, have much of the amusing oddity and quaintness of style so popular in the latter's Memoirs. So far as his means allowed he endeavoured to rescue from destruction, and preserve to future ages, such records of the past as were then in existence, by drawing, copying, or describing them, and by urging the collection of ancient manuscripts, of which he says, 'In my grandfather's days the manuscripts flew about like butterflies. 'Tis pitie that they should fall into the merciless hands of women, and be put *under pies*.' And in another place, 'I remember the rector (of Yatton Keynell, where he went to school), Mr. William Stump, great gr. son of Stump the cloathier of Malmesbury, had several manuscripts of the Abbey. He was a proper man and a good fellow, and when he brewed a barrel of special ale his use was to stop the bunghole (under the clay) with a sheet of manuscript. He sayd nothing did it so well, which methought did grieve me then to see.' He was intimate with Thomas Hobbes, who was however much his senior, and whom he describes also 'as a proper man, briske, and in very good equipage; his haire then quite black.' Aubrey was a believer in astrology, and drew his own nativity, being, as he says of himself, 'mightily susceptible of fascination.' One of his published works, the 'Miscellanies,' is full of stories of 'Fatalities, Omens, Dreams, Apparitions, Voices, Knockings, Magic, Converse with Angels, Ecstacies, Glances of Love and Envy, Second-sight,' &c.—in short, 'the Night-side of Nature.' And this love of the marvellous somewhat tintured his record of facts. He left behind, among other manuscripts, two folio volumes 'On the Natural History of Wiltshire,' and two more of

of 'a Description' of the North Division of the same county. In the preface to the latter work he regrets the continual enclosure of the country thus—'In the time of Henry VIII. this county was a lovely champaign, as that about Sherston and Cotswold' (all now inclosed). 'Every year more and more is taken in.' 'There were a world of people maintained then by the plough.' The enclosures of those days were, it appears, for the purpose of converting arable land into pasture—the very opposite to its usual object now. 'There were no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days, but for Kingston St. Michael (no small parish) the church-ale at Whitsuntide did the business.' 'In every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and utensils for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at the butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by and looking on. And all things civil and without scandal.' 'Such joy and merriment was every holiday; which days were kept with great solemnity and reverence.' His *Natural History* is full of gossiping stories of local interest, but of no scientific value. He is not very complimentary to his fellow-countrymen, of whom he says—

'In North Wiltshire (a dirty clayey country) the indiginæ or aborigines speake drawling; they are phlegmatique, skins pale and livid, slow and dull, heavy of spirit; hereabout is but little tillage or hard labour, they only milk the coves and make cheese. They feed chiefly on milk meates, which cools their braines too much, and hurts their inventions. These circumstances make them melancholy, contemplative, and malicious; by consequence many lawsuits, and by the same reason they are generally apt to be fanatiques; their persons are plump and feggy; gallipot eyes, some black; but they are generally handsome enough. The county abounds with soure and austere plants, which makes their humours soure and fixes their spirits. In all changes of religion they are more zealous than any other. In Malmesbury Hundred, &c. (the wett clayey parts) there have ever been reputed witches.' . . . 'Contrariwise on the Downes, sc. the south part, where 'tis all upon tillage, and where the shepherds labour hard, their flesh is hard, their bodies strong: being weary after hard labour, they have not leisure to read on or contemplate of religion, but goe to bed to their rest to rise betime the next morning to their labour.'

Though these remarks are no doubt coloured by Aubrey's political prepossessions and his disappointed and querulous temper, there was probably much truth in the distinction he draws between the races which occupied the two great natural divisions of the county, the Downs and the Vales. Even now the difference is very perceivable. A traveller will be struck by the stal-

wart proportions, blue eyes, fair hair, and ruddy complexions of the inhabitants of many entire parishes in the former district, arguing the purity of their Saxon blood; while the vale presents a greater mixture of races, and many examples to which Aubrey's description justly applies. Dissent is prevalent there still as in his time. Aubrey says little of the remarkably broad dialect of the peasantry of Wiltshire, which, like their physical aspect, preserves much of Saxon character: *v* is generally substituted for *f*, and *z* for *s*, as in *veather* for *father*, and *zun* for *son*, *theaze* for *these*; for the plural *s*, *en* is often substituted as in *houzen* for *houses*, *peazen* for *pease*, &c. *Thic*, *thesen*, *thuc* and *themmen*, for *this*, *these*, *that*, and *those*. Some words in frequent use are peculiar, such as a *wosbird* for a mischievous person, meaning perhaps 'a woe's bird,' or bird of evil omen; 'caddle' for confusion; 'dummel,' stupid; 'sprack,' the opposite or lively; 'lear,' empty; 'dunch,' deaf; 'frome,' growing, &c. That excellent Wiltshireman and antiquary, Mr. J. Y. Akerman, has printed some amusing specimens of the provincial dialect. They hardly bear transcribing however—the intonation making a full half of their oddity. These provincialisms are now of course fast disappearing under the influence of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools, national and other. Boys and girls who have gone through Pinnock's Catechisms are not likely to retain any of them, though we do now and then hear such a phrase addressed, by new comers especially, to the schoolmaster, as 'Oh zur, zur, d'wonte wallop I!'

Of old customs and superstitions many yet remain in the purely rural villages, though fast fading, of course, under the influences alluded to above. Mummers still parade occasionally from house to house at Christmas-tide, enacting, in strange costume, a drama founded on the legend of St. George. The characters are usually Old Father Christmas, a Saracen knight, St. George, an Italian doctor, Mince-pie, and Little Jack. The harvest-home supper is also kept in some parts, with the accompaniment of old songs and proverbs. In the Down villages, a custom still prevails, called 'the wooset,' of a procession, accompanied by a band of rough music, in honour of any parties suspected of conjugal infidelity. A similar favour, called a 'skimmington,' is conferred on a couple where the wife is supposed to beat her husband. At Wootton Bassett, one of the 'cucking-stools' anciently employed for the punishment of scolds is still in existence, though scarcely fit for use. It is an oak chair, bearing the date 1668, fixed upon a pair of wheels and very long shafts. The person seated in the chair was wheeled into a pond, and the shafts being suddenly tilted up, she was, of course, plunged

plunged into the water. There is no doubt, we believe, that, by the law, 'common scolds,' if convicted under an indictment, are still punishable by the cucking-stool, as drunkards are by the stocks. Lord Chief Baron Comyns, who died 1740, ruled that every lord of a leet ought to maintain a cucking-stool, sometimes called a 'tumbrel,' or 'trebucket,' as well as stocks, in his manor; and the Court of Queen's Bench contains the record of Mrs. Saxby's case, who in Michaelmas Term (3 Anne), 1703, was adjudged to undergo this punishment.

The industry of Wiltshire is mainly agricultural; but it is by no means remarkable for a very high standard of farming. Many of the Down farms are, however, extremely well cultivated; and the rapid extension of tillage over these high plains threatens before long to leave but little of their original sheep-walks. The chief products of the county are corn and wool. Its cheese, ale, and bacon are also of noted excellence, so that substantial fare is not wanting to the inhabitants. At the beginning of the century Wiltshire had breeds of horned sheep and 'long-horned' cattle peculiar to it, and which went by its name. So great has been the change, that perhaps it would be difficult to find at present a single flock or herd of either.

In the retentive soils of the vales, especially that of the north, the extension of tile-draining and the removal of the high hedges and close trees which formerly choked up the land, have of late years greatly benefited both the agriculture and climate. The stimulus to improvements afforded by Agricultural Associations has not been wanting; indeed the county has rather run to seed in this direction. The Bath and West of England Society, founded in the last century by the Benetts and Lethbridges, and long presided over by the venerable Lord Lieutenant, was perhaps too expansive in its sphere; but there can be no need for frittering away the strength of the county on some half-dozen local Associations, especially since the railway system has so greatly facilitated the concentration of visitors and stock at any one spot. Unluckily the old jealousy so generally prevalent between neighbouring towns, which, like those of Wiltshire, are nearly equal in population, has hitherto interfered to prevent such an amalgamation. The Quarter Sessions of the county are divided between the four towns of Devizes, Salisbury, Warminster, and Marlborough. The Assizes are held alternately at the two former places. The corn-markets of the three first towns have always been of considerable importance, while Marlborough has been chiefly noted for its wool and sheep fairs. The Chippenham Railway Station, from which branches ramify in all directions, has

has of late conferred great eminence on the market of that place, especially for cheese.

The wools for which the county has always been famous were from a very early period spun and woven into cloth in the neighbourhood of fulling-mills erected on the Western Avon and its tributary streams, especially at Bradford, Trowbridge, Warminster, Westbury, Melksham, Chippenham, and Malmesbury. These manufacturing towns still maintain a very considerable reputation. At the recent Great Exhibitions of London and Paris prizes were awarded to several of the Wiltshire clothiers. Salisbury was long renowned for its flannels and fine cutlery. At present we believe the trade in both is gone. The carpets of Wilton have long been famous. On several streams paper-mills are worked. Four canals traverse the county, and greatly facilitated its commerce before the construction of the railways, which to some extent now supersede them. Wiltshire possesses no coal-field, its oldest strata belonging to the oolitic series. Much iron ore occurs in some of its green-sand beds, and since the opening of the branch railroad to Devizes, which exposed rich strata of this mineral, the idea has been entertained of working them on a large scale. Speculation is just now rife on this subject, and before long perhaps the tranquil and now secluded vale of Avon will seethe with furnaces and smelting-houses.

In other respects the natural history of Wiltshire offers little peculiarity. The great bustards, for which its downs were once famous, have disappeared before the advancing plough and the more general practice of sporting. So lately as in Pennant's time, he says flocks of fifty or more might be seen together; of late years the occurrence of a single individual has been a nine days' wonder. Two, however, were undoubtedly taken within a short time past—one in 1849, near Stonehenge, another near Marlborough Forest only in the last year: this is now in the collection of the Rev. G. Marsh, at Sutton Benger. It is told that a bustard in 1805 attacked a traveller on horseback on the downs near Heytesbury: it was probably defending its nest from presumed attack. The horseman, it seems, only thought of saving himself, and the bird escaped. More than one tale of this kind, indeed, is told about the downs; but none more striking than that which we well remember at the time to have created no small excitement—the attack made by a lioness on the Exeter mail while changing horses by night at Winterslow Hut, on Salisbury Plain. The beast fastened upon the shoulder of one of the leaders, which it savagely tore with teeth and claws, and was with great difficulty beaten off and retaken by the owners of the travelling caravan, from which
it

it had escaped. As a sporting country Wiltshire has always maintained a high reputation. In early days hawking and beagling were the chief amusements. Sir Ralph Sadleir, of Everley, a worthy Knight, Grand Falconer to Queen Elizabeth, was so fond of hawking that when appointed to guard the unfortunate Mary at Tilbury, he could not refrain from his favourite amusement, and not being able to deny Mary's desire to accompany him, though his sport led them some distance from the castle, he got a severe reprimand from the Queen for his carelessness. A curious portrait of Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farleigh Castle, still preserved there, represents him mounted, in armour, surrounded by hawks, a greyhound, a hare, a heron, and other fowl, with the following inscription:—

'Sir Walter Hungerforde, Knight, had, in quene Elizabeth's tyme, the second of her raine for foure yere together a baye horse, a blacke grehounde, a leveratt, his offer was for foure yere to all Englande not above his betters, he that sholde shewe the best horse for a man of armes, a grehounde, for a hare, a hawke for the ryver, to wynde a hunderd pounds, that ys, a hunderd a pese. Also he had a ger-falcon whiche he kept for xviii yere, and offered to flye for a hunderd ponde, and was refused by for all.'

Its downs are still famous for the coursing-matches for which they are so well adapted. The fox-hounds of the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Gifford, Mr. Asheton Smith, and the South-Wilts Hunt, share the county between them, but are not confined to it, ranging into Gloucestershire, Berks, and Hants likewise. The kennels and stables of Tidworth are the pride of Wiltshire sporting men, and are arranged with a perfection of which probably no other example is to be found. They accommodate three packs of hounds, and above thirty hunters, which lead no life of idle luxury, as 'the Squire,' Mr. Smith, before his great age incapacitated him, took the field on every week-day during the season. The conservatories and gardens are in their way equally unrivalled.

Of late the Wiltshire Downs have from the elasticity of their turf been found eminently adapted to the training of racers. And now in several of their quiet out-of-the-way villages stables have been built, and a population of jockeys, stable-boys, and other queer-looking characters introduced. The hills above afford admirable galloping-ground, and their seclusion is expected to facilitate the secrecy of trial running so necessary to determine the powers of a young racer. In spite of this, however, it is said that many a sly 'tout,' as the curious in this line are called, lies *perdu* at times in a furze bush to witness—himself unseen—the running; thus obtaining information which may be worth thousands to his employers. A year or two back Wiltshire was able

to

to boast of carrying off 'the blue riband of the turf.' 'Wild Darrell,' the winner of the Derby of 1856, was in every way a Wiltshire horse; born and reared in Wiltshire, owned by a Wiltshire Squire, and trained and ridden by an honest Wiltshire groom.

Old Aubrey quotes a proverb current in his day—

'Salisbury Plain—never without a thief or twain;'

or, as in another place he records, 'a gallows or two, with its appendages.' The rural police, wisely established throughout Wiltshire on the first passing of the permissive Act, has in the present day rendered highway robbery almost unknown, and even all but eradicated sheep-stealing, which used to be a regular business in the Down country. But if it were true that the loneliness and open character of 'the Plain' facilitated in some degree the waylaying of travellers, it also told sometimes with equal effect against the thieves. We remember one remarkable case in which a robbery having been committed on a high road across the downs, some mounted farmers returning from market came up shortly after with the injured party. The story was soon told, and the thief then just disappearing in the distance pointed out, chase was instantly made on his track. He became aware of the pursuit and started for a run; but of course, after a breathing gallop more exciting than any fox-hunt over the open down, where not a bush gave him a chance of shelter, the pursuers came up with the quarry—only, however, to see him drop dead from over-exertion. An inquest being held, the verdict of the jury of bumpkins was 'felo de se.' On the coroner's asking an explanation, it was given by the foreman in these words, 'Why, we finds as he busted his-self.'

But we must bring to a close our ramble over the airy hills and rich vales of this truly English and old-fashioned county, of which its natives and inhabitants are justly fond—especially delighting in its chief characteristic, the downs—'than which,' says our old friend John Aubrey, 'nothing can be more pleasant, and in the summer time do excel Arcadia in verdant and rich turfe, and moderate aire, but in winter are sometime colde and rawe. The innocent lives here of the shepherds doe give us a remembrance of the golden age. But the true Arcadia and the Daphne is about Vernditch and Wilton. Those Romancy plains and boscsages did no doubt conduce to the heightening of Sir Philip Sydney's phansie. He lived much in these parts, and the most masterly touches of his pastoralls he wrote here upon the spot where they were conceived.'

- ART. V.—1. *Report of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation on Home and Foreign Missions.* July, 1857.
2. *Report of the Committee of the Upper House of Convocation appointed 'to consider and report on the most desirable Modes of making fresh Exertions for sustaining and extending the Missionary Efforts of the Church, both at Home and Abroad.'* July, 1857.
3. *The Duties of the Deacons and Priests of the Church of England compared.* By Wm. Hale Hale, Archdeacon of London. 1853.
4. *Charge addressed to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of London.* By W. H. Hale, Archdeacon of London. 1853.
5. *On Religious Restoration in England: a Series of Sermons.* By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D. 1854.

THE wisest of mankind has told us that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety; but unfortunately the same high authority has left us no instructions for extracting from the multitude their aggregate wisdom, and we much doubt whether the best receipt for the purpose is to shut them up in a committee-room and to order them to prepare a 'Report.' Such, at least, is the reflection suggested by a perusal of the paper of suggestions on Church subjects which was laid on the table of the Lower House of Convocation towards the close of its last session. The Committee by whom it was prepared is composed of men who, for the most part, are distinguished not more by their learning and ability than by their practical knowledge of all that relates to the ministry, and any one of them we venture to think would have produced on his own undivided responsibility, and from the stores of his own experience, a better digested scheme of Church Extension than is here set forth with the united sanction of all.

From the production of a single mind we might, at least, expect distinctness of aim and consistency of design; but not even the title of the 'Report on Home and Foreign Missions' is in accordance with its contents.* Ample as are its professed subjects, comprehending all that is remote and diving into all that is obscure, penetrating to the lowest depths of social wretchedness at home and abroad to the uttermost deserts of heathenism, yet their limits are exceeded by the range which the Committee have given to their survey, embracing as it does almost all that has ever been suggested for the improvement of our Church system, from

* The title of the Report is, 'On Home and Foreign Missions;' and in the first paragraph the subject is divided thus: '1. Home Missions. 2. Foreign Missions. 3. Finance.' The inaccuracy of this division is, perhaps, more apparent than real; but this slip shows the haste with which the Report has been put together.

the details of parochial management to the reconstruction of our ecclesiastical polity.

But bold as are the remedial measures proposed, they are severally introduced in language so circumspectly vague and general, as to leave not only their distinctive features, but their general outline, undefined and obscure; they loom in the distance like icebergs, dimly seen through a fog of their own creating. Objections are avoided by suppressing details; difficulties, instead of being overcome by discussion, are evaded by silence; and every paragraph is a compromise.

That such should be the result of a few hurried conferences between counsellors of conflicting opinions, who are not charged with the execution of their own proposals, and who consequently desire to suggest as much and to decide as little as may be, is natural enough. But the public expects something more from a Committee of the Lower House of Convocation. Their authority is too venerable to be employed to give currency to schemes they are not prepared to uphold. The duty of a legislative Committee is to narrow the range of the impending discussion, not to suggest topics of debate. Whole pamphlets might be spoken on every clause of the Report, and unless the House could prolong its sittings beyond the duration of the Rump Parliament (a result that some might not consider undesirable), it could hardly hope to examine them all with due attention.

As a whole, the Report implies a want of confidence in the Church's soundness and strength, which we trust its framers do not feel—a confession of insufficiency which is a libel on her present exertions, a restless desire for sweeping and indefinite change, which must tend to encourage her enemies and paralyse her friends. The dangers with which society is menaced by the spread of irreligion are hardly exaggerated by the Committee; but because an evil is great and our sense of its magnitude only recently awakened, is no reason why our struggles against it should be convulsive and irregular. In physical investigation it is a well-known canon to search for no more causes than are sufficient to produce the effect. In administrative reform it is not less important to put no more springs in action than will bring about the desired result. To 'build up,' to 'edify,' is the metaphor invented by the inspired writers to suggest the gradual growth of the fabric of the Church, which best conduces to its stability. It is possible that some of the recommendations of the Report, which could not for the present be adopted without great imprudence, may hereafter be carried out with success. But in the mean time we trust it is not necessary to go so far to seek what is wanted for
immediate

immediate use—*Quod quærimus hic est—Est Ulubris*—it is close at hand—*animus si te non deficit æquus*.

It would hardly be fair to assume that the Report of the Upper House was intended to imply by its silence a condemnation of the excursive range taken by the Lower House. But it is observable their advice is conceived in a very different spirit. 'We have endeavoured,' says the Bishop of Oxford, who presented the Report, 'rather to limit our recommendations and suggestions to practical matters, which we think may, under God's blessing, be carried into effect, than to allow ourselves to expatiate in wider fields of suggestion, which, however advantageous, might be unattainable.' But although in accordance with this limitation the topics which the Committee of the Upper House have introduced into their Report are comparatively few, their Lordships have not taken more pains than their fellow labourers of the Lower House to mature the measures they recommend. They do not explain how they propose to adapt them to the present system of the Church; nor must we forbear to add, that on some subjects, which appear to be strictly within the prescribed limits, they are altogether silent. Indeed as it stands their Report as much falls short as that of the Lower House exceeds the scope of its title. It is from no presumptuous wish to constitute ourselves the critics of these venerable bodies that we venture to discuss their suggestions; but the subject of Church Extension is, or ought to be, of equal interest to all orders of men, and it is only by the co-operation of all that the means to promote it can be obtained. The public, either in its corporate and legislative capacity, or as an aggregate of individuals, must furnish the funds; for whatever doubts may exist as to the proper limits for the employment of lay agency (and on this point the Report betrays not a little jealousy and perplexity), there is no hesitation in assigning to the laity the principal part in the subscribing and collecting of money; and as regular and sufficient supplies can be derived only from a public thoroughly well acquainted and not less well satisfied with the means employed, we cannot offer our aid, such as it is, to the cause, more effectually than by passing in review the 'several agencies adapted to the circumstances,' to which the Committee of either House have given the sanction of their recommendation.

We shall rarely, however, have occasion to advert to the comparatively meagre Report of the Upper House, except in the few instances where it contains suggestions supplementary to those of the Lower House, or illustrative of them. The subject of foreign missions will be more conveniently reserved for separate consideration on some future occasion; and as we have recently discussed

discussed at some length the details of parochial management, we shall limit our notice to those more general and important suggestions which require for their adoption the sanction of the Legislature, or the general concurrence of the Church. The freedom with which we deliver our sentiments we trust will be attributed to no want of respect; and if we cannot on all points admit the conclusions at which the Committee have arrived, it must not be supposed, on that account, that we are the less hearty in the cause which they desire to promote.

The first proposal of the Committee under the head of 'Home Missions,' with which, however, it has no more immediate connexion than every measure for strengthening the organization of the Church has with every portion of the Church's work, suggests '*some increase of the Episcopate.*' It cannot be denied that, by the prodigious growth of the population, the extent and labour of the several dioceses is greatly, and by no means equally, increased; and the evil grows daily worse. In the year 1852 both Houses of Convocation concurred in petitioning the throne for an increase of the Episcopate, but the subject is full of difficulties, and unfortunately the only obstacle which the Committee notice, 'that of adding to the Bench of Bishops, without swelling the number of Ecclesiastical Peers,' is one which has already been removed, at least for the present,* by the precedent established at the creation of the see of Manchester. Probably the Committee mean to imply by their silence that they have no practical suggestion to add to those of the Cathedral Commissioners; but it would have been well to lay it down as the principle by which all future additions to the Bench must be regulated and controlled, that the Episcopal dignity must be maintained. There can be no greater mistake than to lower the social position of those to whom power is entrusted. Bishops, it is too true, are overworked, but, let radicals say what they will, they are not overpaid. The time is gone by when a bishopric was considered 'a capital thing,' to be luxuriously enjoyed, not an arduous duty to be laboriously performed, and when a bishop could retire to some distant preferment or a villa on the lakes, there to nurse up his income, like Bishop Watson, who boasts in his autobiography that with the poorest bishopric in the king's books he became the richest bishop on the bench. Nowadays the claims on the Diocesan are endless, and his expenses are heavy; he is expected to head every Church subscription, to promote every pious work, to attend wherever his presence can be of

* Hereafter if the number of Bishops shall be found to be considerably increased, it is possible an election among the Bishops themselves may be found a preferable method; but it is unnecessary to enter on this subject at present.

service to the Church; his revenues can hardly be curtailed without impairing his usefulness, and those who are to command respect must not be made poor in 'a country—so writes Sydney Smith with all the bitterness of unforgotten mortification—where poverty is infamous.'

It is doubtless with the hope of rendering the process of augmentation slow and gradual, that the Report recommends the passing of an Act once for all to enable Government to make such additions to the Episcopate, from time to time, as it may see fit. But such a course is liable to grave objections. Little as we have to hope from future still further reformed Parliaments, we are still less inclined to trust future possible Administrations; and we should be sorry to lose the assurance that before any sweeping change can be made in the hierarchy of the Church, public opinion must be brought to bear on the question by a fresh appeal to the Legislature. The augmentation which is really indispensable many are led to regard with something more than coldness by the extravagant demands of some of its supporters. It is usual with a certain class of Church reformers to treat the question as if the whole of our ecclesiastical polity had now to be settled for the first time, and to disregard alike the traditions of the Anglican Church, the feelings and habits of the clergy, the hallowing sanction of time, and the dangers of violent change. They triumphantly quote Cranmer's* attempt to double the Episcopate in former days, and they appeal to the practice of the early Church as of divine institution and eternal obligation—(Dr. Wordsworth† seems to think the proper dimensions of a diocese are settled by a text in the Apocalypse)—and they shut their eyes to all that distinguishes the fourth from the nineteenth century, and London from Laodicea. The whole question is reduced to a sum in the rule of three. If for the thinly-peopled realm of Henry, Cranmer required forty bishops, if North Africa or Lesser Asia possessed so many sees, how many are required for Birmingham or Liverpool? Others, alarmed by the prodigious quotient of bishops thus worked out, propose to create assistants by reviving the suffragans of Henry

* Cranmer presided over a change so great that the erection of twenty new sees seemed a small item in the vast account; and he had special objects besides providing the people with pastors. He designed his new bishops as missionaries of the reformed doctrine, and he foresaw they would give him an overwhelming influence in the House of Lords and in Convocation; this result was less satisfactory to Henry and his lay councillors than to the archbishop, and it must not be attributed entirely to their incapacity for Church plunder that the new sees were cut down to five.

† The text is, 'The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches.'—Rev. i. 20; Sermons, p. 61.

VIII.'s Act, who seem to have discharged the functions of the coadjutor Bishops of the early Church, or by resuscitating the 'chorepiscopi' of the dark ages, whose uncouth names they have discovered half obliterated by the dust of time. It were bootless to discuss the precise functions of these dignitaries; their office was abolished in the tenth century, for the same reason that Henry's short-lived experiment gradually sank to the ground in the sixteenth. It failed to answer its professed end. It was found to interfere with the authority of the Bishop without adequately relieving him in his personal ministrations. The committee propose the revival of 'coadjutors,' but merely for the following purpose. They suggest that 'provision should be made in the case of any Bishop becoming, through age or infirmity, or any other cause, incapacitated for the active discharge of his duties;' and to effect this, they recommend either 'a well considered system of retiring pensions,' or, which is evidently the alternative they prefer, the appointment of 'coadjutor Bishops cum jure successionis,' as proposed by the Cathedral Commissioners: 'an office,' say the Committee, 'which has existed from the earliest ages, which was strongly recommended by the authors of "*Reformatio Legum*,"* which still exists in many parts of Christendom, and has recently been revived in our own Colonial Church in the case of the Bishop of Jamaica.'

It is true that coadjutorships were early introduced to fulfil the duties which the name sufficiently indicates when the powers of the Bishop were impaired by age or infirmity. But the right of succession† was long withheld. St. Augustine argues stoutly against it. It was not in every country or in every age that men placed in the invidious relation of occupant and expectant

* The canons drawn up chiefly by Cranmer, but never published. It is difficult to extract a *warm* recommendation of coadjutorships from the passage in question, the true gist of which appears to be rather to establish the King's arbitrary authority over the bench of Bishops than to supply any want of the Church. It runs thus: 'As the Bishops are bound to name assistants to curates who from age or infirmity are unable to serve their churches, so, under similar circumstances, coadjutors shall be given to the Bishops by the Archbishop with our consent. And as the Bishops have power to remove any curate whose morals are scandalous, and whose teaching is heretical, so let them remember that they themselves will be treated *by us* if their lives give cause of offence, and their doctrine is contrary to the truth.' After all, the coadjutorship of which mention is made here is a totally different thing from that recommended by the committee.—*Oxford ed.*, 1851, p. 107.

† It is singular, however, that the first coadjutor on record was appointed with a view to secure his succession. 'After the Council of Antioch, in 269 A.D., Theolemus, Bishop of Cæsarea, in Palestine, fixed upon Anatolius to succeed him in his diocese. Some form of consecration, by imposition of hands, was used on such occasions; and for some time they both exercised the episcopal functions, which is the first instance on record of a bishop having a coadjutor.'—*Burton's Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the Three First Centuries*, p. 588.

could live safely together—in none could they work harmoniously. Subsequently when the coadjutorship played a conspicuous part in the corruptions of the mediæval church, the right of succession became its most important, and in truth its most useful, privilege. By the timely and deliberate appointment of a reverend successor under the name of a coadjutor, it was usual to avert the risk of a forcible or disputed election, in the case of prizes such as the ecclesiastical electorates, the sovereign bishoprics of the German empire, and others, so rich, and of such political importance, as to tempt the cupidity of rival potentates and endanger the peace of Europe. If coadjutorships could ever be introduced with advantage into our Protestant Church (and we are far from saying that at some future time, and with due precaution, the experiment may not be tried again), it would be to fulfil the purpose of their primitive institution, to assist the failing powers of aged and infirm prelates, or to supply the want which is greatly felt in modern days of an occasional assistant or substitute to perform episcopal duties, and in that case, we think the prospect of succession should be jealously withheld. The intention of the committee, however, is not to provide an assistant for the present, nor a successor for the future, but an immediate substitute, and successor in fact, though in name and in title the succession is deferred till death has released the aged and infirm prelate from an engagement which, it would seem, according to some divines, nothing but death can annul. And for this they think it worth while to seek an equivalent for ‘*sees in partibus infidelium*,’ by fictitious divisions of the dioceses, or by reviving the titles of the Heptarchy. But surely it is preposterous that those who admit the legality of translations should deny the validity of resignations, and to maintain that frail man, who is so often doomed to survive his faculties both of body and mind, is indissolubly tied to an office which requires the active exercise of both, appears to us presumptuous and almost profane. After all, what would have been gained if Dr. Tait had been called Bishop of Mercia, or Westminster, till Dr. Blomfield’s death gave him the title of London? What in the instance of the Bishop of Jamaica, quoted by the Committee, was gained by the Church or by the Right Reverend Prelate himself, if on his return to England in his signature and on his visiting card he wrote the name of his see, instead of his family patronymic? Legal fictions are highly useful to give a certain degree of elasticity to human regulations; but we deprecate the attempt to introduce them without necessity, and especially into the regulation of things sacred. Unquestionably the principle of resignation is more consistent with honesty, manliness, and

sense. But to carry it out, some fixed scale of retiring pensions should be adopted, and the terms of retirement must not be made a subject of barter between the Government and the invalided prelate. Whatever deference may be due to the authority of the Cathedral Commissioners, their recommendation is of little weight, because it was given before another mode of obviating the difficulty had been adopted. The late precedents of London and Durham, though they have not determined the details of such arrangements, have finally settled the principle; nor should we have thought it necessary to discuss the alternative proposed by the Committee, but for the sake of pointing out in this example (we wish it were the only one which the Report furnishes) the mistakes into which men of zeal and ability may be led by the exaggerated love of order. They find some puny and often imaginary obstacle in the straight path, they examine it with the microscope of controversy till it assumes a gigantic importance, and then, to avoid it, resort to the most cumbrous expedients and the most circuitous deviations.

While the Lower House is thus anxious to provide substitutes for incompetent Bishops, the Upper House desire to remove the grievance by which they are more particularly affected of superannuated rectors, and for this purpose they propose to establish a 'system of recognised resignation of their benefices by incumbents who are no longer able to give their full energies to the work of the ministry, and to whom pensions should be assigned from the benefices for their natural lives.' But with all due deference to their Lordships' experience, we venture to ask what it is expected will be gained by this innovation? If the retiring pension is large, where is the benefit to the public?—if it is small, where is the boon to the worn-out incumbent? * And further, how is this regulation to work? Is the resignation to be voluntary? If so, how much more simple and more advantageous will the incumbent find it to look out for a curate than to claim his pension! Or is it to be compulsory? In some cases this might be supposed to arm the diocesan with a dangerous power. He might be strongly tempted to disqualify as a dotard the refractory incumbent who was deaf to his argumets, or to dismiss as incurable the invalid to whose benefice he was in haste to nominate; but in the great majority of instances the more probable

* If the pension is larger than a curate's salary this arrangement would work ill in cases where it is necessary to keep several curates. The old incumbent would be better able and more willing to keep the requisite number, including one as a substitute for himself, than the new would be to keep the curates and his predecessor. If the pension is not larger than a curate's salary, and if the retirement is voluntary, the arrangement suggested could do little harm, and, we should think, quite as little good.

objection to this proposal of the Committee is, that the kindness and indulgence of the Bishops would render it a dead letter. No doubt cases must occur in which a forced resignation would furnish the readiest expedient for getting rid of some incurably inert and mischievous piece of nullity, whose teaching has conveyed no instruction, and whose conduct has secured neither attachment nor respect; but it is impossible to legislate for particular cases, and laws, of which the execution is to be the exception and not the rule, had better rest unmade. The best provision against the short-comings of advancing age and increasing infirmity would appear to be the enactment of more stringent regulations as to the numbers and qualifications of curates, if indeed this be necessary, and, if not, the more stringent enforcement of such regulations as exist already.

The Report proceeds to mention an evil to which we have often endeavoured to draw the attention of the well-wishers of the Church. In many an overpeopled district there lives and struggles a clergyman on a miserably small stipend, overburdened with children, and blessed with but a moderate stock of health and strength. The Committee express their gratitude that men can be found to labour, under such discouragements, in the service of God, and for the love of souls. Such men undoubtedly there are, and great is their merit: but others, on the contrary, are soon wearied with striving against a mass of evil which seems to spring up the more strongly for their efforts to subdue it; they sink into despondency and apathy, and limit their exertions to the indispensable calls of their office, and to the painful never-ceasing struggle to keep the wolf from their own door. These cases unhappily are numerous; but the Committee suggest no measures for their relief. Indeed the evil of small endowments, great as it is, is swallowed up by that which forms the principal topic of the Report, the dearth of endowments of any kind and the consequent disproportion of the clergy to the numbers of our population. To remedy this more men must now be as unceasingly the demand of the Church as it was of the elder Buonaparte in his final struggle against Europe:—‘We consider,’ say the Committee, ‘that a large addition is needed to the number of priests and deacons, and we do not believe that the people will have the full benefit of pastoral superintendence until the number of clergy, whether priests or deacons, is in the proportion of one to every thousand souls.’ No one can doubt the justness of this statement; but, in order to raise the number of the clergy to the desired amount, the one thing needful is more money, more endowments—they who serve the altar must live by the altar. The measure on which the Committee

mainly rely to secure the necessary supply of ministers—the revival, as it is called, of the diaconate—is entirely inefficient, whatever its other merits may be, for this particular object. The revival of the diaconate is a phrase familiar in the mouths of men of very different parties in the Church; and though it is by no means proposed by all with the same view, nor invested by all with the same meaning, it seems generally to imply such a change in the qualifications and payments of the ministers of the Church, as will ensure a greatly increased if not an adequate number of recruits for her service. But this is a misapprehension of the facts of the case. To draw more men into the ministry no change is needed. The supply exceeds the demand—not in the sense of need for their services, but of means to support them; and, according to the cathedral commissioners, the excess is annually increasing—faster, we fear, than endowments can be multiplied. Then, if meant to economise the resources of the Church such a measure is worse than useless. However low may be a man's attainments in the learned languages and in theology, he must eat; and men of refined and expensive educations have generally resources of their own which enable them to live respectably with a stipend on which the coarsest and most threadbare of the deacons must starve.

The question of 'reviving the diaconate' must be argued, and, in fact, is usually argued, on other grounds. A notion seems generally to prevail that at the present time the Church has lost some advantage which the Reformers intended to secure to her, or, on the contrary (for authorities differ on this point), which they failed to adopt from the unreformed polity. Some go so far as to say, with Dr. Wordsworth, that the Church has unlawfully departed from the apostolic institutions; others seem to think, with Archdeacon Hale, that she falls short of some primitive model exhibited by the early churches; or, at all events, that she wilfully neglects to strain after that ideal perfection which it ought to be the object of her endeavours to realize.

'We would (say the Committee) particularly suggest whether the diaconate might not be restored and extended in such a manner as to mark more distinctly the difference between that order and the priesthood, and thus to give increased efficiency to both, by a better adjustment of their several duties, as defined in the Ordinal of the Book of Common Prayer.'

The question is one of great importance in itself, and still more so as it engrosses the attention of a certain class of Church reformers to such an extent, that, till it is disposed of, no other measures of improvement can be satisfactorily discussed. It will help to clear up the confusion in which the subject has been unnecessarily,

we might almost say studiously, involved, if we pause to inquire what is the practice of the Romish Church, and what is the precise nature of the alterations which were introduced at the Reformation. The Romish orders, according to the usual enumeration, are seven. The three greater orders include the Presbyterate, the Diaconate, and the Sub-Diaconate. The lesser orders are represented by the Acolyte, the Exorcist, the Lector or Reader, and the Ostiarius. Whether the Episcopate at one extremity of the scale and the Tonsure at the other should be reckoned among the orders of the Church, is a merely verbal dispute. The tonsure, whether called an order or not, plays a not less important part in the ecclesiastical machinery of Rome. It binds the recipient to canonical obedience, and invests him with ecclesiastical privileges. It may be conferred on an infant, and enables him, with the bishop's permission, to hold a benefice, subject only to the payment of a substitute to discharge its duties. The four lesser orders do not impress the sacred character, and they may be thrown off at pleasure. They are indispensable steps to the priesthood; but whereas, between receiving each of the superior orders, according to the canons, at least a day must intervene, all the four minor orders may successively be hurried through in the same morning. Originally their functions were exactly what their names denote. The recipients were laymen who devoted themselves to the service of the Church. They were solemnly inducted into their offices, rather, than ordained, by the actual (as afterwards by the symbolical) delivery into their hands of the instruments of their respective ministrations.* When the Church assumed an independent jurisdiction, and a distinctive dress, she prescribed their costume and claimed their canonical obedience; and as she waxed in pride and power she spread over them her broad mantle of privileges and immunities. She imposed on them the obligation of celibacy so long as they continued to wear her livery, and by thus cutting them off from the sympathies of the secular world, she attached them to her interests and inspired them with

* The Acolyte, called in Latin the *cerofarius*, was inducted into his office by the solemn presentation of a wax taper, and a vase for containing the wine (*urceolus*). The Exorcist, with similar solemnity, was presented with his book of exorcisms—the Lector with the Holy Scriptures. What it was that he read or when he read it does not seem clear (not the Gospel and Epistle at mass certainly, for they belonged to the deacon and subdeacon respectively)—probably the word of God to the people on holidays; and as the custom was disused, even the tradition of what his duty had been was lost. At the Reformation in England, from the difficulty of finding a supply of clergy, something very like the lectorate was revived, and laymen were appointed to read the Scriptures in church. The ostiarius was solemnly presented with the keys of the church. These ceremonies were performed by the bishop and archdeacon; and if the parish clerk in modern days had the key of the church intrusted to him by the same authorities, he would be as much in minor orders as it ever was possible to make him.

her spirit. Subsequently, as her avarice and ambition grew, she employed the minor orders as legal fictions to enable her to traffic with the wealth of the Church, and to secure the assistance of the laity to discharge those functions of the civil power which she had the hardihood to grasp, but could not administer by means of the clergy alone. At the present day, the same legal fiction enables the Pope to rule his temporal dominions by an exclusively clerical government. The travelled reader is doubtless aware that of all the Abbati and the Monsignori of 'Mantellone' and 'Mantelletta' * which swarm in the streets of Rome, a large proportion are virtually laymen. Many of the most important offices of the state, especially those which are of a decidedly mundane character, such, for instance, as the ministry of war and the governorship of Rome, are invariably given to churchmen of this amphibious character. The final close of such a career is the cardinalate, and thus there are always several in the sacred college who, although as long as they remain cardinals, they are eligible to the papacy, may at any time lay down their purple without dispensation, and marry.†

Of the greater orders the lowest is the Sub-diaconate, and indeed it has been classed among them only since the eleventh century. It is acknowledged not to be of apostolical, though it claims to be of early institution. It is not conferred by the imposition of hands, and its principal use is to give additional solemnity to the sacrifice of the mass. It differs from the Diaconate practically in this, that though it confers the sacred character it does not do so indelibly. If the recipient repents his choice, and within a reasonable time can assign any plausible excuse for his change of mind, he may be dispensed altogether from holy orders and return to the world. In the case of the diaconate and priesthood not even the Pope can obliterate the sacred character once impressed. He may on great occasions, as he often has, annul vows and dispense with duties, he may give permission to make war or to make love, to reign, or to marry; but the character is indelible.

Such was the state of things which our Reformers found themselves called on to deal with. Archdeacon Hale regrets that

* This distinction of dress marks different grades in the prelacy.

† The orders of Cardinals are three:—1. That of Cardinal Bishops, which includes only the holders of the six Suburban Bishoprics—Ostia and Velletri, Porto, Albano, Tusculum, Palestrina, Subiaco; 2. That of Cardinal Presbyters, which includes all those of the sacred college who have been ordained priests, and those who hold any higher dignity in the Church; 3. That of Cardinal Deacons, which includes all those cardinals who are deacons, and those who are only in the minor (not holy) orders. This nomenclature has been the cause of a popular error. It is common among our travelling countrymen to say that 'such and such a cardinal is only a deacon and can marry.' The cardinal in question is no deacon—he is of the order of cardinal deacons—but he himself is not in holy orders.

they did not record the reasons which induced them to suppress the sub-diaconate. We should have thought that every word of their lips, every foot-print of their steps, would have proclaimed their motives. There is no warrant for the sub-diaconate in the Word of God. No point of discipline or dogma has occasioned more disputes among the Reformed Churches than the reconstruction of their ecclesiastical government. The fathers of the Anglican Church saw there was but one safe course, and laid the foundations of their polity on the rock of Scripture. The declaration in the preface to the Ordinal is controversial. It maintains against the Puritans, that there are three orders in the church of the apostles; and against the Romanists, that there are no more. At the Reformation the minor orders fell of themselves. When the immunities, privileges, and restrictions were abolished, with which laymen, masquerading as churchmen, were fenced round, their possessors relapsed into the laity, as the garden becomes park when the wall of separation is levelled. Those who had been employed to fill subordinate offices in the cathedral and other highly endowed churches, in many instances retained their salaries, and, *mutatis mutandis*, their places; and to this day the lay vicars, choristers, vergers, and others that form the staff of the modern cathedral, are the legitimate representatives of the acolytes and ostiarii of Rome.

The Reformers are extolled by Archdeacon Hale (*Essay*, p. 20) for 'having impressed on the third order of our Church the simple character of the primitive and apostolic diaconate;' but what is there in the Ordinal to lead us to think that they contemplated a permanent or even a long continuance in the subordinate office? while, on the contrary, the thirty-second canon, the only authority on the subject, implies in language not to be misunderstood, that the contrary is the intention of the Church and the usual practice of the clergy of that day. In its preamble it states that the office of deacon is a 'step or degree to the ministry' (the very thing which is now denounced as a perversion of the Church's intention), and, in consequence of this, goes on to 'ordain and appoint that hereafter no bishop shall make any person of what qualities or gifts so ever a deacon and a minister both together upon one day.' Not that always every deacon should be kept from the ministry for a whole year when the bishop shall see good cause to the contrary. This deprecatory language of the canon clearly shows how common it was to hurry over the diaconate as a mere formality—a practice which the Church wished to discourage, but did not think proper wholly to forbid. Her meaning obviously is that the inferior grade should be a preparatory step,

step, a real and not merely a nominal one, to the full pastoral charge, and the reason is assigned, 'that there may ever be some time of trial of their behaviour in the office of deacon before they be admitted to the order of priesthood.'

But further, what reason is there for supposing that any early Church detained the deacon in his subordinate office longer than was necessary to ascertain his competency? Assuredly the Church of Rome neither now nor at any former time affords any precedent for prolonging the term of the diaconate. Individuals who have chosen thus to linger on the threshold of the ministry have done so to suit their own convenience or gratify their own caprice, not by compulsion on the part of the Church. In modern days, when the student has decided on the ecclesiastical career, the first object of his desire is to obtain the priesthood—his consequence and his bread depend on it—till he can say mass he must starve.

To look for precedents, or rather to imagine them, in apostolic times, when each man was appointed to the post best fitted for him by the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, is futile and presumptuous. But as Dr. Wordsworth quotes Acts vi. (*Sermons*, p. 107) to prove that the present custom is a violation of God's command, we may be permitted to urge that in the narrative of St. Stephen's appointment and subsequent acts we can find no proofs of that accurate division of labour on which the advocates of this so called revival rely. It is important to observe that the apostles did not consider the distribution of alms as, in its own nature, derogatory to their own high office, nor *à fortiori* to that of the presbyters. If this were otherwise, no priest could suffice for any cure however small; and till the deacon is provided the work of charity must stand still. It was only when they found the 'serving of tables' took up too much of their time and involved them in disputes which compromised their influence and authority, that they ordained deacons for the purpose. It is also clear that the men thus specially appointed did not confine themselves exclusively to those special duties. Though ordained to superintend the distribution of alms, they were not, as Dr. Wordsworth wishes the modern deacon to be, merely relieving officers. Philip was sent by the Holy Spirit to be the minister of conversion to Queen Candace's chamberlain. Stephen did great signs and wonders, and disputed in the synagogues with the learned and the wise, who were unable to withstand the power with which he spake. Archdeacon Hale (*Essay*, p. 19) reprobates it as a gross breach of order that the deacon 'takes the licence to preach as a permission to premonish in the cottage and

and the family.* But is it possible that a man, gifted and employed as St. Stephen was, would have thought himself out of order if he visited his converts at their own homes? Unquestionably the Ordinal marks distinctly what part of the ministerial office it confides to the deacon, but can we suppose that it forbids him the discharge of those duties which a serious layman takes on himself? The Archdeacon goes on to say that when he was an examining chaplain he used to find the young candidates for priest's orders 'rather surprised that the duties which they had hitherto performed without authority are now pressed upon them as new duties.' But surely it could not have been difficult to explain to them that they now received the commission, and with the commission the obligation, to perform those ministrations with authority, which they had hitherto gone through without authority and only by permission, and under the direction of another as his deputy. No doubt it is contrary to the meaning of the Ordinal that a young deacon should be sent, as is too often the case, to take upon himself the undivided responsibility of a cure. The perfection of our system would be, that his year of probation should be passed in an apprenticeship under some experienced pastor. But the way to bring this about is not to prolong the term of the diaconate, but to augment the number of priests.

But passing from the question of principle to that of expediency, we are at a loss to guess what the Committee think would be gained by providing that the fresh supply of labourers so clamorously called for should have only truncated powers. The more punctiliously and even pedantically that the division of labour is observed the more obvious the inconvenience would be. If a rector and his deacon curate succeeded in working out the spirit (as they conceive) of the Ordinal so completely that the priest returned the half-crown to his pocket, unless the deacon was present to distribute it, and the deacon forbore to reprove the blasphemer with the oath hot upon his lips, and only noted him down as the subject of a future lecture from him for whom the right to 'premonish' is reserved, the result would be that public edification and private convenience would impel the deacon to lose not a day after his year of probation in obtaining priest's orders.

* To premonish is a hard word; but in plain English is it meant, that to visit the poor at their homes, with words of comfort, advice, and instruction, is a duty incumbent on the priest alone; and when performed by the laity, is an invasion of his peculiar province? If this is meant, in the name of all that is serious and sacred let it be broadly stated, and let us not discuss a matter of such vital practical importance by hints and innuendoes.

We proceed to a totally different view of the subject when it is proposed to inquire, not whether men of lower qualifications are admissible into the ministry in default of better, but whether they are not in some respects better fitted to deal with many portions of the population. The Committee suggest 'that an order of men selected for the ministry with more regard to their moral and religious character, to their intellectual qualifications, and their power of influencing others, than to scholastic advantages and acquirements, might be of eminent service in the Church.'

It certainly seems an extreme case to suppose that all intellectual strength and all moral worth, all the wisdom to guide, and all the earnestness to persuade, should be found on one side, and mere 'scholastic advantages and acquirements' on the other; but that a Committee of the Lower House of Convocation consider such a case possible, is an important fact, and is well worthy the attention of our University Reformers.* If, however, it be indeed true that among men of inferior education such high qualifications are to be found, there is no occasion to *revive* any forgotten ordinance to enable the bishops to secure their services. Their Lordships have only to relax their own regulations in order to admit them into holy orders. The restriction as to age, which excludes those who are no longer young, and the requirements as to learning far exceeding the standard of the canons, have been established by the bishops themselves as fences to protect their own virtue against the solicitations of jobbing placemen, or the pleadings of hungry relations, and, if need be, may be modified as they shall deem proper. Nor is this supposed case any argument for the proposed 'revival,' for nothing can be gained by confining these profitable servants to the comparatively unprofitable diaconate. Their proper work is not to *serve tables*, but to evangelize the parish; and if their lack of learning does not disqualify them to preach and to expound, to convert the careless and confute the infidel, it need not prevent their administering the sacraments and 'premonishing in the cottage.'

But though the union of high gifts and low attainments may not be common enough to require special legislation in its favour, it is very possible that men inferior in social position and in cultivation to the average of the clergy may, by their superior

* This is not the place to discuss University Reform; but we cannot forbear remarking, that to restrict all the aids provided by founders and benefactors to the winners in the race of scholarship, is by no means an unmixed good. The temper of mind which this feverish state of emulation is calculated to produce is not, perhaps, the best fitted for a preparation to the Christian ministry; and many of the most valuable men are to be found among those who will be beaten by men of readier, though not always superior parts, in an examination.

knowledge of the habits and language of the lower orders, be eminently useful in the work of conversion, and the great question with many earnest men of all parties is, how they may be aggregated to the ranks of the established clergy without lowering the body to the level of those days when 'Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire.*' With this view it is desired to keep them in some manner distinct from the clerical body as now constituted; and further, men of opposite opinions have by different trains of reasoning been led to concur in recommending that this auxiliary force should partake more largely of the lay character, some thinking by this means to make it a pedestal to give dignity to the priesthood, others to make it the bridge between clergy and laity, to unite the whole in one Christian Church. Thus, while Dr. Arnold would turn deacons into laymen by repealing the canon which forbids deacons to work or to trade, Mr. Hale would turn laymen into deacons by enrolling handicraftsmen in the sacred ministry. But we can imagine no change more difficult to effect, or, when effected, less likely to operate beneficially. Because the clergy are too few and overworked, it seems a strange remedy to invite them to give a portion of their time to worldly concerns. Nor can anything be more antagonistic to each other than the spiritual relation and the mercantile connexion between the deacon tradesman, and his customer flock. It is much that the Church has to answer for the capacity and morals of her ministers; that she should be responsible for their punctuality as tradesmen and their dexterity in business is intolerable. Even Archdeacon Hale is forced to admit that 'the formation of a diaconate of a different character from that which we now possess, or the making the diaconate consist of persons of two descriptions, would require more alterations in our laws and customs than can easily be effected.'

But he is not to be so beaten. Determined to revive something, he proposes to revive (as his scheme is explained, he should rather say create) the *subdiaconate*. His subdeacon is to be ordained, but is not to be in holy orders; and by parliament and convocation together is to be invented a service for the purpose. Whether the subdeacon's 'order is to be considered a vow of irrevocable obligation' (*Charge*, p. 21) is an open question, but it cannot be one of difficult solution, inasmuch as he has no order at all. He is to have an honest calling, and the usual qualification of little learning; but he is permitted to exer-

* And lower still, for then great learning was often united with coarseness of tastes and habits; but now by the hypothesis, the members of the new diaconate are not less illiterate than unrefined.

cise all those functions of the deacon for which learning is required; he is to expound the Scriptures, and to preach in the church; and to this extravagance we are brought by the exaggerated love of order and over-sensitive churchmanship. To avoid the irregularities of dissenters, ignorant mechanics are to be authorised to rant and blunder in our pulpits. Lest the laity should seem to encroach on some of the functions of the clergy, the most difficult of those functions are to be entrusted to a lay body whom the people never will learn to distinguish from the clergy in holy orders, and who must degrade the church they are so little qualified by their attainments to adorn. Yet so desirable does this measure appear to its author, that, in order to carry it, he is willing to incur all the dangers (which he clearly foresees and descants on at some length) of endeavouring to bring the parliament and the clergy, in their present tempers, to concur in enacting new canons.

But though it would seem, from the examination of these and such like proposals, that those who are not fit to be aggregated to the clergy on terms of equality, cannot, in conformity with our polity and our usages, be admitted to the sacred ministry at all, yet there has been found a way of securing their services to the Church. The employment of SCRIPTURE-READERS,* the very instruments which the Archdeacon is toiling to elaborate, has not been introduced as the result of any theory of Church polity, but by sheer necessity, as the only means of encountering a gigantic evil, and it is justified by a considerable measure of success. It was not suggested by the Church in her corporate capacity, but it has been sanctioned by some of the most eminent of her prelates. The Scripture-reader attempts no ministrations but those for which he is best qualified, and undertakes no charge which it needs any change of the law to confide to him; disputes about his status, his duties, or his privileges there can be none. It will be in the power of the Church to employ him on what terms, and to lay down what rules for his conduct, she may please. He will stand in the simple relation of employed to his employer—one which gives a

* Every word of Dr. Wordsworth's argument against the Scripture-reader is equally strong against Mr. Hale's subdeacon. Dr. W. carefully couples on all occasions the Scripture-reader with the City missionary, as if he considered them identical. The City missionary, at least in London, is the agent of a society which consists partly of Dissenters; moreover, he acts independently of the incumbent. The Scripture-reader acts in subordination to him, and is a strict Churchman. To class them together creates a false impression. It must, however, be added that though the City missionary enters a parish without the leave of the incumbent, his employers are always ready to put him under the government of the parochial minister, and to submit to the approval of the latter the persons appointed to the post.

control perfectly reasonable, but more absolute than any laws can confer. Devoted wholly to his work, he is a much more efficient servant than the semi-ordained mechanic; universally recognised as a layman, he compromises the character of the Church much less than Mr. Hale's subdeacon, to whom he is inferior in no respect, except in the hereafter to be invented ordination, and in this we have no loss. Though the Archdeacon quotes the example of Maronites, Jacobites, and Nestorians to find precedents, neither Parliament nor Convocation will succeed in inventing what popes and councils have failed to produce, a 'tertium quid' between a cleric and a layman. The Church can ordain a clerk and can employ a layman, and Church and State may combine to heap on the layman so employed ecclesiastical titles and privileges; but layman he is and layman he must remain. The spiritual character can be impressed by holy orders alone. It will be easy for the Church to give more attention, if necessary, to the training of the Scripture-reader, and more formality to his institution, more authority to his ministrations. If it is thought desirable he should put on a surplice when reading prayers in the 'ragged-school-room,' there can be no objection to his wearing what is worn by choristers, by vicars-choral and undergraduates at the university. If the bishop chooses to offer up prayers and to read him a lecture on the occasion of his introduction into office, he will be more formally ordained than was his namesake the lector in the days when the lectorate was a reality; and we apprehend the sanction of the legislature would be no more needed to legalise such a course than to enable the bishop to say grace at his own table or read prayers in his own family.

From the following passage we are inclined to hope the Committee are not altogether opposed to our amendment for substituting Scripture-readers for mechanic deacons:—

'Recognizing the value of lay agency when it acts in harmony with the parochial system, we believe that it might be more extensively encouraged. Much of the zeal which is now lost to the Church might thus be secured to its uses; and many persons of piety and zeal who are now promoting or are desirous to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of their fellow-creatures, would labour with more satisfaction to themselves and with greater acceptance to the people, if they were definitely authorised and appointed to their work.'

Experience proves that among the crowds of a great city laymen can obtain a hearing among the profligate and abandoned to whom the clergy could not obtain access. A missionary assures us in his Report that as long as he tried to raise his respectability by imitating the exterior of a clergyman, he was repulsed as the paid agent of an establishment, while the same persons

persons afterwards were touched by the disinterested regard for their welfare which was manifested by a man in a black neckcloth; and there is no doubt that besides the regularly employed Scripture-reader, many, who have time at their command, would be glad, both as paid and unpaid agents, to act in subordination to the Church if she would stretch out to them the hand of fellowship. It is strange that when adverting to the subject of education, the Report makes no mention of Ragged schools. Of all the efforts which have been made to civilise and Christianise the lowest classes, and especially those portions of them which seemed furthest removed from all elevating and softening influences, the institution of the so-called Ragged schools (we wish another name had been chosen for them) is one of the most important, and, as we believe, has been one of the most successful. This is not a subject on which the Church can remain neutral, or can withhold her opinion. Ragged schools have hitherto been conducted chiefly by lay agency and often by Dissenters; but there is no reason against the Church's employing in them such a number of ordained ministers as she can command; and if she would appropriate to herself in the cause of Church extension the various instruments ready made to her hand, which we have just indicated, she might perform no small part of the work which is appointed her, before any two sections of her most zealous champions were agreed as to what they meant by the 'revival of the diaconate.'

The arguments that are used for the restoration of the diaconate would have impressed us with an idea that over-education was the prevailing fault of the clergy, and that the Church incurred the blame of cutting blocks with a razor, by sending out men too learned and too refined for the work they had to perform. But this it seems would be a mistake. By various tracts on the subject we are informed that the young clergy are in a surprising state of ignorance. 'The committee' (continues the Report), 'in connexion with this subject' (the supply of ministers to the Church), 'would particularly direct attention to the existing want of *more specific and systematic training to the pastoral office.*' By this cautious sentence we presume it is intended to recommend the establishment of theological colleges. The case for these new institutions is usually stated much as follows:—

'The callings which affect men's lives and properties are not entrusted to the ignorant and inexperienced. The simplest trades and rudest handicrafts must be acquired by application and practice. The qualifications of all to whom public or national interests are committed are in our day canvassed with unprecedented strictness; and shall we admit rules less stringent in what affects the interests of religion?

Will

Will any man maintain that here alone knowledge is unnecessary, and training superfluous, and that the special and sustained preparation which is required in all earthly avocations, in the service of the sanctuary alone may be dispensed with?—(Sermon preached on the anniversary of the Theological College at Cuddesdon.)

Thus it is assumed that the young candidate for orders presents himself to the bishop with as little knowledge of the duties he is about to undertake as he has of drawing a settlement, cutting off a leg, or making a shoe—an exaggeration which, when put forth by able and candid men, only shows how much they have been led away by feeling on a subject apparently so little calculated to call it forth, and which it is so desirable to consider dispassionately.

The word 'training' seems chosen as the most vague and comprehensive to comprise special education, apprenticeship, and practice, by some one of which three, or a combination of them, every calling is acquired. But, as schools of apprenticeship and practice, it is admitted the theological colleges have failed, and must fail. The chaplains or directors cannot take their disciples with them in a round of pastoral visits like surgical pupils at a clinical lecture; and ludicrous stories are told of the failure of the attempts made by the students themselves. The poor do not choose to be practised on experimentally. Special education only remains; and nowhere can the special education of the clergy be continued so safely and so soundly as, where it was begun, at the universities. The general discontent, of which the institution of these training colleges is the unmistakeable sign, proves that the theological course of the universities needs some improvement. Much might be done without more change than each head of a house is competent to introduce on his own authority.* But the University must act as a body. We can easily imagine the many causes which have hitherto prevented agreement and co-operation in this important matter; but the crisis admits of no further delay unless the University is prepared to surrender its noblest privilege, the education of the clergy—and then indeed the glory of the house is departed!

It is true that when the amplest University course is completed,

* The catechetical lectures at Balliol would furnish an example of what we mean to suggest. Among the measures to be taken by the University in its corporate capacity, one of the most important would be to improve the quality of the public lectures. The Margaret professor is elected for a limited period, with the view to stimulate his activity in the discharge of his duties; but his re-election has become a matter of course. It would be advisable to return to the original practice, and also, we think, to make the same regulation with regard to the other theological professorships. Why might not something like the Cambridge voluntary be introduced?

many a man, if he had time and capital at command, would gladly prolong the period of discipleship, and pause to adjust his armour before plunging into the battle of life. We mean not to scoff at clerical training when we say, that at least as good a case might be made out for additional teaching of the young squire; and if it were possible seriously to propose the establishment of colleges of a general character for all who wished to prolong the period of preparation and study, the objections which are entertained against the exclusive character of the clerical colleges would be obviated.

It has hitherto been the boast of our country that the clergy and laity, educated together, and separated by no mutual jealousy, have reciprocally exercised a beneficial influence on the formation of each other's character. It is 'the more specific and systematic training' which distinguishes the Romish priest from the Protestant clergyman. It is the something more than 'specific and systematic training' that puts in disadvantageous contrast the subtle and ferocious disciple of Maynooth with the comparatively liberal priest of the last century; and it is, we conceive, the instinctive dread of this exclusive and sacerdotal spirit which has excited so much hostility to clerical colleges among the mass of the people—an hostility so strong that, in a midland diocese, where the character of the bishop was such as to give every ground for confidence, the proposal to erect and endow an institution of this kind caused the most violent popular excitement, and for weeks every blank wall in the neighbourhood of the cathedral town was covered with placards more numerous and abusive than those of a contested election.

But after all, not many will voluntarily prolong a course of education already so long and so expensive. It is to those who have wasted their time and opportunities that the clerical college is most useful, by holding out one more chance of reformation. No doubt it is a great boon to a young man, dissipated but penitent, weak but not corrupt, to relieve him from the dilemma of giving up the only career open to him, or hurrying unprepared to the service of the altar. But even this view has its shadowed side; a scheme for redeeming the time hereafter encourages its present waste—the prospect of an asylum for future repentance is a temptation to present indulgence, as the anticipation of the rigours of Lent redoubles the licence of Carnival. In many instances, without doubt—and we have great pleasure in acknowledging it—the theological colleges have been productive of the happiest results; but this should not make us forget that the natural tendency of all such institutions is to encourage a sectarian spirit, and to induce
formalism.

formalism. It is a common miscalculation, in laying down the regulations for their management (the same has been the error of the founders of all the religious orders of Rome), to suppose that the routine of religious observances which would be acceptable to the most advanced Christian is the best adapted to bring the wavering and the worldly to that state of perfection. A student, such as we have described, longs to reform, and he finds the struggle far more arduous than he expected. He would be spiritually-minded, and the world, in his despite, rushes in. What can he do? Formalism comes to his aid. He cannot do what he would; he does what he can—he gives to the Church what he had vainly tried to give to Christ. He attributes to his office the importance which he ought to attach to his duty. To be a perfect Christian is an arduous endeavour; to be a model Churchman is of easy attainment. Full of this training, he goes to his parish burning with zeal, and, as a common consequence, thirsting for power. He invests his opinions, his predilections, his prejudices, with the sanctity of religious faith—discretion seems to him a compromise. His conscience, morbidly sensitive, burdens him with an universal responsibility, which God in his mercy has imposed upon none. He takes upon himself duties which do not belong to him, and which it would require little short of omniscience and infallibility to fulfil. He revises the verdicts of juries,* and passes sentence on the dead without evidence or trial; he substitutes his ‘ideal’ for the ritual and usages of the Church to whose articles he has subscribed, and refuses to defer to the law of the land, or the feelings and wishes of his parish. A quarrel soon embroils him

* Some very aggravated cases have occurred within the last few years where the clergyman has thought fit to dissent from the jury’s verdict of insanity, and to refuse Christian burial; in one instance this was done when the deceased had at a former period been actually the inmate of a lunatic asylum. But still more unfortunate and inopportune is the scruple to give burial to those who, in the minister’s judgment, have led unchristian lives. In refusing the rites of the Church, the minister assumes a knowledge of fact and of doctrine which is not given to mortal man. He cannot know what has passed in the sinner’s mind, and God has not revealed what repentance he will accept. Who shall say when mercy was asked and grace vouchsafed? The reader perhaps remembers the epitaph of the trooper killed in battle—

‘Between the stirrup and the ground
I mercy sought and mercy found.’

The Church, in the true spirit of charity, hopeth all things. When those beautiful words which raise the present scruple are read, in some cases the hope expressed must amount nearly to confidence, in others it is scarcely raised above despair. Let the minister in his next sermon improve the occasion as he sees fit; but let him not break the law of the land, and impose a burden on the Church which not even Rome could bear. The question is usually argued on behalf of the scrupulous clergyman as if burial in the churchyard were a passport to heaven, and he was personally responsible for sending improper people there.

with his flock. The adverse party attend divine worship in controversial sullenness, or, after making a parade of running after distant services, absent themselves from church altogether. He intones twice a day to empty benches, and administers a weekly sacrament to a few of the poor who receive coals and flannels at Christmas. Dissenters of every shade multiply their recruits, lamenting with ill-dissembled glee the apostacy of the established Church; and all this because an amiable, well-meaning young man, and a sound Protestant perhaps in all essential points, has, like a plant in a hothouse, been over-stimulated by a 'forcing system' of training, and thus comes to the business of his life with more zeal than wisdom, in haste to make up for past shortcomings, and hoping to arrive, *per saltum*, at that self-devotion and holiness which are rarely vouchsafed but to laborious and long-sustained effort.

It is to be attributed merely to the circumstances of the times that at the present moment formalism follows the course of high-church extravagance; forty years ago, had ecclesiastical colleges been then founded, it would have taken the contrary direction. It is the nature of all such institutions to go further than was intended in the line of the impulsion first given, whatever that may be; and there is nothing that we should deprecate more than the foundation of rival colleges by hostile parties in the Church to vie with each other in sectarian bigotry and perpetuate our unhappy divisions. That theological colleges should become the established door of entrance to the ministry would be the most disastrous blow the Church of England could receive. Those few which now exist, and which we must accept as established facts, may doubtless serve to meet the exceptional cases to which we have referred; but in order to make them as useful as they ought to be, the utmost vigilance on the part of their superiors is necessary to correct their inherent tendency to extravagance, and to obtain the confidence of the public by the most rigid forbearance from all sectarian teaching, and all external badges of party. If, instead of this indispensable neutrality of character, the visitor finds the chapel fitted up with every fantastic decoration to which a party-meaning has been assigned—if he sees the altar adorned with flowers, surmounted with lights, covered with a lace-bordered napkin, and in every particular affecting the closest approximation to a Popish model—if the service of the Sacrament is attended with rites unsanctioned by any rubric, with rinsings of cups in the newly-révised piscina, with genuflexions, and other ceremonial acts which are foreign to our ritual and usages—if, in addition to all this, he finds a service-book in the chapel concocted from the 'seven canonical hours' of the Romish Church,

'with

'with additions and variations,' and if the servant, when applied to for an explanation, not yet familiar with the new nomenclature, stammers in hopeless confusion between *sex* and *nones*, *primes* and *complines*—what effect must this ostentatious playing at Romanism have on the Protestant public?

It is not against this fantastic ritual as such that we are now arguing. On that subject we have recently* expressed our opinion at some length. We are remonstrating against the imprudence of thus trifling with the feeling of the country, and against the impropriety of conducting a place of public education in such an exclusive, partisan spirit. If the pupil does not sympathise with what he sees and hears, the benefits which he might derive from the course of instruction are marred; if he does, his chance of usefulness and happiness in his future cure is compromised.

It would be more agreeable to us to let this pass as an hypothetical case—perhaps as a rhetorical exaggeration. But in so important a matter to be plain-spoken is a Christian duty; and our plainness, we hope, will give no offence to men of whose good intentions we are well assured. The college we allude to is Cuddesdon.

This school of clerical training is supported by no endowment; but as a residence there is accepted by some of the Bishops † (as the prospectus informs us) as a substitute for other conditions which they had thought fit to impose on candidates for holy orders, we are justified in treating it as a public institution. Indeed, the humblest place of education is a matter of public concern; and if the college of Cuddesdon is to enjoy the high privilege thus announced, it is a matter of moment that it should possess the public confidence. That confidence can never be bestowed on any institution for the training of youth—least of all of the clergy—which does not in its discipline and teaching, and in all its outward and visible arrangements, give ample guarantee that the principles of the reformation and the ritual of the Church are not held to be open questions.

To complete the organization of the Church, the Committee suggest the 'wider and more definite use of devoted Christian women of every rank of life.' We confess we should desire to see a more 'definite' explanation of what is meant. We presume this refers to the revival, not as an order but as an association, of

* Quarterly Review, No. 203.

† Art. 5. 'The Lord Bishop of Oxford and others of the Bishops will accept a full year's residence at Cuddesdon in lieu of the Cambridge voluntary or the theological lectures at Oxford.' It is not stated how many of the Bishops, nor which.

the deaconesses of the early Church. Of that institution little is known except that it may with great probability be referred to very early times, and that it disappeared before the deluge of monachism by which it was overwhelmed, or with which its kindred stream coalesced. And in this affinity lies the danger. Let the Committee show some way by which the aged, the friendless, and the afflicted may more easily co-operate with each other to render to society those offices which no kindred of their own claims at their hands, let them draw some plan of a life in common, resembling the Protestant college, and not the Popish cloister, combining the strength of united action with the freedom of individual will, and we will readily acknowledge our obligation. But if they mean that the Church in her corporate capacity should lend her sanction to any form of Protestant nunneries or sisterhoods of mercy, we trust that she will pause before she aids in setting up a machinery for which she will be held responsible but which she cannot control, or stakes any part of her credit on the stability of institutions, which are predoomed to early decay. The conventual system, it is true, has its bright side, especially to those who view it from afar and with the eyes of the imagination; but the abuses which are inseparable from it are many and great; and it remains to be seen whether, if some of these are diminished, others are not increased, by the modifications which it must undergo to adapt it to a Protestant creed and the laws of a free community. Unfortunately it is not only the weary and the solitary, but more frequently the young and the enthusiastic whose imaginations are seduced by the ideal of conventual life: family ties are broken, and home duties deserted; fanaticism succeeds to piety, and relations are loud in their complaints of priestly interference. The laws of a free country cannot prevent the undue influence or restrain the tyranny of superiors whose authority they do not acknowledge, and therefore cannot control, and whose judgment there are no fixed rules to guide. It is true that the obedience to such superiors is voluntary, and the doors of the convent always open. But, alas! how much of physical and moral tyranny may the force of circumstances and the difference of tempers enable persons to exercise over others who, in the theory of the law, are as independent as themselves. 'In other parts of Christendom,' where the Church rules with a rod of iron, and wields it with an arm of bronze, the task is easy; but here all such associations are voluntary. They are only kept together by zeal, and zeal is not easily convinced, not easily ruled, not often joined with discretion. We never admired more the prudence of an eminent prelate than when he declined the
visitation

visitorship of one of these convents, which was offered him by the 'mother superior.' He clearly foresaw that the first time he found it necessary to animadvert on a failure in sense or propriety on the part of his fair devotees, he would be reduced to the dilemma of compromising either his authority in the convent or his credit with the public. The tendency of all such associations is to accumulate external forms and ceremonial rites and to fill up the blank of an insulated existence by the pride of controversial bigotry and the indulgence of a heated fancy. Their inmates have a Romish model before them, to which their eyes become daily more familiar, and their approximation insensibly closer. Not long ago the papers of the day contained an account of a distressing scene which occurred at Lewes on occasion of the funeral of a young lady belonging to one of these sisterhoods, which was so conducted by the 'warden' of the establishment as to create a 'No Popery' riot in the town; and who can say for how many years the cause of Church extension has been put back in that neighbourhood by this one act of indiscretion? * After all, when every experiment has been tried and every effort exhausted, the admirers of these institutions will be forced to acknowledge they are but bubbles raised to the surface by the effervescence of the moment, and destined soon to burst. Without the vow they cannot be kept together—without enforced obedience they cannot be conducted.

To commence the work of Home Missions, the Committee of the Lower House make the following proposal, which is backed by a similar suggestion on the part of the Upper House:—

'Our attention has been given to the means of rendering occasional help of a special kind to the parochial clergy, not only in the metropolis and other populous districts, but likewise wherever the occasion seems to require. We would recommend that in each diocese provision should be made for the appointment of a body of *preachers* licensed by the Bishop—an institution not unknown at the Reformation—who might, on the application of the incumbent, visit his parish for a fixed period, assist in delivering courses of sermons on appointed subjects, in house to house visitation, or in attendance on the schools, according to their various gifts or abilities.'

'The institution' was certainly not unknown at the time of the Reformation, for by it the Reformation was mainly effected. Preaching at that time was no necessary part of the duty of the

* The details of this painful event were a subject of controversy in the newspapers. It matters not for our argument what was the exact truth: no doubt the conduct of the mob at Lewes was disgraceful, and their brutality in assaulting an unarmed priest and a few helpless young women quite inexcusable. We quote the story merely to prove how apt such institutions are to injure rather than promote the cause of the Church.

parochial clergy, who, as a body, were but poor theologians, not very deeply learned in the Romish doctrines, and still less in those of the Reformation. Preachers were appointed by the bishops to make the tour of each diocese, and spread by this means the new light in all directions. Perhaps the Committee desire to secure to the Church a support such as Rome created for herself by the institution of the Preaching Friars. But we doubt whether the measure is adapted to the present wants of the people, or justified by the resources of the Church. To say nothing of the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of men so far above the usual average of talent, and the still greater difficulty of supporting them, is it certain that to form them thus into an army of reserve would be the best way of turning their services to account at a time when the forces of the Church actually in the field are so inadequate to the demands of her ordinary warfare? What purpose would it serve to bring these great guns occasionally to fire a few rounds at some obstinate citadel of vice and infidelity, when to reduce the place a long siege will obviously be necessary? What if the rector not only makes no application, but objects to this clerical invasion of his parish? What if he argues that these exotic ministrations, if inferior to his own, are superfluous, if superior will only make his flock discontented with their ordinary pastor and more than usually negligent and inattentive in their ordinary church attendance?

It is doubtless with the view of giving regular employment to this *garde mobile* of the establishment that the Committee recommend that

'our cathedral establishments might be made more available for the spiritual needs of the people, and we would respectfully suggest that the deans and chapters might advantageously throw open the naves and choirs of their cathedrals, wherever practicable, for the purpose of suitable additional services.' They also think that 'special services with courses of lectures delivered on a week-day at particular seasons, as Advent or Lent, would be attended with great benefit.'

In the report of the Upper House also there is an attempt to solve the problem which is so often proposed of providing 'short attractive services' for those who live in habitual disregard of the rites of the Church. But alas! what form of worship can be attractive to those who own no master but their own will? What service can be short to those who are wont to absent themselves from all services whatever? However, at all events, the suggestion that a sermon should form the principal part of such service is wise. Preaching is the chief instrument of conversion, and nothing is so likely as a sermon to attract those who can by any means be attracted within the walls of a church.

We

We wait in hope the experiment in Westminster Abbey, which is now being tried. From the week-day services proposed by the Lower House there is less reason to augur good, for few of the classes whom it is most desired to reach can attend. In the works before us there is a marked preference for what are called social ministrations. We do not deny their many advantages, but as the means of conversion in large cities they are insufficient. In large and over-populous towns there is an extensive, and in the worldly sense not disreputable, class, of whom the worst are doing something to maintain themselves, and the best are leading industrious lives, and yet they habitually live without any religious observance. For these self-excommunicated men the Scripture-reader, the missionary, the tract-distributor, are needed, to find them at their homes, to accost them in places of public resort, and thus, if possible, to awaken their consciences and bring them to the church.* That we must consult, in the first instance, the habits, the temper, the convenience of those whom we desire to influence, would seem a truth too obvious to need enforcing; yet none is so frequently neglected. The recent experiment of giving services in Exeter Hall was viewed with jealousy by Churchmen who could not reconcile themselves to the idea of a service in any but a consecrated building. But the object was to obtain a hearing for the Gospel-message from those who never could

* One day last spring, strangers who passed through the town of Bilston were surprised to see the shops closed, the manufactories emptied, and an unusual concourse in the streets. The town had not presented so solemn an aspect even on the fast-day when the cholera was decimating its inhabitants. The people, the magistrates, the clergy of all denominations, were attending a funeral,—and of whom?—a petty tradesman, whose humble dwelling was pointed out at the corner of St. Leonard's churchyard, the same in which he had been born, and in which he died. There he kept a small hardware shop, and sold frying-pans, bibles, and kettles, and maps, spelling-books, marbles, spinning-tops, and tracts. His personal expenses were limited to some 9s. or 10s. a-week. The rest of his small earnings, and the whole of his spare time during a long life, he devoted to the service of others. He was the general counsellor, the general peacemaker, the general comforter. During divine service he used to go about the streets and accost the loiterers whom he met, with an inquiry why they were not at church? In answer to the usual excuses, he would take them by the arm and lead them to the nearest church, and there, having secured them a comfortable seat, leave them to look for others. He would speak roundly and plainly to those whose consciences he desired to awaken, yet never met an insulting word in reply; and it is said that many an idler who was lounging in the sun, with his dog and his pipe, would slink out of the way if he saw the redoubtable old man approach, as swiftly as if he had seen the policeman with a warrant. There may have been some eccentricity in portions of his conduct, but the excellence of his judgment not less than the sincerity of his zeal, is proved by the love and respect of the public, in whose daily sight his long life had been spent, and who followed him as a father to the grave. We have pleasure in recording the name of JOHN ETHERIDGE. We are not aware that as yet he has found a biographer, and we regret that our notice of him must be so brief.

be induced to enter the doors of a church; and there is strong reason for believing that they, on their part, felt how much the Church was sacrificing of her conventional proprieties—how much she was going out of her way to seek them.

The result of this experiment confronts us at once with an obstacle which the attentive reader must feel has opposed our progress more or less sensibly at every stage of this discussion. The very idea of 'Home Missions' is antagonistic to the leading principle of our ecclesiastical polity,—the Parochial system. The parochial system establishes a relation between the incumbent and his parish, which prevents the intrusion of missionary agencies. 'Home Missions' imply the necessity of extraordinary and irregular exertions, which are incompatible with the parochial system. We could wish that the Committees of both Houses had given us the benefit of their abilities and experience to untie a knot, which we should be not less unwilling than themselves to see forcibly cut. But on this subject the Upper House are totally silent; the Lower House express themselves as follows:—

'We are anxious to express our high sense of that parochial organization which we have received from our forefathers, whereby it was designed that the ordinances of religion should be offered to every individual throughout the land. We believe that these ancient parochial limits are highly regarded by great numbers among our people, and that they should not be lightly disturbed. We therefore think that, though in certain cases, beyond what has been thus far effected, it may be still necessary to subdivide some of the old parishes, on account of their vast extent or overgrown population, in others, and probably the greater number, the interests of religion would be more effectually provided for by retaining the ancient boundaries, and multiplying the agencies within their limits in subordination to the incumbent.'

Now, fully admitting the value of the parochial system and the necessity of maintaining it, we cannot deny that it wants flexibility and power of self-adjustment. If the incumbent has not more to do than he can manage, if he is able and faithful, all goes well. But what if he is overworked, slothful, or incompetent? It is true a zealous and able man does not fear being eclipsed by his assistants; a humble and pious one does not resent it. But it would be delusion to overlook the many secret springs of action which are at work in the heart to impede the adoption of any help that may be offered. How many have a supine aversion to change—how many an active terror of innovation? One man dislikes the measures for the sake of their promoters, who belong to a party he distrusts—another is averse to 'cant' generally, and
he

he calls 'cant' whatever deranges the ordinary routine of his ideas and occupations. Many believe that no good can be done which they themselves have failed to do. Many, and these, too (alas for humanity!), among the good and zealous, will suffer no good but what is done by themselves. The enumeration would be endless of all the unacknowledged impulses which make up what many a well intentioned man, in all the sincerity of self deception, calls his conscience. Some men will always be found who are averse to all aid or interference whatever.

In the great manufacturing towns, and especially in London, the parochial system breaks down altogether. The rector of many a large metropolitan parish presides over a small oasis of church-going inhabitants, in the midst of a desert of dissent, indifference, and infidelity. To reclaim these deserts, vast missionary efforts are needed, and many have already been made, some (by necessity rather than choice) independently of the incumbent, others (such as the scheme for district visiting) with a direct tendency to bring him into his proper relation with his parish. Every remedy proposed by the Committee of the Lower House is accompanied by a salvo in favour of the parochial system, and yet it involves, if not a violation, at least a voluntary surrender.

But what if there is neither co-operation nor surrender? The experiment at Exeter Hall was made with the consent of the rector of the parish, but when it was proposed to renew the services in the beginning of last November, he revoked that consent, and issued a formal inhibition, alleging as his motive, that 'the experiment had failed.' Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Panmure assure the House of Lords that it had eminently succeeded. Undoubtedly the evidence on this point is contradictory, as might be expected in a case where men see through the spectacles of their prejudices, and their judgment of success or failure will be qualified by their previous expectations. But let the facts speak for themselves. The Hall, which contains upwards of five thousand persons, was overflowing. That a great mass of the working classes were present is undeniable, and of the many well dressed men who were seen amongst them, it is by no means certain (we wish it were) that even the majority were members of regular congregations. Contrary to the usual statistics of church attendance the men greatly outnumbered the women. We wish the reverend incumbent had paused to calculate how small a percentage of persons seriously affected among the vast multitude assembled would constitute a great success. But interesting as is the question of success and much as it will influence men's reasonings

reasonings on the case, it has nothing to do with the principle involved. The point in dispute is whether the incumbent is seized of his parish as of a freehold, and can stop all efforts for its improvement which can be made under the direction of the dignitary to whom he owes canonical obedience. Over irregular agencies he is powerless. To meet this emergency Lord Shaftesbury has introduced two clauses into a bill, now lying on the table of the House of Lords, which in similar cases of resistance on the part of the rector give the diocesan the power to proceed by his own authority, provided the population of the parish exceeds two thousand souls. This is stigmatized as legislating on an individual case; but the evil is one which has long been felt by conscientious churchmen; and the remedy proposed is no further 'special' than that it has been suggested by an instance of aggravated grievance. The measure, framed no doubt in haste, has not been so carefully matured as we trust it will be in its passage through the legislature; on the one hand its application might be extended so as to embrace all analogous missionary efforts; on the other further safeguards might be introduced to prevent abuse of his authority on the part of the diocesan. The limitation of the clause should be made to depend not on the actual population of the parish but on its excess above the incumbent's means of ministering to its wants. The case for the latter is usually argued as if it were forgotten that the 'rights of the rector' imposed correlative duties, and presumed correlative powers. If this be otherwise the right of the rector is the 'villanage' of the parish. As it is manifestly impossible to subdivide the London parishes so as to secure adequate church accommodation and ministerial superintendence, there remains but one alternative, to give the necessary elasticity to the parochial system, without which that system must break. Where a discretionary power exists, the abuse of it is always possible; but to whom could it be so safely given as to the diocesan?—to none could the rights of the rector and the church be so confidently entrusted. In some instances the bishop has already the power of compelling the rector to multiply services and to engage curates, it is surely no great stretch of his authority to enable him, under certain limitations, to insist on the introduction of other aids, to which the rector is not expected to contribute either by his purse or his personal exertions. That any measure can be framed which will meet all objections and please all parties, is not to be expected, but with whatever defects the remedy finally adopted may be chargeable it cannot be so dangerous to the Church as the actual state of the law,

law, which gives to one man the power, if he chooses to incur the awful responsibility of exerting it, to stop all her efforts to christianize a whole district.

We come now to the last topic of the Report to which we proposed to advert—one too important to be omitted, though we have already trespassed so largely on our reader's patience. The following paragraph of the Report is not ranged under the head of 'Finance,' though it so far belongs to it that expenditure is often a more important article in a budget than income. We quote it with great satisfaction as being by far the most important and the most valuable in the whole Report. It contains a full admission of the principle for which we have been so long contending, though that principle is neither so broadly stated nor so extensively carried out in the subsequent suggestions, as we could wish.

'Much attention has of late years been drawn to the subject of church building, and we have now numerous examples of churches, built at a great cost, of good ecclesiastical types, and of substantial character. But we are of opinion that in our large centres of population, and in the remote hamlets of many of our wide-spread parishes in rural districts, there is a demand for buildings of a much more simple and inexpensive kind. To meet the spiritual wants of the shifting masses of population in some parts, and the growing settlements in other parts of our mining and manufacturing districts, *temporary* or *mission chapels* are greatly needed, which ought not to exceed in cost 1*l.* per sitting, and which might, nevertheless, be distinguished by a certain ecclesiastical character. These buildings might eventually be superseded by larger edifices designed for permanence. But before the means can be provided for the greater undertaking, it is of the utmost importance to have ready for a population however accumulated, whether rapidly or otherwise, a building into which it might be gathered, and where, under the direction of the incumbent and other agencies selected by him, there might be offered to it the ministry of Christ's word and Sacraments.'—*Report*, p. 5.

We trust that in this monition of the Lower House of Convocation the Church has spoken. She acknowledges she has trifled long enough. It is time to come to essentials. We will dispute no more about painting and gilding letterns and rood-screens, tracery and symbols. Architecture and archæology have had their day as principals; let them now take their place as subordinates, and a very worthy and important place it will still be. Hitherto we have mistaken the means for the end. The object of the diocesan societies has been to build the greatest number of the handsomest churches within their respective districts—an object, the importance

ance of which we do not wish to depreciate, and which they have pursued with considerable success ; but now a nobler end, to which their former efforts were only subsidiary, is proposed—to bring the knowledge of the truth to thousands who are perishing in ignorance.

The Committee recommend that church-building societies should revoke that rule which forbids their giving aid to unconsecrated buildings : we would rather advise such a general remodelling of their code of regulations as would make them what they ought to be—the great focus of missionary exertion in their respective dioceses ; and moreover the principle which the committee have recognised in the construction of churches, they must be prepared to extend to all buildings erected for pious purposes by charitable contributions. They feel the weight of prejudice which they have to struggle against in abandoning the cause of architectural ornamentation, and they timidly protest ‘that these buildings need not be deprived of a certain ecclesiastical character.’ Assuredly not,* nor we may add, of real architectural beauty and picturesque effect. It is the architect’s first duty in such cases to unite the maximum of convenience and durability with the minimum of expense ; but if the result be ugly, let him lay the blame on the poverty of his own genius and not on the parsimony of his employers ; a hint from the Committee to this effect might stimulate our modern architects to put forth maxims more reasonable and designs more in accordance with good sense, and therefore with good taste, than are usually exhibited by their teaching or their practice. It is not enough to inculcate the duty of economy without showing how economy may be achieved, † as we never knew any case of extravagance in charitable build-

* We have had so many quarrels with the Ecclesiologist, that we have great pleasure in transcribing the following passage in favour of simplicity of design :— ‘How often do we see a simple village church, consisting of low and rough stone walls, surmounted and almost overwhelmed by an immense roof, and pierced with some two or three plain windows, between as many bold irregular buttresses on each side, or having a short massive tower placed at one angle, or in some seemingly accidental position, which nevertheless every one confesses to be as picturesque and beautiful and church-like an edifice as the most critical age would wish to behold ? while a modern design with all its would-be elegancies of trim regular buttresses, parapet, and pinnacles, would cost twice the money, and not look like a church after all. Here perhaps one half of the money is laid out first in procuring and then in smoothing and squaring great masses of stone, or in working some extravagant and incongruous ornament, whereas the small and rude hammer-dressed ashlar, or rubble work of the ancient model, has a far better appearance, and allows a larger expenditure where it is most wanted in the arrangements of the interior.’—(*A few words to Church Builders*, p. 6.)

† There is great need of some rational work on these subjects : the known predilections of the ecclesiologists have guided the taste of the architects, and the architects are quoted as authorities by the ecclesiologists : the result of this action and reaction is the extravagance of design and decoration, of which we have so many instances that it seems almost invidious to single out any one for comment.

ings, however flagrant, in which the parties concerned were not prepared to maintain that the utmost parsimony had been practised. We can hardly request the Committee to stigmatise as heretical the words 'objectionable,' 'undesirable,' 'unsatisfactory,' and many others of equally vague import with which clerical projectors are wont to reject every suggestion by which expense may be spared, but they should hold up economy, not so much as a necessity to be submitted to, but as an imperative duty to be fulfilled; nor should they neglect to impress upon all, whether public bodies or individuals, who are levying contributions on the public for charitable purposes, that it is their business to consider not how much they can obtain, but how little will suffice.

It is barely possible that a remonstrance from men of so much practical experience as the Committee of the Lower House might convince the Committee of Privy Council on Education, that their regulations are framed as if it was their primary object to procure the investment of the greatest amount of capital in brick and mortar. It is possible they might be able to prove that their Lordships' requirements are not absolutely necessary at all times, and under all circumstances, and that the inspectors might advantageously be entrusted with a dispensing power. If this is too much to be hoped, it is a subject well worthy the attention of those who are zealous for the cause of Church extension, to inquire how these requirements can be complied with at the least expense. Abundance of encouragement to bestow more time and thought on the subject of economy is held out by the success of those who have exerted their ingenuity, not in writing begging-letters, but in endeavouring to effect their charitable object with the means at their command. Not long ago, in an opulent metropolitan parish—there is no use in particularizing, the mischief is done—an influential meeting was held to take the state of the national schools 'into consideration.' The phrase is not accurate. There was no consideration: an eloquent arraignment was read and sentence passed. The buildings had previously been condemned (of course) by her Majesty's inspectors. They were too small for the wants of the parish; nobody asked if they could not be enlarged. They were ill ventilated and unhealthy. Nobody asked how the children did, nor whether an improved ventilation could be introduced. A sum little short of 5000*l.* was needed to rebuild them, and this was readily acceded to by the opulent philanthropists who attended and subscribed in proportion to their reputed wealth and known liberality. In a remote parish, and in a poor district, a similar case occurred. Total demolition and rebuilding were as usual proposed by her Majesty's inspector. But there were no sufficient

cient funds, and no means of raising them, and no hopes of begging them. The ventilation was not only defective, but many efforts to improve it had failed. However, at last, by the very simple expedient of inserting four gratings (to be closed at pleasure) in the two external walls of the school-room, the atmosphere was rendered perfectly sweet and fresh in winter and in summer, and a small addition gave the required space in the most convenient way. The difference between the two cases is simply that in one the money could not be procured, in the other the rector, by domiciliary visits among his wealthy parishioners, will ultimately obtain the amount of the estimate, and of the probable deficit. And what, it will be asked, is the sum of 5000*l.* or 6000*l.* to so opulent a parish? Little enough, certainly; but, nevertheless, so much is lost to the general funds of charity; and till this is generally felt, no important progress will be made in the cause of church extension.

It is the duty of all public Boards established for the furtherance of charitable objects, to consider whether their rules are so framed as to effect their objects in the cheapest and most expeditious manner, or whether routine has not introduced sluggishness, and entailed unnecessary expense. Thus, much benefit might accrue to the cause of the Church, if the Ecclesiastical Commissioners could be induced to review their regulations, so as to give greater facilities for the donation of small pieces of land for pious purposes. It is worth considering whether the disagreeable correspondence, the tedious law business, and the great expense in which the donor of a 'site' finds himself involved, not less to his surprise it often happens than to his annoyance and discouragement, might not be considerably curtailed, by making the best of the existing laws on the subject. But if the Commissioners should find it necessary to apply for further help to the legislature, we cannot doubt that Parliament would defer to their wishes in a matter that in no way is opposed to the spirit of the Act of Mortmain.

Closely connected with the expenses of conveyance are those of consecration—this is a subject which requires careful consideration and readjustment. Some bishops feel so painfully the tax thus imposed on the liberality of their flocks, and the personal part which they are made to take in it themselves, that they have given up their own portion of the fees. But it is too much to expect they should have the resolution—perhaps they have not the power—to attack vested interests, and incur the resentment of their own officials. The assistance of the legislature is needed to strengthen their hands, and to suppress what savours of abuse in the present system.

If a spirit of wise economy could be infused generally into the administration of charitable funds now existing, we should already have made considerable progress in the matter of 'finance,' by creating a large additional revenue to the church, on the same principle that the dower of Harpagon's * wife is made up of the enumeration of the things she could do without; and more than this, a degree of confidence would be inspired which would greatly encourage further contributions. The people of this country are eminently practical. When they hear the good that has been done in the next parish by the additional curate, and the great exertions made to reclaim the lawless population in the neighbouring great town, they will give their alms with more hearty goodwill than if they saw a dozen specimens of the 'middle pointed,' with every gable surmounted by the richest symbols of the church triumphant.†

In treating the subject of finance, the Committee limit themselves to the best means of obtaining contributions from what, in conformity rather with the usage of 'other parts of Christendom' than the phraseology of our church, they call 'the faithful.' Many, no doubt, will naturally turn with longing eyes to the weekly offertory, which in theory seems admirably adapted for the purpose of raising contributions, and is the means appointed by the Church. Mr. Robertson‡ professes himself 'unable to discover or conjecture any respectable motive for the violent opposition which is made to its revival.' It is not worth while to dispute about the epithet to be applied, but unfortunately several motives which act strongly on human nature may be assigned. In the first place, the addition of the prayer for the Church Militant after a service already too long, and which has in every way anticipated its petitions, is unsupportably languid and tedious to the educated part of the congregation, and is extremely inconvenient to poor men whose domestic arrangements are with difficulty made to square with the length of the actual service. Even a very slight addition is found by experience to be very objectionable. It is the additional pound which breaks the camel's back. But the most important reason is, that this innovation or 'renovation' is associated in men's minds with doctrines for which they have the utmost repugnance. It is considered as the outward sign of that which they most dread and

* Molière, 'L'Avare.'

† The cross fleurée, we are told by the Ecclesiologist, is the symbol of the Church triumphant, and alone is proper for the exterior of the building. It is often so constructed as to be scarcely recognisable by the unlearned as a cross at all, and is generally very much out of keeping with the plain parish churches to which it is the fashion to affix it.

‡ 'How shall we conform to the Liturgy?' p. 198.

repudiate,

repudiate, a leaning towards Romanism. The Committee tell us 'they have had under their consideration the subject of the revival of the offertory.' But their emphatic silence condemns it, and they are right. At a moment when they desire to unite men of all shades of opinion in one common effort for the spread of gospel truth, it would be worse than madness to revive the bitterness of controversy in every parish throughout the land. Selfishness is always too willing to refuse its dole without giving it the pretext of principle wherewith to cloke its meanness; and if all this is insufficient, there is another reason which alone might be conclusive. The same objection which caused the discontinuance of the weekly offertory, or rather which prevented its ever being fully established in the church, applies equally to its revival. It would fail entirely as a financial scheme; the public as a body are not yet prepared for a weekly contribution. Public opinion is not in so advanced a state that a man would feel ashamed to pass the plate by, and the weekly offertory would become a painful mockery, such as was the 'brief' of former days, and such as the Rubric acknowledges it to be when it directs on days of no communion only *one* of the sentences to be read. The same objection does not apply to the gradual formation of a society for voluntary contributions in each parish, whose example and solicitations could not fail to influence others; and thus insensibly the greater part of the congregation, including all the most respectable and probably the most opulent members of it, would be brought to co-operate in the work of 'Home Missions.' The ultra-rubricians we hope may be reconciled to this plan when we add our conviction that, if ever it be possible to revive the offertory, it will be when the majority of each parish have already familiarized their minds with the duty of a weekly contribution. Beyond the weekly subscriptions, the Committees of both the Upper and Lower House concur in recommending two yearly collections throughout each diocese. The safeguard suggested by the Upper House for securing the appropriation of the fund, and giving the laity an interest in it, are also well worth attention: they recommend 'That accurate accounts be kept in every parish of all sums so raised and of their appropriation, such accounts to be duly audited [by the churchwardens we presume] and transmitted annually by the clergyman to the bishop of his diocese.'—*Report of Upper House*, Art. 8.

No mode of increasing the voluntary contributions must be left untried, for we entirely agree with the Committee that to them only can we look for adequate aid to promote the work of Church extension. Little as yet can be expected from the public exchequer. The labours of ecclesiastical or cathedral commis-

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sioners may introduce improvements in the machinery of portions of our system and better adjustment of detail; but nothing more—few indeed would now be found to advocate any measure which savoured of equalizing the incomes of the clergy. The prizes in the Church are like the air-bladders of a certain exotic water-plant, which serve as buoys to keep its leaves and flowers above the surface.

We have now gone through all the most important topics introduced by the Committee of the Lower House into their Report. Church extension to different sections of its promoters presents two distinct ideas. To some it suggests such an enlargement of the powers of the Church, and such reconstruction of its mechanism, as may make it a fitter engine for the spread of gospel truth. To others it expresses rather such an application of the means it can immediately command as is adapted to the exigency of the moment. The one party bestow their first and chief care on the instrument, the other on the work; and while each might profitably learn something of the other, the one charges the other with precipitation and irregularity, and in turn is accused of sacrificing substance to shadows, and of wasting precious time in pursuing what is unattainable, and theories which can never be realized. In a simpler state of society, and a less discordant state of religious feeling, these two different views of Church extension might lead to nearly similar results. But under the present circumstances of the country and the Church, in the midst of the prejudices and passions of party, the multiplicity of sects, the envious hostility provoked by an established Church, and the boundless toleration enforced not only by law, but by public opinion, much that is theoretically necessary to the 'ideal of a church' is practically impossible. Could this truth be generally acknowledged by those who consider themselves the chief champions of the Church, good men would no longer let their zeal evaporate in aspirations for the 'restoration of discipline,' the 'infusion of vital energy,' the 'revival of concentrated action,' and other vague generalities, which serve to conceal rather than explain their meaning, or perhaps disguise from themselves their want of clear and definite objects. In truth, if to exalt the Church were our primary object, there is no way to attain it but by increasing her usefulness, and swelling the numbers of those who look to her as their guide in the way of life. Dr. Wordsworth considers it as a national sin that the legislature makes no exertions to extend the national Church. Granted; but, to compel, or rather to enable the legislature thus to exert itself, the Church must make its activity more felt among the masses of the people. The theoretical view of Church extension must give way to the practical. There is needed a fresh supply of labourers, and

that in no stinted measure ; but we see as yet no necessity to make alterations in the standard of qualification for holy orders, or to impose any new conditions as to the term of the diaconate, and still less to change its exclusively sacred character. To obtain the necessary funds no exertion should be spared, but the first step is to make the wisest and most economical application of existing resources. Besides the Scripture-Readers' Association various other societies and institutions, set on foot as occasion called for them, conducted and supported by churchmen, have organised an extensive machinery for missionary purposes, well adapted to the exigence of the times, and suited to the spirit of the people. For these we would intreat the unprejudiced consideration of Churchmen without distinction of party. Let their nature and their working be carefully examined, together with the modifications they may require, and the improvements of which they are susceptible. If they cannot be supported it may be worth inquiry how far they can be imitated. It seems the prevailing notion that these institutions have pre-occupied the ground ; in fact, they have done little more than prepare it. We have seen already how difficult it is to give an organized body like the 'established church' the irregular energy of the Dissenting associations, unprotected and, therefore, unfettered by the law ; and where so much caution is required it is well to profit by the experience of others. The Church finds a variety of instruments which are ready made to her hands, and court her acceptance.* But if she rejects them from an idle punctilio, because she did not herself suggest and preside over their construction, preferring 'special agencies' of untried efficacy and of controversial origin and tendency, she will lose the substance of authority by grasping at the shadow, and will throw away the opportunity of placing herself at the head of the movement (which, if not directed by her, will be carried on independently of her) for evangelizing the country.

But there is one thing more which, beyond all other means, would promote the cause of Church extension at home. 'If, said a leading separatist to me the other day (we are quoting a sermon by the Archdeacon of Coventry), the English Church only knew its power and would throw itself into the hearts of the people, it would be irresistible.' This is perfectly true, and we may add never was there a time when the Church so well deserved the love of the people, never we believe did a Church in its polity so closely approximate the Apostolic model ; never, in this world

* In the general view which we are now compelled to take we are unable to enter into particulars ; but examination of the already organised machinery for missionary purposes ought to be one of the first exertions of the promoters of Church Extension. We may, perhaps, recur to the subject at some future time.

of shortcomings and temptations, was there a Church more purely administered; never was there a clergy who, as a body, were so far weaned from secular pursuits and devoted to their duties; but there is a drawback—a time of zeal is a time of wild fancies and ill-regulated aspirations. Many are wont to give way to their feelings, or to take counsel of their imaginations, and, while the pomp which Rome gives her ritual, her seductive dogma, and the mysterious dignity with which she invests her priesthood, have drawn some within her pale, others, who retain their nominal allegiance to the national Church, endeavour to strain her Articles and disfigure her ritual to bring them into the nearest possible conformity with the Romish model. And these men, by their extravagance and duplicity—a conscientious duplicity, we doubt not, but on that account only the more reprehensible—have excited a distrust which the clergy, as a body, have not deserved, but which they have not been sufficiently alert to dispel. Many are the good feelings and the plausible reasonings which deter a moderate man from recording his dissent from the more intemperate of his brethren. He fears to mark a schism, he is willing to make what petty concessions he can for the sake of peace and to secure the appearance of uniformity, forgetting that what he does not oppose he is supposed to approve, and that the concessions he has made with reluctance, are mistaken for a willingness to go the same road as far as he dare.

We cannot understand how men, in deference to certain of their brethren whose opinions they profess to disapprove, or to gratify their own taste in matters which they acknowledge to be unimportant, can permit themselves to irritate and to alienate their flocks by the introduction of changes in ritual and in externals, to which public opinion attaches great consequence. This is no subject for trifling. 'Confidence,' says Lord Chatham, 'is a plant of slow growth,' but it may languish and die suddenly. It should be as jealously guarded as commercial credit or female honour. Appearances must not be sacrificed, nor even unjust suspicions raised. It is as the great bulwark against the encroachments of Rome that the Church of England is valued by the people, and is esteemed even by the Protestant Dissenters, and whatever tends to derogate from this character lowers her in public affection and respect. To impress this upon their brethren would be well worthy the character of both Houses of Convocation. Let the Church only be ready on all occasions to show that she sees as clearly as in times past and will fulfil as faithfully her protestant mission, and we are persuaded that she will not call in vain for the supplies, great as they are, which are needed to carry out Church Extension.

ART. VI.—*An Essay on the Beneficent Distribution of the Sense of Pain.* By G. A. Rowell, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society and Assistant Underkeeper of the Ashmolean Museum. Oxford, 1857.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab who bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that pain was a good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carpenter in his 'Principles of Human Physiology,' from the 'Journal of a Naturalist,' shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep on a winter's evening upon the platform of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burnt off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol hospital. Without the warning voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphry's foot while he was swimming without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages which were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the gases, the terrible oppression at his chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen, nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant, 'I do not think I shall die.' Without physical pain, infancy would be maimed, or perish, before experience could inform it of its dangers. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their children 'cunningly' with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the

the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain, we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impetuosity of youth we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death. Mirabeau said of a man who was as idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper place to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.

The same Infinite Wisdom which has contrived pain for our protection has also distributed it in the manner which causes it to fulfil its defensive purposes with the least suffering to its subjects. The chapters which Sir Charles Bell devoted to this question in his work on the 'Hand' are alone, from their originality, and the striking evidence they afford of design, worth all the rest of the Bridgewater Treatises. The skin is the advanced guard through which every injury to the other parts must make its way. The skin, therefore, required to be the seat of a peculiar sensibility both for its own security and to impel us to flinch from the violence which would hurt the flesh beneath. Forming our notions of pain from what we feel at the surface, we imbibe the idea that the deeper the wound the more severe would be the suffering, but this, says Sir Charles Bell, is delusive, and contrary to the fact. The surgeon, he adds, who makes use of the knife, informs the patient that the worst is over when the skin is passed, and if, in the progress of the operation, it is
found

found necessary to extend the outer incision, the return to the skin proves far more trying than the original cut, from the contrast which it presents to the comparative insensibility of the interior. The muscle is protected not by its own tenderness, which is by no means acute, but by the tenderness of its superficial covering, 'which affords,' says Sir Charles, 'a more effectual defence than if our bodies were clothed with the hide of a rhinoceros.' To have endowed the delicate internal textures with an exquisite susceptibility to the gash from a knife, or a blow from a stick, would have been superfluous torture. The end is effectually attained by spreading over them a thin layer of highly sensitive skin, which is too intolerant of cuts or bruises to allow any harm to approach it, which it is in our power to avert. In addition to the protection which is thus provided against occasional dangers, the skin, by its sensibility, is essential to our existence under the hourly conditions of life. It is the skin which acts as a thermometer to tell us whether the temperature is suited to our organization, and warns us alike to shun pernicious extremes of heat and cold. It is the skin again which prompts the instinctive restlessness that preserves the entire frame from decay. A paralytic patient must be supported upon soft pillows, and his position frequently changed by the nurse, or the uninterrupted pressure upon the same surface stops the flow of the blood, of which the consequence is the speedy destruction of the part, mortification, and death. When Sir Charles Bell called the attention of his audience to this fact, in a lecture delivered before the College of Surgeons, he bid them observe how often, as they listened to him, they had moved upon their seats that they might shift the weight of their bodies, and relieve the portions which were beginning to be cramped. 'Were you constrained,' he said, 'to retain one position during the whole hour you would rise stiff and lame.' Even in the unconsciousness of slumber the contrivance continues to act, and, were it otherwise, sleep, instead of being 'nature's sweet restorer,' would derange the circulation and cripple our frames.

Not only have different parts of the system sensibilities which differ in degree, but sensibilities which differ altogether in kind, so that while both shall be acutely alive to their appropriate stimulus, one or either may be dead to the application which rouses and tortures the other. 'A man who had his finger torn off,' writes Sir Charles Bell, in his '*Animal Mechanics*,' 'so as to hang by the tendon only, came to a pupil of Dr. Hunter. I shall now see, said the surgeon, whether this man has any sensibility in his tendon. He laid a cord along the finger, and, blindfolding the patient, cut across the tendon. Tell me, he asked,

asked, what I have cut across? Why, you have cut across the cord, to be sure, was the answer.' The tendon was as insensible as the string itself. Further experiments have shown that the tendons of the muscles, the ligaments which hold together the joints, the cartilages which act as a pad to the extremities of the bones where they work upon one another, feel neither cuts nor burns. But there is a very different result if they are submitted to stretching, laceration, and concussion. Then they raise the warning voice of pain, and obtuse to what might seem a more agonising species of injury, they are intolerant of the less. The reason is obvious. The skin is the fence to the inner membranes from the first class of evils, but if the skin is to have the play and power of adaptation which is essential to its functions, its suppleness would be too great to be a check upon the movements which affect the cartilages, the ligaments, and the tendons. These consequently are made impatient of concussion, of tearing, and of stretching, that we might not leap from heights, run with a violence, or twist our joints with a force inconsistent with the strength of the human fabric. The pain of a sprained ankle shows how sufficient is the punishment to put a check upon any excesses of the kind. Exchange the sensibilities, confer upon the membranes which are interposed between the joints, or which tie them together, the same feelings both in kind and degree which belong to the skin, and the common movements of the body, or even the weight of one foot upon another, would have been attended, says Sir Charles Bell, with as much suffering as we experience when we walk upon an inflamed limb.

Paley applauds the contrivance by which everything we eat and drink is made to glide on its road to the gullet, over the entrance of the wind-pipe without falling into it. A little moveable lid, the epiglottis, which is lifted up when we breathe, is pressed down upon the chink of the air-passage by the weight of the food and the action of the muscles in swallowing it. Neither solids nor liquids, in short, can pass without shutting down the trap-door as they proceed. But this is only a part of the safe-guard. The slit at the top of the wind-pipe, which never closes entirely while we breathe, is endued with an acute sensibility to the slightest particle of matter. The least thing which touches the margin of the aperture causes its sides to come firmly together, and the intruding body is stopped at the inlet. It is stopped, but, unless removed, must drop at the next inspiration into the lungs. To effect its expulsion the sensibility of the rim at the top of the wind-pipe actually puts into vehement action a whole class of muscles placed lower than its bottom, and which, compressing

pressing the chest over which they are distributed, drives out the air with a force that sweeps the offending substance before it. The convulsive coughing which arises when we are choked is the energetic effort of nature for our relief when anything chances to have evaded the protective epiglottis. Yet this property, to which we are constantly owing our lives, is confined to a single spot in the throat. It does not, as Sir Charles Bell affirms, belong to the rest of the wind-pipe, but is limited to the orifice, where alone it is needed. Admirable too, it is to observe, that while thus sensitive to the most insignificant atom, it bears without resentment the atmospheric currents which are incessantly passing to and fro over its irritable lips. 'It rejects,' says Paley, 'the touch of a crumb of bread, or a drop of water, with a spasm which convulses the whole frame; yet, left to itself and its proper office, the intromission of air alone, nothing can be so quiet. It does not even make itself felt; a man does not know that he has a trachea. This capacity of perceiving with such acuteness, this impatience of offence, yet perfect rest and ease when let alone, are properties, one would have thought, not likely to reside in the same subject. It is to the junction, however, of these almost inconsistent qualities, in this, as well as in some other delicate parts of the body, that we owe our safety and our comfort—our safety to their sensibility, our comfort to their repose.'

Another of the examples adduced by Bell is that of the heart. The famous Dr. Harvey examined, at the request of Charles I., a nobleman of the Montgomery family who, in consequence of an abscess, had a fistulous opening into the chest, through which the heart could be seen and handled. The great physiologist was astonished to find it insensible. 'I then brought him,' he says, 'to the king that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart.' Yet it is to the heart that we refer our joys, our sorrows, and our affections; we speak of a good-hearted and a bad-hearted, a hard-hearted and a kind-hearted, a true-hearted and a heartless man. Shielded from physical violence by an outwork of bones, it is not invested with sensations which could have contributed nothing to its preservation, but while it can be grasped with the fingers and give no intimation of the fact to its possessor it unmistakeably responds to the varied emotions of the mind, and by the general consent of mankind is pronounced the seat of our pleasures, griefs, sympathies, hatreds, and love. Persons have frequently dropped down dead from the vehemence with which
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it contracts or expands upon the sudden announcement of good or bad news—its muscular walls being strained too far in the upward or downward direction to enable them to return—and one of the purposes which this property of the heart is probably designed to subserve is to put a check upon the passions through the alarming physical sensations they excite.

The brain, again, is enclosed in a bony case. All our bodily sensations are dependent upon the nerves, but even the nerves do not give rise to feeling unless they are in connexion with the brain. The nervous chord which, in familiar language, is called the spinal marrow, is the channel by which this communication is kept up as to the major part of them, and when a section of what may be termed the great trunk-road for the conveyance of our sensations is diseased, and by the breach in its continuity the nerves below the disordered part can no longer send their accustomed intelligence to the brain, the portion of the body which thus becomes isolated may be burned or hacked, and no more pain will result than if it belonged to a dead carcass instead of to a living man. The brain, therefore, in subordination to the mind, is the physical centre of all sensation. Yet, strange to say, it is itself insensible to the wounds which are torture to the skin, and which wounds the brain alone enables us to feel. 'It is as insensible,' says Sir Charles Bell, 'as the leather of our shoe, and a piece may be cut off without interrupting the patient in the sentence that he is uttering.' Because the bone which envelopes it is its protection against injuries from without, it has no perception of them when directed against its own fabric, though it is at the same time the sole source of the pain which those injuries inflict upon the other portions of the system. But the skull is no defence against the effects of intemperance, or a vitiated atmosphere, or too great mental toil. To these consequently the same brain, which has been created insensible to the cut of the knife, is rendered fully alive, and giddiness, head-aches, and apoplectic oppression give ample notice to us to stop the evil, unless we are prepared to pay the penalty.

Since neither pain can be felt, nor any other sense can be exercised except through the medium of the nerves, it is to these that we must trace the diversified impressions of which the body is susceptible. It is here that Sir Charles Bell made the beautiful discovery which entitles him to be ranked among the greatest physiologists the world has produced. Pairs of nerves are given off from the spinal cord at short intervals along its entire length. Ramifying throughout the body, they are the medium of communication between the various textures and the spine, and, by means of the spine, with the brain. Each nerve has two roots which issue separately

rately from the side of the spinal cord, but almost immediately coalesce and run together like a single cylinder. Sir Charles Bell detected the leading fact, which has thrown such a flood of light upon the nervous system, that one of these roots consisted exclusively of sensitive fibres, and its fellow entirely of fibres of motion. Irritate the root which emerges nearest to the back of the cord, and the suffering is intense. Irritate the root which comes out towards the front of the cord, and no pain whatever is felt, but irrepressible muscular movements are provoked. Again, divide the first, which is called the posterior root, and the sensibility of the parts which it supplies is destroyed, while the power of motion remains complete. Divide the second or anterior root, and there is an end to motion in the parts to which its fibres lead, while the sensation continues as acute as ever. The two sorts of fibres which run together for a large portion of their length in a single cord, and which are apparently identical in structure, have yet offices as distinct as seeing and hearing, and which can be no more interchanged than we can hear with the eye or see with the ear. The same nerve, for anything we can discover to the contrary, might have had the double endowment of giving rise to both feeling and motion, just as the nerve of taste appears to be also a nerve of common sensation, but this would have confounded the entire scheme for the regulation of pain. The muscles which are constructed for producing movement must be pervaded by motor nerves. If these had been as instrumental in exciting feeling as in causing the contractions by which we sit down, stand up, run, walk, raise weights, and strike blows, the interior textures would have been as sensitive as the skin, and sitting down, standing up, running, and walking would have been operations as painful as a disease. In the marvellous plan of Providence similar fibres have been invested with separate functions; and the hidden muscles being plentifully supplied with nerves of motion, and sparingly furnished with the nerves of sensation which confer such exquisite properties upon our outer integuments, each organ fulfils its own end without detriment to the system.

Notwithstanding the subdued sensibility of the muscles, they nevertheless are possessed of a property which has been termed by Sir Charles Bell the muscular sense,—a sense which is absolutely essential to the sustained performance of many of the commonest actions of life. If, he says, we shut our eyes, we can still tell the position of our limbs—whether the arm, for instance, is held out, or whether it hangs loose by our side. By what means is the mind cognisant of this circumstance, since we neither touch nor see anything? Mainly by a consciousness proceeding from the

the muscles themselves, which informs us of their state, and tells us where they are and what they are about when there is no second channel through which the knowledge can be fully attained. The cases in which the faculty is destroyed best show its use. Sir Charles Bell attended a woman who had lost the muscular power of one arm, but retained it in the other. Though the muscular power, however, remained, the muscular sensibility was extinct, and the result was that when she used the serviceable arm to hold her infant to her bosom, it only did its duty while her eyes were kept fixed upon it. The moment any object withdrew her attention her arm gradually relaxed, and the child was in danger of falling. In the same way we have seen a paralytic who could raise his glass to his lips as long as he continued to gaze upon it, but if he looked off it for a second it slipped through his hands. In these instances there is no longer a muscular sense to acquaint us with what the muscles are doing, and to regulate their exercise. The necessary knowledge can then be obtained through the vision alone, and directly this source of information fails us also, the muscles speedily cease to exert themselves, just as if there were no glass or infant to sustain. The blind man in such a case would have no use from his arms at all, and in those who can see, how imperfectly does the visual supply the place of the muscular sense! how beautiful is the adaptation which, in withholding from particular textures the sensitiveness which occasions needless pain, yet confers upon them a micety of perception which reveals to the mind every change in their position, and their precise adjustment when they are at rest!

The principle is apparent in all the special nerves of sense. They have a sensibility of the kind which the particular organ requires, but they are dead to every feeling besides. Unless the same nervous trunk contains fibres differing in function, the nerve of taste, as we have already intimated, is equally a nerve of common sensibility. But this is no exception to the rule which ordains that the sensibility shall be limited to what its purpose demands. That we may not introduce substances into our mouths so hot or so cold as to destroy the parts with which they come in contact, it was necessary that the tongue should be a judge of temperature; and that we might the better manage our food in mastication, it was needful that it should have a perception of the surfaces of objects. These properties must be exercised in conjunction with the taste; and whether both are effected through a single nerve, or whether the nerves of touch and taste are distinct fibres blended into one cord, makes no difference in the contrivance.

trivance. Both sensations exist at the same point, because both are required there for the pleasure and welfare of man.

The olfactory nerve is neither capable of producing motion or experiencing ordinary pain. Though there are nerves of common sensibility in its neighbourhood, which are roused by irritating applications, such as snuff, and by the various causes which affect the skin, the nerve of smell perceives odours, and odours alone. The nerve of hearing, in like manner, can only hear, and the nerve of vision, with the exception of being concerned in certain muscular movements, can only see. A substance may be designed to address itself to more senses than one, as the food which is pleasant to the palate may be no less grateful to the nose, but it cannot on that account be smelt by the first or tasted by the second. Each sense is kept to its own sphere; and though the same object should put them all into action at the same moment, they would all of them return a different response, and all be true to themselves. Nay, they will answer to a stimulus which has no resemblance to that for which they were primarily contrived; but however much the stimulus may vary, the sense will not depart from its regular function. Thus, if a small current of air is directed to the tongue, it occasions a taste like saltpetre; if the nerve of hearing is irritated, it gives the sensation of sound; if the retina, which is the expanded nerve of vision, is pricked, as in the operation of couching for the cataract, it gives the sensation of a spark. 'An officer,' says Sir Charles Bell, 'who was shot through the bones of the face, felt as if there had been a flash of lightning, accompanied with a sound like the shutting of the door of St. Paul's.' A blow from a fist will produce similar effects in a minor degree. An accumulation of blood in the capillary vessels of the several nerves will set the whole of the senses to work. 'This one cause,' says Dr. Kirkes in his excellent '*Handbook of Physiology*,' 'begets in the retina, while the eyes are closed, the sensation of light; in the auditory nerve, the sensation of humming and ringing; in the olfactory nerves, the sense of odours; and in the nerves of feeling, the sensation of pain.' No wonder that sounds are often heard when there is no noise, and luminous appearances seen when there is no light, since the excitement of the nerves by the prick of a needle or the congestion of disease is ample for the purpose. The simple pressure of the finger upon the eyeball will evoke all the colours of the rainbow. In the midst of this insensibility of the nerves of special sense to every sensation except that which is fitted to the function for which each was intended, they have yet a protective pain of their own, which is no less efficient for its end

end than that of the skin. The nose is impatient of bad smells, and impels us to shun their noxious influence. A single organ of limited extent serves in this way to guard the entire body from one class of evils. How intolerable would have been the annoyance, how useless, and perhaps how fatal, if the property had been spread over the whole of the outer integuments, and we had been as sensible of stench at every pore as of cuts and of burns ! The optic nerve, which is unconscious of other kinds of injuries, is utterly intolerant of a too dazzling light. Placed at some distance beyond the surface, the bones of the skull and the sensitive coat of the eye are its security against wounds ; but unless the orb of day was to be the plague instead of the blessing of man, the skin which is our protection against so many dangers could not have been made incapable of being turned to the full blaze of a meridian sun, while with all its obtuseness to laceration, the optic nerve is alive to evils from which there is no other defence, and is its own guardian against an excess of light.

But we have not yet done with the visual organ. The more the instances are multiplied the more we are impressed with the beneficence of the arrangement, and it is especially conspicuous in what Sir Charles Bell relates of the peculiar nature of the sensibility which protects the coat of the eye. 'The oculist,' he says, 'has observed that if it be touched as lightly as by a feather the muscles are thrown into uncontrollable spasms ; but if the point of the finger be passed somewhat rudely between the eyelids so as to press directly upon the eye itself, he can hold the eye steady for his intended operation, and produce hardly any sensation, certainly no suffering. This is one of the little secrets of the art ; and still the wonder grows that he can do such things without inflicting pain, when daily experience makes us sensible that even a grain of sand produces the greatest torture.' The question is, why the membranes should be keenly alive to the lighter touch, and comparatively indifferent to the rougher ; and admirable is the answer which Sir Charles Bell has supplied. Numberless small particles float about in the air, and rest upon the eye, or lodge under the eyelid. Owing to the extreme susceptibility of the surface, these foreign bodies are the agents of their own removal, for they stimulate the flow of tears and the winking of the lid, which together wash the ball from every impurity. The action is proceeding during all our waking hours ; and here, as in other instances, the contrivance and its purpose are only revealed to us through the deplorable consequences which ensue from the extinction of the power. The nerve of the coat of the eye is sometimes injured, and is no longer sensitive to
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the dust which adheres to the ball. Then the lid is not excited to wink or the tears to flow. The particles which are carried into the eye cease to pain, and, being allowed to remain, they set up inflammation, and the inflammation renders opaque the transparent covering through which the light flows. Blindness is the result, and the sight itself is found to be dependent upon the refined sensibility of the outer membrane. This is the reason that it is more intolerant of a faint touch than a rough. From violence the soft and delicate textures can only be defended by the same precautions by which we consult the safety of the rest of the system, but a provision was required to neutralise the evil consequences of myriads of destroying forces which are too numerous to be eluded, and too minute to be seen. Yet so nicely is the sense adjusted to its end that we are unconscious both of the stimulus which sets the machinery in motion, and of the movement of the machinery itself. The objects which pass into our eye are unfelt, and the winking of the lid and the flow of tears which they provoke are unheeded. It is not till substances larger than ordinary are in question that the suffering commences, and warns us to remove by other means what the usual action of the apparatus is unable to expel. Notwithstanding that the lid may be moved at the bidding of the will, the mind cannot exert itself for the protection of its principal inlet, and take up the function which when inherent in the injured nerve was exerted so incessantly, so effectually, and so imperceptibly. In the cases which came under the notice of Sir Charles Bell the person winked if a hand was waved before the eye, for the danger which then menaced was one which is revealed to us through the sense of vision, but no mental impulse prompted a similar movement to rescue the sight from the destruction which impended through the lost sensibility of the outer membrane to touch. It is impossible to reflect without wonder upon the number and complication of the involuntary operations which are thus going on in the body, and which are indispensable to its life. The heart ceaselessly expands and contracts, the lungs play, the stomach digests, the glands secrete; and all this surprising mechanism and chemistry proceeds with such quietness, and is so self-sustained, that sleep is neither disturbed by it nor stops it. If the vital system had been dependent on the superintendence of the mind, our attention could not have been diverted from it for a minute; all our care must have been concentrated on the working of our bodily organs, and all our care would still have been insufficient. The completeness of the contrivance often conceals it from our observation; and how few there are who have ever reflected that they

they would be stone-blind unless the membrane of the eye had been endued with a property which excited them constantly to wink!

The adaptation of the structure and senses of animals to their mode of existence has been traced by naturalists in a thousand particulars. The design in them, as in us, has a palpable reference to its end, which in other words is to say that creative wisdom is never at fault and is perfect in every link of the chain. This alone must satisfy us that pain can be no exception to the rule, and that, as it has been diversely distributed over the body of man in the manner which his safety and comfort requires, so it must be meted out to each order of beings in the degree which consorts with their position in the world. The ground is almost alive with the common earth-worm. Wherever mould is turned up, there these sappers and miners are turned up with it. They are nature's ploughmen. They bore the stubborn soil in every direction, and render it pervious to air, rain, and the fibres of plants. Without these auxiliaries 'the farmer,' says Gilbert White, 'would find that his land would become cold, hard-bound, and sterile.' The green mantle of vegetation which covers the earth is dependant upon the worms which burrow in the bowels of it. What conveys a more definite idea of the magnitude of their operations, they are perpetually replenishing the upper soil, and covering with soft and fine material a crust which before was close and ungenial. They swallow a quantity of earth with their food, and having extracted the nutriment they eject the remainder at the outlet of their holes. This refuse forms the worm-casts which are the annoyance of the gardener, who might be reconciled to them if he were aware that the depositors save him a hundred times more labour than they cause. Mr. Charles Darwin has shown that in thirteen years a field of pasture was covered to a depth of three inches and a half with the mould discharged from their intestines, and in another case the layer they had accumulated in eighty years was from twelve to fourteen inches thick. They therefore play a most important part in the economy of vegetation, and we see why they teem throughout the surface of the globe. In the performance of their functions they are exposed to more incessant injury than any other creatures. Cut by the hoe, the spade, the scarifier, and the plough, every implement of tillage is to them an instrument of mutilation. They are the prey in addition of innumerable enemies. The voracious mole invades them in their own domain. The thrush taps and vibrates the earth, which apparently leads them to imagine that their underground foe is approaching, and makes them hurry with the celerity of fear almost into the bill of the

the bird, and are instantly swallowed alive. The omnivorous pig does not disdain to eat them with the other products of the soil he turns up with his snout. It would be contrary to the notions we frame of the Deity, and the evidence with which nature abounds of his benevolence, to suppose that he endowed worms with a wonderful tenacity of life, and placed them where they were liable in a singular degree to wounds and depredation, and yet rendered them as sensitive to pain as the higher order of animals. The truths of physiology and the researches of naturalists confirm the conclusions from the general dispensations of Providence.

The writhings of the worm are apt to be taken by the casual observer as the measure of its agony, but movements are an uncertain indication of suffering. In the diseases which affect the spine of man the part of the body which has lost its communication with the brain, and by consequence its feeling and power of voluntary action, is nevertheless capable of convulsive and unconscious movements, for these can be carried on through the sole agency of the nerves and spinal cord. What is necessary for the purpose is a nerve of sensation to run from the skin to the spine, and a nerve of motion to extend from the spine to the muscles. Then when the nerve of sensation is irritated the impression is conveyed to the spinal cord, and thence to the nerve of motion, which compels the muscles to contract. But though the patient sees the motions, he can neither feel nor control them in extreme cases, and has no more share in what is going on than if he were the spectator of it in another person. A man who was asked by John Hunter whether he felt the irritation which was agitating his limbs, replied, 'No, sir, but you see my legs do.' Dr. Carpenter, who records the circumstance, quotes instances in which the loss of sensibility was incomplete when the stimulus of which the patient was unconscious excited more violent contractions than the stimulus of which the effects could penetrate to the brain. A feather passed lightly over the instep, though unfelt, gave rise to jerks in the limb which far exceeded in vehemence the movements produced by pricking and pinching, which were sufficiently acute to be perceived by the subject of the experiment. The cognisance which the mind had of the greater irritation probably enabled it to exercise a constraining control which was wanting when the application to the skin was too slight to be felt; but whatever be the explanation, the fact is undoubted, that the very absence of feeling may cause an aggravation of muscular convulsions. This phenomenon in man, of whose sensations we can obtain a certain knowledge, is a key to many of the nervous motions of brutes. The body, says Dr. Kirkes,

Kirkes, of a decapitated lizard will writhe when the skin is punctured; and if the animal is divided in two, the lower portion can be roused into activity as well as the upper. If the head of a frog be cut off, it will leap when the feet are pinched; and if the back or abdomen is irritated, will push with its legs as though it were impatient of the treatment, and desired to remove the cause. The irascible insect called the *Mantis religiosa*, or praying mantis, from the attitude it assumes in seizing its prey, will, when headless, wound with its claws the finger which touches them. If a centipede, says Dr. Carpenter, is sliced into several lengths, the action of the feet continues in each, and carries forward the fragments. Both the halves of a leech which has been cut in two continue to swim in the water; and when one of these creatures has been deprived of its head and tail, the trunk will retain an apparent vitality for several months. But the movements of decapitated animals must, like the movements in the limbs of a human being where the connexion with the brain is destroyed, be exclusively due to the physical functions of the nerves, and not at all to feelings which can have no existence apart from the mind. A slice cut from the middle of a centipede can have no more power of perception than the amputated leg of a man. The contrary supposition would indeed require us to assume that a centipede must be compounded of half a hundred distinct individuals, every one of which possessed a separate consciousness.* The consequences involved in the notion seem not to have struck many intelligent persons, who fancied that, when the bits of an eel which was skinned and disembowelled, as well as divided into a score or more pieces, jumped from the frying-pan, it was the intolerable agony of being grilled which prompted the act. Even Southey enumerates among the cruelties of the kitchen, that we cook carp, which, he says, 'after having been scaled and gutted, will sometimes leap out of the stewpan.'

The upper portion of a worm which has been chopped in two is still, however, under the government of its brain, and retains its consciousness. Nevertheless a considerable step has been made in the argument when it is shown that the degree of feeling is not to be judged by the amount of the motion. This fact established, there is nothing to interfere with the inference that the perceiving power, of whatever kind, will be small in proportion to the want of development in the nervous organs of perception. Now the brain of a worm is of an exceedingly humble kind,

* These animals, with many more, consist of several successive segments, which in structure have either a close or exact resemblance to each other. As Professor Owen admirably expresses it, 'there is a multiplication of similar parts for the repetition of the same actions.'

consisting of two small cephalic lobes, which are wanting in all the parts and attributes which distinguish the higher classes of animals. Were there no other indication, the physiologist would at once determine that its conduct when wounded did not announce the same excess of pain as would give rise to similar contortions in man, especially when it is considered that the twisting motion is natural to the worm, and is excited by the gentlest touch. The further results which ensue from the injuries appear to complete the proof that the writhings are stimulated by an amount of feeling very far short of the intolerable anguish they might lead us to infer.

Every reader of 'Don Quixote' will remember with a smile the unbounded faith entertained by the knight in the virtues of a certain balsam of Fierabras, of which he had read in his books of chivalry. 'When I shall have made and delivered it into thy keeping,' he says to Sancho Panza, 'thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, which is an accident that frequently happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and, before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness; then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me in a twinkling as whole and as sound as an apple.' This is an apt illustration of the difference between the organisation of men and worms. The belief, which is laughable from its absurdity when applied to the former, is actually true of the latter, who readily repair such an accident as being cleft asunder, and that without any aid from the balsam of Fierabras. No more authoritative account can be given of the process than that which is contained in the lectures of Professor Owen on 'Comparative Anatomy,' a work surprising both for its range and its originality, though it is only one of the many titles to fame which have long placed our distinguished countryman at the head of his own vast and magnificent department of science.

'A worm cut in two was found to reproduce the tail at the cut extremity of the cephalic half, and to form a head upon the caudal moiety. Bonnet progressively increased the number of sections in healthy individuals of a small worm or naïs, which he calls *Lumbricus variegatus*; and when one of these had been so divided into twenty-six parts, almost all of them reproduced the head and tail, and became so many distinct individuals. The small fresh-water naïds show great powers of repair and reproduction. There are some species found in sand or mud, such as those that stain of a red colour extensive tracts of the Thames mud at low water, which, when submerged, habitually protrude

protrude the anterior half of their body, which is remarkable for its regular, oscillating movement. Bonnet cut off the head of one of the naids of this genus, which was soon reproduced; and, when perfect, he repeated the act, and again as often as the head was reproduced. After the eighth decapitation the unhappy subject was released by death; the execution took effect, the reproductive virtue had been worn out. Since many of the smaller kinds of naids frequently expose a part of their body, the rest being buried in the earth, both they and their enemies profit by the power of restoration of the parts which may be bitten off.—*Owen's Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Invertebrate Animals*, p. 252.

The earth-worm does not reproduce the losses from excision with the same facility as the naids, where every segment, like an egg, appears to contain the undeveloped germ of a new being; but that it can, and frequently does, survive and repair these injuries, affords abundant testimony that its sensibilities are extremely inferior to our own. There is an amount of shock to the system, and a degree of pain, which we know from experience are inconsistent with life, even though none of the vital organs are touched, and that this shock and this pain do not arise when the body is cut in two is a sure evidence of comparative obtuseness, whatever may be the exact extent of the suffering undergone. A leech, whose anatomy is of the same class with that of the worm, may be divided in the middle while it is sucking blood, and be so little disturbed by the operation that it will continue feeding for several minutes. Nay, there is a vulgar, though, we believe, an unfounded notion, that half a leech is better than a whole one. The blood which goes in at one end finding an outlet at the other, the animal is not gorged, and the common people fancy that a divided leech will in consequence do the duty of a dozen. They have at least sufficient faith in the theory to reduce it to practice, the economy being the motive.

Insects stand higher in the scale of animated beings, but they are heedless of casualties which would be death or torture to man. The dragonfly, says Professor Owen, may be regarded, from the size and perfection of its organs of vision, and its great and enduring powers of flight and predatory habits, as the eagle of insects. He speaks of its head as being covered by two enormous convex masses of eyes, numbering upwards of 12,000 in each mass. He states that the swallow cannot match it in its aerial course, and that it not only outstrips its swift and nimble feathered pursuer, but can do more in the air than any bird—can fly backwards and sidelong, to right or left, and alter its course on the instant without turning. He describes its brain as being in keeping with the rest of its prerogatives, and having

a larger development than in any other insect. Yet we learn from the 'Entomology' of Kirby and Spence, that, when the tail of one of these beautiful creatures was directed to its mouth to see whether its known voracity would induce it to bite itself, it actually devoured the four terminal segments of its body. When it had proceeded thus far in the work of self-demolition, it escaped by accident, and flew away as briskly as if nothing had happened. Whatever may have been the pain, it was at least subordinate to appetite, and apparently the animal had not the slightest suspicion that every mouthful was bitten from its own living flesh. It cannot surprise us after this to be told that many an insect which has been impaled by the scientific collector will eat with as much avidity as when free and unhurt. Mr. Hope informed Mr. Rowell that once he had a carnivorous beetle which got loose, and, in spite of the pin through its body, it wandered quietly about and devoured all the other specimens in the case. 'The cockchafer,' say Kirby and Spence, 'will walk away with apparent indifference after some bird has nearly emptied its body of its viscera, and an humble-bee will eat honey with greediness though deprived of its abdomen.' The instances of the kind which are upon record are absolutely legion, and we may fairly conclude that the suffering of insects is as much less acute than our own, as their exposure to injuries is greater.

If we continue to go up higher, and, leaving the animals without backbones, come to the lower classes of vertebrata, we shall still find reason to believe that their sensibility to pain is not acute. The conduct of fish bears out the inference which would be drawn from the smallness of their brain. 'Often,' says Dr. Davy in the 'Angler and his Friend,' 'a trout has been captured with a hook in its mouth which it had carried off only an hour or two before.' When Lord Byron, therefore, in satirising with just indignation the piscatorial atrocities recommended by Walton, said that

'The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook, with a small trout to pull it,'

he was mistaken in his assumption that the angler and the trout would be equal sufferers. A man with a hook in his jaws would have no great disposition to sit down to a feast, and he would certainly eat with a caution and a countenance very different from the eager voracity with which a fish in this predicament returns to its prey. If a small bone from the trout sticks in his throat, how little does he show of the composure which is manifested by the trout itself when the barbed steel is left buried in its gullet!

The

The more we advance towards human beings, the more strongly marked become the indications of pain. Mr. Rowell believes rats and rabbits to be far from sensitive, because they will pull away from a trap and leave a foot behind them. This rather proves their terror of being captured than their indifference to the process of tearing off a limb, though the fact that the operation should be possible when the leg has not been cut, and that they should afterwards recover from the effects of the mutilation, is evidence enough that they are not constituted like ourselves. The slenderness of their forms facilitates the dismemberment; but a man in a similar situation would not have the resolution to release himself by wrenching off so much as a finger, nor could keep from swooning if he made the attempt. Mr. Rowell relates horrible cases in which horses had broken their bones at the fetlock joint and were compelled to walk upon the stumps, with their fore feet turned up, as we should turn back our legs to walk upon our knees, and yet continued to graze quietly till they were despatched. But assuming the particulars to be accurately reported, and they did not fall under the observation of Mr. Rowell himself, we attach little importance to them. He acknowledges that horses are keenly alive to the stroke of the whip, the prick of the spur, and the sting of an insect. That they are peculiarly sensitive to lameness is also a matter of every day experience. They groan when they are wounded on the field of battle, and by their looks and their restlessness betray great uneasiness when the lacerated flesh begins to inflame. The absence of pain in particular instances of extensive injury can only be temporary, in the same way that the soldier is often unconscious for a time that his arm has been shot off, or a ball been lodged in his body. The numbness which appears to be produced by the concussion passes away, and the sensitiveness is to be judged by the suffering which ensues at a subsequent stage. Horses, no doubt, feel less than men, but they feel a great deal. It is impossible, however, to gauge with precision the degree of anguish which is allotted to each grade of animal life. There are circumstances in every case which must be experienced to be understood, and to estimate truly the condition of worms or quadrupeds we must become worms and quadrupeds ourselves. Enough for our purpose that there are unmistakeable indications that Providence either tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, or else does what is equivalent, fits the fleece to the keenness of the blast. Enough that we can see amid the mists of imperfect knowledge that the same wisdom and beneficence which adapted animals for the element in which they move and have their being has equally apportioned their sensations to their situation, and that no animated being exists under circumstances

circumstances which forbid it to praise Him 'who satisfieth the desire of every living thing.'

Descartes believed that brutes are mere machines—that, as Bentley put it, 'they are like the idols of the Gentiles—they have eyes and see not; ears and hear not; noses and smell not: they eat without hunger, and drink without thirst, and howl without pain.' When an Emperor of China, Bentley says, was presented with a watch, he took it for an animal. Descartes, on the contrary, considered animals a species of watch. He supposed their frames to be so many wheels and springs, which were set in motion by external objects, and that the creature mechanically obeyed the influence without the participation of will or consciousness in the act. Baillet asserts that Pascal esteemed the theory to be the most valuable part of the Cartesian philosophy, and Dugald Stewart conjectures that the singular value he set upon it was for the solution it afforded of the apparent sufferings of brutes. There is no one so great but he has sometimes exemplified the truth of Prior's couplet—

'Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from the way.'

The absurd figment of the brain by which Pascal soothed his tender mind aggravated the miseries of the unhappy animals, who, because they were supposed not to feel, were treated as if they were devoid of feeling. His Jansenist allies dissected live dogs without remorse to observe the circulation of the blood, and imagined that their howling was only the whirl of the wheels. Later, when a bitch with pup fawned upon the celebrated Malebranche, he gave it a violent kick to drive it away. The animal uttered a yell of pain, and Fontenelle, who was present, an exclamation of pity. 'What!' Malebranche coldly replied, 'do you not know that it does not feel?' To him the cry was nothing more than the striking of the clock when the hammer falls upon the bell. There may be persons who, in like manner, may think themselves licensed to torture creatures more in proportion as their sufferings are shown to be less. The doctrine which is important to save gentle hearts from bleeding with superfluous distress, may encourage the hardened to indulge in fresh atrocities. But we confess we have no such fears. The brutal are never restrained in their brutality by any consideration of the torture they inflict, and the humane would shrink from imposing a single throb of needless pain. He who would drag a child by the hair of its head, and plead in extenuation that it was not so bad as being scalped, or pinch it and urge in justification that an equal number of stabs would have been worse, is the only kind of

of reasoner who would mutilate animals because their sensations are not so keen as the sensations of man. The good never conceive themselves privileged to inflict wanton misery, whether small or great, and the cruel care for no other griefs but their own.

Intimately associated with physical injuries and pain is the death in which they ultimately result. This necessary end constitutes to many minds the chief terror of the incidents which produce it. That all which lives should be born to die detracts nothing from the wonders of their being. Which would be the greatest marvel, a ship whose timbers should never rot, or a ship which itself should gradually decay, but before its lease was out should give birth to new vessels, which again should bring forth fresh fleets to be multiplied from age to age in increasing numbers and unimpaired vigour? This last is the prodigious method of Providence. A solitary oak contains within its trunk a power to generate future forests, which will spread their giant arms and rear their kingly heads when their progenitor is returned to the soil from which it sprung; while their numerous progeny, from the first-born which rivals the parent stem to the sprouting acorn which just lifts its leaflets above the earth, will continue to maintain the succeeding line in an unbroken gradation. The system runs through all creation, from man, who is the lord of it, down to the meanest piece of moss that grows upon a wall. In such profusion are the germs of animated things produced, and then cast forth to perish, with no opportunity, from their very excess, to evolve the structure of which each contains the rudiments, that we might think there was prodigality even to wastefulness, if waste was possible where power is infinite. Without death, far narrower limits must have been put to propagation than prevail at present. The same set of men and animals must have occupied the globe, and myriads of creatures, we of this generation included, could never have tasted the delights of existence. Death, therefore, may be said to be the parent of life. What would have been the scheme of the Almighty if sin had never entered into the world is altogether beyond our faculties to conjecture. Our knowledge, we find from experience, is limited to observing what actually exists, and it is with admiration that we perceive how the general good is maintained through the general mortality, and each creature is made to contribute both by its life and by its death to the benefit of the rest. The examples are innumerable, and we select a few out of the thousands which might be adduced.

There is a class of animalcules called *Infusoria*, because they can be obtained by *infusing* any vegetable or animal substance
in

in water, which, says Professor Owen, 'are the most minute, and apparently the most insignificant of created beings.' Many of them are so diminutive that 'a single drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals, a number equalling that of the whole human species now existing upon the surface of the earth.' Nevertheless the varieties in size are such that the difference between the smallest and the largest 'is greater than between a mouse and an elephant,' though even the elephant of the race is altogether invisible to the naked eye. 'They are the most widely diffused, and by far the most numerous of all the forms of organised life;' and whether in fresh water or in salt, 'there is hardly a drop of spray flung from the paddle of a steamboat which does not contain some specimens of the race.' They pervade every clime—torrid, frigid, and temperate—and 'extend their reign in the northern latitudes beyond that of the vegetable kingdom.' The part which Professor Owen, from whose lectures we borrow the whole of our statements on the point, represents them as performing is calculated vastly to extend our ideas of the wonderful economy of the universe.

'When we consider their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity, and that it is the particles of decaying bodies which they are appointed to devour, we must conclude that we are in some degree indebted to these active scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all: they perform a still more important office in preventing the progressive diminution of the present amount of organised matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic into the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organised particles and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger Infusoria, as, for example, the *Rotifera*, and of numerous other small animals which in their turn are devoured by larger animals, such as fishes; and thus a pabulum, fit for the nourishment of the highest organised beings, is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organic nature.'—*Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Invertebrate Animals*, p. 36.

Nor do their functions end here. Various species of these far less than specks, are protected by shells, the remains of which form vast beds on the surface of the globe, extending sometimes to nearly thirty feet in depth, and to a mile or two in length. 'Truly indeed,' says Ehrenberg, as quoted by Professor Owen,

Owen, 'the microscopic organisms are very inferior in individual energy to lions and elephants, but in their united influences they are far more important than all these animals.' Leslie calculated that if the entire population of the world was estimated at eight hundred millions, which is far beyond the truth, and that one-half of the number were capable of work, the power employed by nature in the formation of clouds would still be two hundred thousand times greater than the combined exertions of the whole human species. The evaporation nevertheless by which the air is saturated with moisture, and which represents this stupendous force, is carried on without noise or disturbance, and is almost unnoticed by the larger part of mankind. The gigantic operations of the Infusoria are still more quiet and secret. The very existence of these creatures was unknown till Leeuwenhoek detected one in 1675, and it is only through the microscope that we become conscious of their being at all. So mighty are the agencies hidden in nature, so immeasurable the results which are worked in a stillness, and, as far as our unassisted vision is concerned, in a darkness as deep as that of the night. Their own life sustained by the products of death, the Infusoria are destined themselves to perish that they may sustain the frames of the creatures above them, death continuing to support life throughout the graduated scale of existence, until, the circle run, the food once more comes back to be the nutriment of animalcules from whom it originally proceeded.

The flesh-fly is another indefatigable scavenger. A small mass of decaying flesh sends forth an intolerable stench, and the sum total of the animal matter which is cast upon the earth would accumulate till it offended our senses and affected our health, were it not for the millions of busy beings which are deputed to clear it away. With such unerring instincts do they seek out their prey, and so commonly is putrefaction found to be teeming with life, that the creatures which spring up in it were once supposed to be generated by the corruption itself. This was long the stronghold of the atheist. Among the nobler animals the offspring had manifestly proceeded from parents to which they bore an exact resemblance. The incredulity of impiety, which flings aside the cable as too flimsy to hang upon and eagerly clutches at a rope of sand, turned away eyes which were wilfully blind from the palpable wonders of the universe, and looked for an explanation of the origin of life in the maggots which crawled in a rotting carcase. These the atheists maintained were clearly the creatures of unintelligent nature—creatures which evidenced design, and yet were brought into being without a designer. The natural history of this miserable school was as much at fault as their theology.

Redi

Redi covered vessels of putrid substances with paper or fine lawn, which kept out the insects, and nothing was produced. When the covers were removed, he watched to see what insects fed upon the aliment and laid their eggs in it, and the only creatures generated were of the identical species which had frequented the flesh-pots. Thus he proved that maggots were no more spontaneous products than whales and elephants, as Malpighi, by protecting earth from the imperceptible seeds which are scattered about by the winds, demonstrated that no plants spring up which are not first sown, and that consequently, to use the noble language of Bentley, 'they were all raised at the beginning of things by the Almighty gardener, God blessed for ever.' Some species of flesh-flies deposit their young already hatched; others, say Kirby and Spence, cover the nutriment with millions of eggs. In either case the progeny feed with an unexampled voracity. They increase their weight two hundred-fold in twenty-four hours, and Professor Owen states that there is no exaggeration in the assertion of Linnæus that three flesh-flies would devour the carcase of a horse as quickly as would a lion. The larvæ of the cockchafer remain for four years in the condition of grubs. The eggs of the flesh-flies turn to maggots in a couple of days, and in five days more arrive at their full growth, when they speedily pass into the chrysalis state. Had they continued in their primitive form, like the cockchafer, the food in which they were born would have failed them, and they would have died of inanition. But they have another office to perform in nature besides that of clearing away putrid remains, and therefore, to preserve them for this second purpose, as well as to keep up the race, their grub existence is brief and they come forth in a week or two perfect flies. Mr. Rowell has calculated that from a single specimen there would proceed in six generations sufficient flies to cover the world to the depth of about a mile and a quarter. That they do not swarm notwithstanding is because they are destined to be the sustenance of innumerable birds, bats, and creeping things. They feed upon death, and sport their hour, when the stomach of some creature, which must eat them or starve, becomes their tomb.

The vegetable kingdom is the support of an infinity of creatures which escape our ordinary observation. 'On the oak,' says Dr. Carpenter, 'not less than two hundred kinds of caterpillars have been estimated to feed, and the nettle which scarcely any beast will touch maintains fifty different species of insects, but for which check it would soon annihilate all the plants in its neighbourhood.' The check is constantly requiring to be checked itself, and still the plan prevails of making the death of a super-abundant

abundant population sustain the life of some other description of beings. The caterpillars which are hatched from the eggs of the common white butterfly, and which may be seen feeding by scores upon cabbages, are kept down by the ichneumon fly. The singular process by which this is effected we give in the words of Professor Owen.

‘The ichneumon, by means of her peculiarly long, sharp, and slender ovipositor, pierces the skin of the larva, and in spite of its writhing and the ejection of an acrid fluid, she succeeds in introducing the instrument by which the ova are transmitted, and lodged under the skin; she then flies off to seek another. Sometimes the female ichneumon, when she has found a larva, seems to take no notice of it, and in that case it has been found that another ichneumon has previously oviposited there, and by some peculiar sense she ascertains that there is no room for more ova, or not food enough for them when hatched. After the ichneumon has deposited the ova, she plasters over the wound with colleterial secretion. When hatched, her larvæ subsist upon the fat of the caterpillars which they infest. They avoid penetrating the alimentary canal, but evidently destroy many of the minute branches of the trachea which ramify in the adipose tissue. Such wounded tracheæ probably permit the escape of sufficient air for the respiration of the parasitic larvæ; for though the caterpillars so infested survive and go into the pupa state, they are uneasy and evidently diseased; the loss of the adipose store of nutriment prevents the completion of the metamorphosis; they perish, and instead of a butterfly, a swarm of small ichneumons emerge from the cocoon.’—*Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, pp. 417, 432.

Surprising is the instinct which teaches the larvæ of the ichneumon to avoid eating the intestines of their living prey. Were they to devour its vitals they would terminate its existence and put an end to their own. Whatever may be the value of the cabbage to man, he probably owes it to the ichneumon fly that any portion of this vegetable falls to his share, for out of thirty caterpillars of the white butterfly which Reaumur placed under a glass, twenty-five were the habitation of their murderous foe. That these were devoured in the morning of their life is in accordance with the general law which enacts that some of every race that breathes should perish in their infancy, while others should last to middle age, and a few fill up the full measure of the days allotted to their kind.

The grub of the cockchafer commits great ravages both upon grass and corn by gnawing the roots of the plant. Entire meadows are sometimes denuded by it. The rook eats these destroyers by thousands, and by one act gets food for himself, and protects the wheat which is the staff of life to man. They are the grubs which chiefly attract him to follow the plough, and when

when he plucks up a blade of grass or corn it is almost invariably for the sake of some description of worm which is preying upon its root. The plants which he eradicates will be found upon examination to be dead or dying, and by devouring the cause of the mischief he saves the rest of the field from blight. Unobservant farmers, who never look beyond the surface, often mistake the policeman for the thief. Luckily their power to injure their benefactor is not equal to their will, or they would exterminate him altogether, and leave the depredators unmolested to consume the whole of the crops. When an unhappy success has attended efforts of the kind the evil consequences have been signal and immediate. After the inhabitants had contrived to extirpate the little crow from Virginia at an enormous expense, they would gladly have given twice as much to buy back the tribe. A reward of threepence a dozen was offered in New England for the purple grackle, which commits great havoc among the crops, but protects so much more herbage than he destroys that the insects when he was gone caused the total loss of the grass in 1749, and obliged the colonists to get hay from Pennsylvania and even to import it from Great Britain. A few years since an Act was passed by the Chamber of Deputies to prohibit the destruction of birds in a particular district of France. They had been recklessly killed off, and the harvest being swept away in its first green stage by millions of hungry reapers, the earth had ceased to yield its increase. Extensive inroads like these upon the economy of nature reveal to us its wisdom, and clearly show us that if one while it is a blessing that particular animals should eat, at another it is a benefit to the world that they should be eaten. A flight of rooks renders services which could not be performed by all the cultivators of the soil put together, and if the poor birds are occasionally mischievous they are richly worthy of their hire. Make the largest probable allowance for their consumption of a portion of that crop, the whole of which they preserve, and they are still immeasurably the cheapest labourers employed upon a farm. Pages would be required to tell all the mistakes which are committed in the blind rage for destruction, and in the readiness of the lord of the creation to believe that everything which tastes what he tastes is a rival and a loss. Even wasps, which find no friends, chiefly because they are armed with a sting, which, unlike man, they rarely or ever use unprovoked, are an important aid in keeping certain tribes within bounds. Mr. Rowell had two nests in a glass case, and found that the food brought in was chiefly caterpillars and insects. 'Reaumur has observed,' write Kirby and Spence, 'that in France the butchers are very glad to have

have wasps attend their stalls for the sake of their services in driving away the flesh-fly; and, if we may believe the author of Hector St. John's *American Letters*, the farmers in some parts of the United States are so well aware of their utility in this respect, as to suspend in their sitting rooms a hornet's nest, the occupants of which prey upon the flies without molesting the family.' Wasps are large consumers of fruit, but this is best protected by hanging bottles half full of a mixture of beer and sugar to the tree. 'The wasps,' says Cobbett, 'attracted by the contents, go down into the phials and never come out again.' The offenders alone suffer, and the rest are left free to pursue the avocations which nature has assigned them.

Mr. Rowell furnishes a curious example of the regular gradation in which the devourers of to-day are devoured to-morrow.

'I kept in a glass globe a variety of the smaller aquatic animals, such as the larvæ of dragonflies, and introduced amongst them a few of the common newts and water-beetles, one of which was the *Dyticus marginalis*. The dragonflies had been living on the animalcules, the newts attacked and devoured the dragonflies. The next morning I found one of the newts lying at the bottom of the vessel half-eaten, and, while looking on, saw the *Dyticus* attack another newt. Not wishing to have them all destroyed, I took the *Dyticus* out of the water and put it in the sunshine, when, after a few minutes, it flew away, and had not gone more than thirty or forty yards when a sparrow caught it.'

Thus the animalcules supported the dragonfly, the dragonfly the newts, the newts the beetle, the beetle the sparrow, and, as the sparrow has many enemies, he most likely became a meal for some bigger creature before the animal compound was given over to the inexorable maggots, and revived anew in the shape of flies, again to run the destructive round. Nature seems to have taken especial pains to maintain in vigour the carnivorous element wherever animal life is congregated together. If the pike is carefully excluded from a fish-pond, he appears there after a time just as though he had smelt out his prey, and made his way to it over earth or through air. The eggs have been carried there on the legs and feathers of the water-fowl, or else been eaten by them and passed from their bodies undigested. The due balance is maintained, in spite of the jealous preserver of fish, and his sole consolation for his ineffectual efforts to shut out the pike from his share of the banquet must be the reflection that the intruder makes a far better dish than all the fry he consumes. Benjamin Franklin, who at the age of sixteen had adopted the notion that it was wrong to eat anything which had life, was brought back, two years afterwards, to carnivorous habits

habits by seeing some smaller fish taken from 'the stomach of a cod.' "If," thought I, he says, "you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you." So I dined upon cod very heartily and have since continued to eat as other people.' Whichever way we look, the intentions of Providence are too clear to be disputed, and the benefits which result too plain to be denied, though many of the effects of the arrangement are impossible to be traced. The system of the world is not a collection of independent circles, but wheel is connected with wheel in an endless series, and the most we can do in our present state is to catch here and there a partial glimpse of the complicated machine.

Pope, in some beautiful lines of his 'Essay on Man,' has described the benefits which our protection confers upon the larger animals on which we feed. The interest we have in their welfare causes us to keep them in greater comfort than if they were left to a state of nature, and by stimulating the growth of provender we, at the same time, maintain them in far greater numbers. If, instead of tending them that we might afterwards draw upon them for our nutriment, they and we were rivals for the possession of the soil and its fruits, we must either kill or starve them at last to avoid starving ourselves. In respect of death, indeed, the poet considers man and his victims upon equal terms.

'The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too shalt perish when thy feast is o'er.'

The circumstance in the contrast which would seem most disadvantageous to them is their apprehension of the bloody fate which awaits them, but this they clearly do not contemplate. There is true philosophy, as well as fine poetry, in the lines of Pope which every child can repeat :—

'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.'

The feelings of the lamb are not those of the murderer in the condemned cell, who knows that he is about to be led to the gallows. It probably browses untroubled by the thoughts of death, and certainly no more dreads in anticipation its violent end than we in health do our natural end, and we are aware in our own case that the difficulty is not to forget but to remember it. 'The hare,' as Paley remarks, 'notwithstanding the number of its dangers and its enemies, is as playful an animal as any other.' Vigilant and timid, its happiness is yet undisturbed by its fears, and it lives, we should judge, in considerably less alarm of the dog

dog and the sportsman than the housebreaker does of the policeman, or the old lady of the housebreaker. The fish which share the same pond with the pike pass and repass him without being agitated by his presence until he gives them chace. The end, when it does come, is mostly too sudden to be painful. The moral and religious discipline which results from sickness shows us why a lingering death is best suited to ourselves. With animals the death of disease would be merely protracted misery. Left unnursed and unfed, they would endure far more than by the knife of the butcher or the beak of the hawk: and if one class of creatures are at greater disadvantage than another, it would appear to be those which perish slowly from a natural decay.

Where pursuit of the prey precedes its capture, the period during which the chace continues is so much addition to the mental suffering, which is as bad or worse than physical pain. Leeches creep into the shells of fish, and devour the inhabitants. Müller saw a shell-fish crawl upon the bank of a stream to get out of the way of its enemy, but, not being able long to subsist out of the water, it was obliged to travel back again, and became the prey of the leech, who was waiting to receive it. Yet even in these and similar instances of suspense, as when hawks pursue birds, and dogs foxes, there may be some alleviation to the distress from the hope of escape, and, at all events, the contest, however bitter, is seldom long sustained. There are other cases still in which the animal destroying loves to torture, as it looks to our eyes, the animal destroyed. But the very interesting account which Dr. Livingstone* gives of his sensations when the lion seized him by his arm, crunched the bone into splinters, and 'shook him as a terrier-dog does a rat,' would lead to the conclusion that appearances are deceptive. 'The shock,' he says, 'produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partly under the influence of chloroform describe, who see the operation but feel not the knife.' He

* On a future occasion we shall endeavour to do justice to the admirable work of this missionary traveller. He describes the scenery of Africa, its vegetation, its climate, its animals, and its inhabitants with a minute accuracy which, to those who desire to have a complete acquaintance with a foreign land, is in the highest degree satisfactory. His long residence in the country has given him a perfect knowledge of his subject, and every word may be depended upon as much as if it was delivered upon oath. The unaffected philanthropy, the simple piety, the instinctive humanity which pervades every line of the work, give it the charm of an elevated sentiment which is everywhere felt even when it is not directly expressed.

infers that the same complacency is common to animals when between the jaws of their enemies, and is an express and merciful provision of the Creator. In fact, though disease is often painful, the act of dying is not. Bodily suffering would be no protection then, and, consistently with the invariable method of Providence, we are spared a useless anguish. The placid feelings which accompany natural death are known from the evidence of multitudes, who have testified to their ease with their latest breath. The very pleasurable feelings which accompany drowning and hanging have been recorded by numbers who have been recovered after consciousness had ceased. Death from cold we should suppose to be one of the worst forms in which the king of terrors could approach, but, instead of the frosty horrors we picture, the victim finds himself rocked at last into a soothing slumber. 'I had treated,' says Dr. Kane, in his *Arctic Explorations*, 'the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary. Two of our stoutest men came to me, begging permission to sleep: "they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted." From this sleep, if they had been allowed to indulge in it, they would never have waked. The pain was not in dying, but in the effort to avoid it; the descent to the grave was easy and grateful; all the resolution was required to keep the steep and toilsome road which led back to life. As man is more sensitive than the lower animals, their sufferings must be less, and, altogether, we should argue that the pangs which death inflicts upon them are not very great. The residue of misery which remains after every deduction answers, we may be sure, some beneficent end, and our part in the matter is to beware of adding to their sorrows beyond the limits of necessity.

The strong language in which Cowper has expressed his disgust at cruelty towards dumb creatures is not a whit stronger than every reflecting man will approve:—

'I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'

Montaigne held cruelty to be the extreme of all vices; it is also one of the commonest. Humanity seldom or ever shows itself in inferior dispositions, and where it exists is readily destroyed. No unnatural taste is so rapidly acquired as the taste for shedding blood. There are few who are ignorant of the circumstance which occurred at the execution of Thistlewood and his fellow conspirators

conspirators for treason. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd when the first head was severed from its body, but so rapidly did the spectators become accustomed to the sight that on the executioner accidentally letting the third head drop, there was a shout of 'Ah! butter-fingered!' M. Blaze, in relating his military experience during the wars of Napoleon, mentions that the conscripts at the beginning of a battle made a circuit of twenty paces round the bodies which lay in their path. Soon they approached nearer, and ended by marching over them. Montaigne observed, during the French civil wars, that the atrocities kept increasing with exercise, till they rivalled anything which was recorded in the annals of antiquity or which we have read of the sepoys in our own day. 'I could hardly persuade myself,' he says in his *Essays*, 'before I saw it with my eyes, that there could be found people so savage, who for the sole pleasure of murder would hack and lop off the limbs of others, sharpen their wits to invent unusual torments and new kinds of death without profit and for no other end than to enjoy the grateful spectacle of the gestures and motions, the lamentable groans and cries, of a man dying in anguish.' He has remarked that those who luxuriate in the sufferings of their fellow-creatures usually learn their first lessons in barbarity by the maltreatment of animals; and that after the Romans had become accustomed to the spectacle in their amphitheatres of the slaughter of beasts, they proceeded to take delight in the slaughter of gladiators. This is the natural progression. It is told of Henry IV. of France that he twice whipped his son, afterwards Louis XIII., with his own hand,—the first time because he had taken such a dislike to a gentleman that his servile attendants could only appease him by pretending to shoot with a pistol without ball the object of his aversion; the second time for crushing the head of a sparrow. Though the just punishment he had received was small in comparison with the unjust punishment he had inflicted, his mother objected to this discipline of her son. 'Pray to God,' replied Henry, 'that I may live, for when I am gone he will ill-treat you.' The experience of the king had taught him that cruelty seldom knows any distinctions, and that he who begins by crushing the heads of sparrows in sport would end by directing his venom against the very breasts he had sucked. The prediction was verified to the letter. 'He was scarcely human,' says a contemporary memoir-writer, and a single instance will suffice to prove it. A number of wounded Protestants were put, at the siege of Montauban, into the dry moat of the castle where he was quartered. Eaten by flies, tormented by thirst, tortured by their wounds, they perished miserably, and the

amusement of their sovereign was to watch and mimic their dying contortions. When one of his associates, the Count de la Rocheguyon, was on his death-bed, Louis sent to inquire how he did. 'He will not have long to wait,' replied the expiring courtier, 'before my final struggles will commence. I have often helped him to mimic others; it is my turn now.' The lad who tortures dogs and cats in Hogarth's 'Four Stages of Cruelty,' winds up his career with a murder: and it may be taken for a maxim that he who in sheer wantonness behaves brutally to a sheep would not, if he could give free scope to his passions, be over gentle to the shepherd.

Mankind have thus a direct interest, on their own account, in enforcing mercy to brutes. But it is the imperative right of the animals themselves. The notion of coarse and ignorant minds is that all which exists has been created for the sole service of the human race, to use or abuse as the fancy takes them. A respectable Guacho exhorted Mr. Darwin, when riding in the Pampas, to spur his jaded steed. He refused, and represented that the animal was exhausted. 'Never mind,' replied the Guacho, 'it is *my* horse.' With some difficulty Mr. Darwin made him comprehend that it was from motives of humanity, and not from the fear of diminishing the value of a piece of property, that he was induced to forbear. 'Ah! Don Carlos,' exclaimed the man, with a look of astonishment, 'what an idea!' Hundreds upon hundreds of drivers in our own country share the opinions of this Guacho, and follow his practice. When God created the world, he did indeed 'give man dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' He renewed the authority to Noah after the Flood, with the addition of the permission to kill and eat,—'Every moving thing shall be meat for you.' But this power, which is delegated to us over the animal world, is, like every other gift of Providence, to be exercised according to the rules of justice and mercy, and not according to the wanton instigations of cruel caprice. Acting by God's leave, in God's stead, we must govern his creatures with the same benevolence which pervades the entire being of Him from whom we have received the trust:—

'Heaven's attribute is universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.'

He may slaughter animals for his sustenance; he may make war upon them when they destroy his property, and mar his comfort; he may press them into his service, and compel them within the limits of humanity to do his bidding. This surely is enough.

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It excludes nothing which can contribute to our real wants and real happiness. All beyond, which trifles with life and inflicts pain, is useless and therefore wicked, and, as opposed to the very nature of the Deity, cannot receive his sanction in ourselves.

‘For many a crime deem’d innocent on earth
Is register’d in Heaven, and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex’d.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.’

Our observation of animals would alone prove to us that Providence designed their welfare even if it were not a necessary deduction from the attributes of the Creator. Although our Lord had not told us that he had care for sparrows, the whole make, economy, and habits of the sparrow would reveal the fact.

‘Know Nature’s children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm’d a bear.’

When we read of the bears disporting themselves in the regions of ice, revelling in an intensity of cold, which to man with every contrivance of art is almost past endurance, and produces in him diseases which shortly terminate his existence; when we read of their sitting for hours like statues upon icebergs, where, if we were to take up our position, we should become statues indeed, and be frozen into the lasting rigidity of death; when we read of their sliding in frolic down slopes of snow which, if we were to touch with our bare hand, would instantly destroy its vitality and create a wound like a burn; when we read these statements in the narratives of the polar voyagers, we cannot resist the conclusion that the fur, which enables its original possessor to be at home in wilds which prove to us a dismal grave, was given more with a view to the warmth of the animal than with a view to the warmth of the monarch. He who located the bear amid the bleak horrors of an Arctic winter and adapted him to take his pastime therein, has certainly some consideration for the needs and joys of the shaggy quadruped while he lives as well as for those of the man who flays him when he is dead. Paley discerned the proof of the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of an infant than in anything else in the world, because its gratification was manifestly provided for it by another. ‘Every child,’ he adds, ‘I see at its sport affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it.’ The argument is equally applicable to animals. The vivacity of fish, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, show, as Paley has himself remarked, the

excess of their spirits. He has recorded, in a famous passage of his 'Natural Theology,' his frequent observation of a thick mist by the sea-shore half a yard high, and two or three broad, and stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, which was formed entirely of shrimps in the act of bounding from the margin of the water—an act which, in his opinion, expressed delight as plainly as though they had intended it for the purpose. There is no creature, in fact, which does not sensibly exhibit, in its own fashion, its sportive propensities, and this general happiness of brutes is at once an unanswerable testimony that their Maker designed them to be happy, and that those who interfere unnecessarily with their tranquillity are turning what was meant to be a beneficent rule into a hateful tyranny.

The laxity which prevails upon a point of such extreme importance induces us to specify some of the commonest motives to cruelty and to endeavour to expose them as we proceed. There is not one, perhaps, which operates more widely than that which would seem to offer the least temptation—unmixed wantonness, without any sort of object. Nothing is safe, provided it be small enough to destroy, which approaches within the reach of many people's hands and feet. To see a living thing and to desire to kill it are with them inseparable acts. On the islands of the Galapagos Archipelago in the Pacific the birds are so tame that they can be struck with a stick. The sailors who land there, Mr. Darwin states in his very delightful 'Naturalist's Voyage,' wander through the woods in search of tortoises and take a wicked delight in repaying the trustfulness of a race as yet unversed in the blood-thirstiness of men, by knocking them upon the head and leaving them to rot. Assuredly Providence has done nothing without an object, and is it to be supposed that he contrived creatures, which like ourselves are fearfully and wonderfully made, and breathed into them the breath of life, merely that we might beat out their brains by random blows as we pass along? Here is a wonderful assemblage of animate nerves, and blood-vessels, and digestive organs beyond even our power to comprehend, and can it possibly be the end of their creation, that we should ignorantly crush them like a piece of dirt? So elaborate and sentient a toy was never devised for so poor a purpose, and what must be the heartlessness of those who can thus idly extinguish the harmless merriment of myriads of beings? They ask of us no other favour than to let them alone, but if they must minister to our gratification, we might try and find it in sympathising with their enjoyment instead of recklessly annihilating it, as beyond all dispute we should be more worthily employed

employed in studying the wisdom and greatness of God displayed in their construction than in blindly converting his transcendent handiwork into a shapeless and bloody mass.

Or put the argument in another form, and imagine that the beings above us were to treat us as we treat the beings below us, and we at once perceive that we should think them less angels than fiends. If every time they passed one of our species they struck him down into the dust, we should marvel at the ferocity of their dispositions, and be puzzled to explain how a race excelling us in intellect and strength could take delight in such unmeaning savageness. Swift represents Gulliver, when he is picked up by a Brobdingnag, as trembling lest the giant should dash him to the ground, as he himself had served vermin in England. This, Dr. Hawkesworth says in a note, was meant to inculcate humanity by making the case of the animals our own. The very word *humanity* is derived from human, to denote that mercy is the attribute of man, as brutal is derived from brute, to denote that acts of ferocity are proper only to irrational creatures. Nevertheless we believe that the human is the solitary being, with the exception of the animals whom he trains to act like himself, who kills merely for the sake of killing, without regard to the cravings of hunger or the necessities of self-defence.

The passion for exciting amusement has been another fertile source of cruelty. Cock-fighting, which dates from antiquity, which was the favourite entertainment in the last century, and which is not even yet extinct, may serve for an illustration of the wide-spread propensity to indulge in sanguinary spectacles. In the 'Present State of England' for 1750, cock-fighting is called 'a recreation for persons of birth and distinction,' and it is mentioned as the characteristic of the sport 'that it is an ample testimony to the invincible spirit of those little animals.' The writer neglected to add that it was as ample a testimony to the invincible brutality of the persons of birth and distinction who could patronise the exhibition, and bet thousands upon the issue. Crabbe has detailed the particulars of the conflict with a minute accuracy which no prose description could surpass, and with a power which prose could hardly rival, though *his* scene is laid in a low public-house instead of a cock-pit built for the purpose, and the spectators are peasants instead of peers:—

'Here his poor bird the inhuman cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel and clips his golden wings;
On spicy food the impatient spirit feeds,
And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.
Struck through his brain, depriv'd of both his eyes,
The vanquish'd bird must combat till he dies—

Must

Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,
 And reel and stagger at each feeble blow.
 When fallen the savage grasps his dabbled plumes,
 For other deaths the blood-stained arms assumes,
 And damns the craven fowl that lost his stake
 And only bled and perished for his sake.'

As vices usually go in clusters, so in this amusement cruelty, gambling, and curses met together—cruelty which tortures the animal world, gambling which inflicts ruin upon fellow-men, curses which strike at Omnipotence himself. The compiler, who called it a recreation for persons of birth and distinction, says immediately after of prize-fighting, that though 'it displayed the dexterity of the persons engaged in it, it was an *inhuman* sort of diversion, and frequently attended with effusion of blood.' In those days a prize-fight meant a fight with swords, and we are told by Sir Richard Steele that the combatants 'cut collops of flesh' from one another for the gratification of the crowd. But these gladiators, at least, were voluntary victims and were paid for their suffering; and debasing as was the sport both to the actors and the spectators, it was less hateful than exciting a couple of fowls to peck each other to pieces, and watching the process with fiendish exultation. Who could recognise in the eager attendants upon that bloody ring Shakspeare's 'paragon of animals, in action like an angel! in apprehension like a God!'? Yet the exhibition itself was only a portion of the evil. Cruelty is the parent of worse cruelty, and the hardening process did not always stop at the cock-pit. A rich man, towards the close of the last century, had a favourite bird which had won for him several profitable matches. At last it lost, and the owner showed his gratitude for its past services by tying it to a spit and roasting it alive. Its screams brought some gentlemen who were in the house to its rescue; but the miscreant seized a poker and declared he would kill any person who came between him and his vengeance. In the midst of his imprecations he dropped down dead, suddenly summoned to the tribunal of his Maker, to urge if he could the equitable petition—

'The mercy I to others show
 That mercy show to me.'

The sports of the field come distinctly under the denomination of cruelty when the creatures are neither destroyed because they are themselves destructive, nor because they are wanted for food. The principle does not affect the taking of game, which is an article of diet, and which cannot be killed more painlessly than by shooting. But the question remains how far we are justified

justified in seeking our pleasure in the act of slaughter itself. M. Miertsching, a Moravian missionary, who accompanied Captain M'Clure's Arctic expedition in the capacity of Esquimaux interpreter, describes, in his journal, an exciting conflict with some musk-oxen. In reviewing the entry on his return to Europe, he avows that he read it with feelings entirely different from those with which it was penned. He was pained, in the retrospect, to think that the first man upon which these inoffensive animals had ever set eyes should send a bullet into their brains in token of his dominion over them. But at the time, as he states, he was a hunter in heart and soul, and did not pause to reflect. This, we suspect, is the reason why thousands feel no compunction at pursuits which a tender spirit, like that of Cowper, regarded with aversion. The excitement of the chase drowns consideration. That the misgivings of men less eager for sport are not the consequences of a morbid sensitiveness is clear when the manly and practical mind of Scott rebelled against the proceeding. 'I was never quite at ease,' he said to Basil Hall, in conversation, 'when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours, but I am not ashamed to say that use never reconciled me fully to the cruelty of the affair. At all events, now that I can do as I like without fear of ridicule, I take more pleasure in seeing the birds fly past me unharmed. I don't carry this nicety, however, beyond my own person.' Whatever may be urged in favour of shooting, angling with a worm, or any species of live bait, is absolute atrocity. 'Leave a fourth part of the worm,' says a modern writer, 'beyond the point of the hook, as you will thus afford it more room to wriggle, and appear lively in the water.' No more forcible argument could be penned in condemnation of the usage. Low as the feeling of worms may be, all the protracted pain of which they are capable is drawn forth by a treatment for which no sort of apology can be pleaded. Boswell thought that nothing except Johnson's inflexible veracity could have accredited his assertion, that, as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel alive, he heard him curse it because it would not lie still. Nevertheless many a boy may be heard denouncing the worm he is hooking for the same offence as was committed by the eel; and the child is too often in this respect the father of the man.

Another pretence for cruelty is the aversion we take to some creatures because they are ugly. This is the common reason for killing toads. Frogs, in consequence of an unfortunate family resemblance, are involved in the calamity; for Pope says that
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the only excuse he could ever hear urged for destroying them was, that they were so like toads. It must be admitted that there are creatures which are naturally offensive to us, and if they intrude into our houses, or multiply beyond measure, we must kill them if we cannot drive them away. But to massacre a toad when he is crawling along a path, merely because he does not come up to our ideas of loveliness, shows a wonderful indifference to the sacred rights of sentient beings. A considerate, not to speak of a gentle, heart would feel as Uncle Toby felt when he apostrophised the fly which was buzzing about him—'Go, go, little fly; there is room enough in the world both for thee and for me.' That God's creatures should seem ugly to us, when nothing in nature can be ugly, is one of our imperfections; and instead of fiercely extirpating what we are too ignorant to admire, it should be a lesson of humility to us that we cannot see with more understanding eyes. It is a libel upon the Creator to condemn the image in which he has made His creatures, and to tear out their lives and deface their forms because they are not fashioned according to our notions of beauty.

Closely allied to cruelty towards ugly animals is the cruelty which arises from what is called antipathy. Some people have an antipathy to spiders, others to cats, and, what shows the unreasonableness of the passion, the same creature which is the aversion of one person is the favourite of another. Antipathy, in general, means undefined fear, as Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the 'Rambler;' and fear is always cruel, since it seeks its safety in the destruction of the object of its dread. 'Because you are a coward, must I then die?' This is the detestable doctrine which the pusillanimous in troubled times have often applied to their opponents, and is a poor apology even when applied to brutes. Men and women too should be ashamed to convert their silly apprehensions into a sentence of death upon an innoxious creature, which never designed them any harm. Let *them* grow wise, and let the innocent animals live. To the fear of antipathy must be added the fear which springs from superstition. Don Quixote repeats the legend which avers that King Arthur did not die, but was turned into a raven; 'for which reason,' continues the knight, 'it cannot be proved that from that time to this any Englishman hath killed one of these birds.' If the raven ever enjoyed this charmed life, he has since paid for the immunity. Most of the lower orders are in haste to exterminate both ravens and owls, because they imagine that the croak of the one and the hoot of the other announce some calamity past or to come, which is just as if, when intelligence was brought them of a piece of ill fortune, they hoped to cancel

cancel the mischief by murdering the messenger. Let them be as timid as they please in the dark, but, because God has created the owl to mouse in the dusk, let them not suffer their fears to convert it into a harbinger of evil, and imagine that the music by which it expresses its joy is harshly sounding our doom. Let them leave it to gamekeepers to be the executioners of these lovely and useful birds of the night—to gamekeepers who, if they had their will, would allow no feathered thing to fly in the air except pheasants and partridges, nor any quadruped to run upon the earth except hares and rabbits.

Another source of cruelty is temper. When it is remembered what a vast sum of misery temper causes in the world, how many homes are darkened, and how many hearts are saddened by it—when we consider that its persecutions have not even the purifying consequences of most other calamities, inasmuch as its effects upon its innocent victims are rather cankerous than medicinal—when we call to mind that a bright face and a bright disposition are like sunshine in a house, and a gloomy, lowering countenance as depressing as an arctic night, we must acknowledge that temper itself is only another form of cruelty, and a very bad form too. But it also prompts a vast deal of the cruelty which is ordinarily called by that name. A good groom, says Bishop Berkeley, will rather stroke than strike. An ill-tempered man commonly strikes instead of strokes. The enormities which have been perpetrated upon animals in fits of rage are past counting up. How have dogs been lashed and kicked, how have beasts of burthen been whipped and spurred, how have sheep and oxen been goaded till their sides ran down with gore. Often the provocation was only that the beast did not display more intelligence and endurance than had been given it by God—that, knowing no better, it had made some slight mistake—that, weary and foot-sore, it did not manifest the same speed and spirit as when fresh and untravelled—often only that it had the misfortune to have a drunken master. There are people indeed who will plead passion as an apology for their violence; but one vice can never extenuate another, and it will not atone for our cruelty that it had ill temper for its parent. He who reflects upon his own mistakes and misdoings will excuse the fault of a dumb creature that has not his reason to direct it, and will learn patience if only in pity to himself. Man is worse than the most venomous reptile or the most savage beast if he maltreats the creatures which serve his needs, since no beast is under equal obligations to the animal world.

‘The wolf who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne’er drunk her milk,

Nor

Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
 E'er ploughed for him.'

With no sort of conscience can we use animals as culprits when their sinews are the very life of ours. When we ride, we sit upon the skin of the pig; when we walk, we tread upon the skin of the bullock; we wear the skin of the kid upon our hands, and the fleece of the sheep upon our backs. More than half the world are human beings in sheep's clothing. We eat the flesh of some creatures, of some we drink the milk, upon others we are dependent for the cultivation of the soil; and if it is a pain to us to suffer hunger and cold, we should be scrupulous to avoid inflicting wanton misery upon the animals by means of which we are warmed and fed. Mr. Waterton witnessed the annual ceremony at Rome of pronouncing a public benediction upon the beasts of burden. This humane naturalist rejoiced to think that the blessing would ensure them better treatment from their owners. Whether or no the effect was what he anticipated, there is a practical benediction which is for ever proceeding from the hearts of all good men, and which shows itself in admiration of the animal world as the work of God, in sympathy with them as sentient beings, and in gratitude to them as benefactors to ourselves.

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- ART. VII.—1. *General Statement of the Past and Present Condition of the several Manufacturing Branches of the War Department, as called for by a Letter dated 8th May, 1856, presented to both Houses of Parliament by Her Majesty's Command.* By John Anderson, Inspector of Machinery.
2. *Fourth Report from the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol, with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* 1855.
3. *Report from the Select Committee on Contracts for Public Departments, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix and Index.* 1856.
4. *The Handbook for Travellers in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, including the Isle of Wight.* 1858.
5. *On the Government Factory, Waltham Abbey.* By Major Baddeley, Royal Artillery. 1857.

IN the year 1716 the brass guns which Marlborough had taken from the French were being recast in the Royal Gun Foundry in Moorfields, when a young Swiss named Andrew Schalch, who was accidentally present, remarking the dampness of the moulds, and foreseeing the inevitable result, warned Colonel Armstrong, the then Surveyor-General, against being too close a spectator
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of the operation. As Schalch foretold, an explosion took place, and many workmen were killed. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' says the old proverb, and the bursting of the gun was the making of the young foreigner's fortune, for in a few days an advertisement appeared in one of the public papers requesting him to call upon Colonel Andrews, 'as the interview may be for his advantage.' Andrew Schalch attended accordingly, and was at once intrusted with the duty of seeking out a better locality for the casting of the royal ordnance. He selected a rabbit-warren at Woolwich, as the best site within twelve miles of the metropolis, for the threefold reason that it was dry, near to the river, and in the immediate neighbourhood of loam for the moulds. Strangely enough, it has since been proved that the great nation of antiquity with whom the British possess so many qualities in common, had been here before. The Romans, whose second station on the Watling Street out of London is supposed to have been at Hanging Wood, close at hand, seem to have appropriated the sloping ground on which the original gun factory stands for the purposes of a cemetery, for on digging the foundations of some new buildings urns of their manufacture were discovered in large quantities, and a very beautiful sepulchral vase, which is now in the museum of the Royal Artillery Institution. Thus where the conquerors of the old world lay down to their last rest, we, the Romans of the present age, forge the arms which make us masters of an empire beyond the dreams of the imperial Cæsars.

As the visitor enters the great gate of the Arsenal he finds no difficulty in tracing the whereabouts of the labours of Andrew, for straight before him, with a stately solemnity which marked the conceptions of its builder Vanbrugh, stands the picturesque gun factory, with its high pitched roof, red brickwork, and carved porch, looking like a fine old gentleman amid the factory ranges which within these few years have sprung up around. It is impossible to contemplate this building without respect, for forth from its portals have issued that victorious ordnance which since the days of George II. has swept the battle-grounds of the old and the new world. Up to as late a date as the year 1842 the machinery within these stately old edifices was almost as antiquated in character as themselves. The three great boring-mills, moved by horses, which had been imported in 1780 as astonishing wonders from the Hague, were the only engines used in England in making her Majesty's ordnance till fifteen years ago. Such was the state of efficiency of the oldest of the three great manufacturing departments of the Arsenal! The more modern departments, known as the Royal Carriage Factory and the

the Laboratory, have flourished during the present century in an unequal degree. For fifty years the former of these branches of the Arsenal has been more or less in a high state of efficiency, through the introduction of machinery from the workshops of Messrs. Bramah and Maudslay, and of the contrivances of Bentham and Sir I. Brunel. The improvements which were due to their inventive genius rendered this department highly efficient during the French war, on the conclusion of which a long period of inactivity followed; and it was not until 1847 that symptoms were manifested of renewed life under the able superintendence of General Gordon, and still later of Colonel Colquhoun. The Laboratory during the same period appears to have remained entirely stationary, and up to the year 1853 was far inferior to that of any third-rate power. The backward condition of the sole arsenal of England during the long interval of peace seems at first sight remarkable, when we consider the amount of mechanical ingenuity which had penetrated into every factory in the kingdom; but when we remember that the instruments and munitions of war are special articles, wanted only for special periods, occurring at uncertain intervals of time, the wonder ceases. Private manufacturers had no interest in forging instruments of destruction, and the State having conquered 'a lasting peace,' Vulcan was allowed to fall into a profound sleep—a sleep so unbroken that the nation listened for a moment to the voice of those Manchester charmers who would fain have persuaded us the time was come when our swords could with safety be turned into pruning-hooks. In the midst of this amiable delusion, the Northern Eagle attempted to seize upon the sick man, and Britain instinctively flew to arms. This sudden spasm of war following upon a forty years' peace at once disclosed the fact that we were totally unprepared to wage it. There were not shells enough in the Arsenal to furnish forth the first battering-train that went to the East, and the fuses in store were of the date of Waterloo. A fourth part of the money which we joyfully expended, when the wolf was at the door, would have been thought the demand of a madman when Europe was supposed to be one big sheepfold. Economy prevented efficient progress; and though the authorities had latterly originated reforms, their exertions were limited by their scanty resources. As the war proceeded, the Ordnance were at their wits' ends for coarse-grained gunpowder, which, as it was not an article of commerce, had to be specially made for them. Small arms were wanted in haste, and could only be constructed at leisure. In these straits the private manufacturers of the country were applied to, but in many cases they had to learn a new art. Do what they would, with the power of charging
fabulous

fabulous prices for shot and shell, ammunition and small arms, their powers of production were totally inadequate to meet the strain of the great siege, the proportions of which grew larger day by day. All the mills in England could not make powder at the rate at which it was shot away—a rate which consumed a hundred thousand barrels before Sevastopol was taken; nor could all the armouries of London and Birmingham make rifled muskets and sabres fast enough for our men. Consequently we were obliged to go to Liège for 44,000 Minié guns, 3000 cavalry swords, and 12,000 barrels of powder, and to the United States for 20,000 barrels more.

It may seem passing strange that England, whose manufacturing power is so enormous, should have to resort to foreign manufacturers for the arms wherewith to fight. Money in such a country, it is often said, can procure anything, and money in this case was no object. The want of suitable machinery was the cause of the difficulty. The manufacturers could only make the articles demanded of them by skilled labour, which is a thing that must be acquired before it can be hired. Old machines can be put to extra duty; fresh machines can be readily supplied; but skilled labour is a fixed capital which cannot be suddenly increased. The result was a lamentable slowness of production and an extraordinary dearness of price. The munitions of war in some cases more than doubled in value. It is calculated that the shells for the Baltic fleet alone, which were fabricated entirely by private manufacturers, cost upwards of 100,000*l.* more than they would have done had they been made by the new machinery lately introduced into the Arsenal. A still stronger case to show the extraordinary prices which the Government had to pay contractors when the demand was imperative and supply confined to two or three houses, was that of the 6-pounder diaphragm shells. They were charged by the contractors at 73*l.* per ton, whilst the very same article is now made in the Royal Laboratory at 14*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* per ton! These exorbitant demands, and the rapid drain of the stores, led the War Department to consider whether it would not be better to organise a government establishment on the most extensive scale, and on the most improved system; and it was ultimately determined to adopt a plan by which it would be possible to expand or contract the productive power, according to the exigencies of the service, by means of machines, which could be tended by untutored labourers and boys. Accordingly a very large number of the most ingenious machines were procured from the United States, where the Springfield and Harper Ferry Arsenals have long been famous

famous for their admirable contrivances to save human skill, while others were procured from the Continent and at home, by Mr. Anderson, the superintendent of machinery. In a very short time a powerful factory of the munitions of war sprung into life, verifying for the ten thousandth time the truth of the proverb that necessity is the mother of invention, or at least, as in this case, of improvement.

The introduction of machinery on a large scale put to flight the old traditions of the Arsenal, and the manufacturing spirit had to be substituted for the military organization under which the establishment had been conducted before. Such was the energy and rapidity with which the old Arsenal reformed itself, that we question if any private factory in the kingdom is conducted upon a better system than is already at work there. Within these three years factories have sprung up on every side, and the whirl of wheels, and the measured stroke of the steam-engine, can now be heard over the whole of its immense area.

The three manufacturing departments into which the Woolwich Arsenal is divided are as follows:—The Royal Gun Factory, under the superintendence of Colonel F. Eardley Wilmot, R.A.; the Royal Carriage Department, under the superintendence of Colonel Tulloh, R.A.; and the Royal Laboratory Department, under Captain Boxer, R.A. Through these factories we will conduct our readers, and endeavour to give them an idea how human ingenuity has perfected the means to destroy human life. The Gun Factories, by right of age, take precedence, although in point of interest they present the least attractive features to the spectator. The fact which most strikes him as he threads his way amid the Cyclopean machinery is the slow, inevitable manner in which the different processes are carried on. Here you see a large lathe turning the outside of an eighteen-pounder, revolving as noiselessly and as readily as though it were only turning a brass candlestick—the fixed tool cutting off its thin shavings of metal with as much ease as if it were box-wood. In the next machine a gun is being bored, the drill twisting its way down the fixed mass, and a dropping shower of bright chips proving how resistlessly its tooth moves on towards its appointed goal. A third machine cuts off the ‘dead head’ of a cannon. All guns are cast in the pits in a perpendicular position, breech downwards, and are made at least one-third longer than they are intended to be when finished. The reason for this is, that the superincumbent metal forming the ‘dead head’ of the piece may by its weight condense the portion below it which is to form the true gun—the extraordinary pressure of the powder
requiring

requiring the metal to be extremely close in order to withstand the strain. Besides these lathes, which do the more ordinary work of the factory, there are what are termed exceptional machines to finish those parts of the gun which the lathe cannot touch, such as the projecting sight, the trunnions, and that portion of the barrel which lies between them. No increase has taken place in the size of the Brass Gun Factory, although, through the energetic action of Col. Wilmot, its produce has been doubled since the breaking out of the war. Fourteen pieces of brass ordnance, six, nine, and eighteen pounders, can be turned out weekly. Brass is used for field-pieces on account of its resisting power being greater than that of iron. Experiments which have lately been made, however, tend to show that steel is a far lighter and better material even than brass for this purpose. A German, named Krupp, has produced some steel pieces which bear an enormous charge; in fact, when well made, it is almost impossible to burst them. The Emperor of the French has already ordered 350 of these guns to be introduced into the service, and probably we shall have to follow suit.

The fine building recently erected in connexion with this department is intended for the manufacture of iron ordnance, which has hitherto been produced exclusively by private manufacturers. The experience of the late war, however, determined the Government to furnish at least a portion of these stores themselves. A thoroughly reliable gun must be worth any price that its efficient manufacture demands; for the failing of a single piece may lose a battle, and bring with it consequences which would be cheaply averted by a park of artillery cast in gold. In the late campaign we were prevented from striking a great blow through this very cause alone. At the bombardment of Sweaborg no less than seventeen of the thirteen-inch mortars were destroyed through a want of tenacity in the iron of which they were composed. Many of these ponderous engines split after a few rounds, and may now be seen on the wharf of the Arsenal cleft in twain as clean as Tell's apple. Yet these mortars were made by the Carron and Low Moor Companies, the most celebrated private manufacturers of such articles in England. Had they stood the strain, we should have utterly destroyed the fortifications of this stronghold, instead of burning a few sheds, which made a great blaze without doing much mischief; and had we possessed a sufficient number of these formidable engines, the destruction of Cronstadt and Sevastopol would only have formed the work of a few days. Though ours is a land both of iron and manufactures, our guns are of inferior quality to those of other nations. The cannon captured at Sevastopol are of better iron than the cannon we brought

brought against them. Several thousand tons weight of the guns dismounted from Cronstadt, in order to make way for pieces of heavier calibre, were bought, we understand, the other day by an English firm with the intention of converting them into cranks and boilers, which require the very best material. The Americans insist upon a tenacity of cast-iron for their ordnance equal to a pressure of 34,000 lbs. on the square inch, and sometimes obtain it equal to 45,000 lbs., whilst we, the greatest manufacturers of iron in the world, have hitherto seldom obtained it of a strength equal to 20,000 lbs. This great deficiency Government hope to remedy by the institution of a series of experiments on all classes of iron both foreign and indigenous. There is a curious machine in the Gun Factory specially invented for the purpose of testing the tenacity of each sample, its capacity of withstanding compression, its transverse strength, and its power of resisting torsion. It is curious to see this iron-limbed Samson wrestling with mighty bars of metal, and twisting and tearing them across the grain like bits of stick. The fractured remnants of the specimens and of the guns rent in the testing process in the Marshes and at Shoeburyness are collected in a museum, the history of each specimen being minutely given. Thus a curious and instructive record is gradually being acquired, which will prove of infinite use in the manufacture of heavy ordnance. It has been already ascertained that guns are universally strengthened by having wrought iron rings put round them—a fact which was discovered during the course of experiments with the heavy cannon bored with an oval rifle to receive the Lancaster shell. Several of them having burst at the muzzle, this simple expedient was tried, and the guns so girded now bear the most extraordinary charges without flinching.

The new building for casting, boring, and finishing iron guns, is both externally and internally the most imposing-looking of all the structures erected to meet the exigencies of the Crimean war. These spacious factories present more the appearance of first-class railway termini than of ordinary workshops. They are lighted with what are termed saw-roof lights, having a northern aspect; for the Vulcans who can work all day in the burning blaze of furnaces do not, it appears, like to be distracted with the confusing rays of the sun! The number of turning, boring, finishing, planing, shaping, drilling, slotting, and punching machines that revolve, thump, and slide here in ponderous grandeur is prodigious; and there can be very little doubt that it will be the most perfect and powerful factory in the world of its kind. Travelling-cranes, which run upon railways poised in air overhead, command every inch of the factories, so that cannon of the

the heaviest calibre for both land and sea service—98-pounders weighing many tons—can be slung from machine to machine with the greatest ease. When the machinery is completed, the foundry will be capable of turning out ten guns of the largest size per week.

The most interesting portion of the gun department is the factory devoted to the construction of Lancaster shells. This odd-looking missile has a form very similar to a champagne bottle, and, unlike the ordinary shell, is made out of a single sheet of wrought iron. The slab of metal having been welded into a cylindrical form, is submitted to an ingenious lathe, which, acting upon it simultaneously with a dozen different tools inside and out, speedily reduces it to a given weight and a perfectly uniform thickness. The cylinder, about eighteen inches in length and ten inches in diameter, is then made red hot, and whilst in this state is placed in the grip of a powerful machine, which by a series of blows, equally distributed over every part, converts it into the likeness of a French bottle in less than five minutes, without the slightest sign of crumpling in any portion of the surface. The operation can only be compared to the manner in which a potter shapes a vessel upon the wheel. No less than forty machines are employed on this special manufacture, and upwards of a hundred shells can be turned out daily. The expense incurred in producing with extreme accuracy and speed these curious missiles for the first rifled gun adopted by the service, is an earnest of the determination of the authorities to carry the manufacture of artillery to the same perfection of finish as their small arms. Lancaster guns will in all probability play a very important part in the next war, if war there should ever unhappily be, as those in use in the Crimea made most splendid practice, firing with nearly the accuracy of a rifle, and attaining a range of 5000 yards, or very nearly three miles. As these shells cost about 25*s.* each, the expense of 'passing the bottle' to the enemy is rather a serious affair.

By far the largest department of the Royal Arsenal is devoted to the construction of carriages and packing-cases for moving artillery, baggage, and the various munitions of war. At the present moment the carriage department employs no less than three thousand hands, together with three hundred machines, moved by twenty-three steam-engines, which do the work of an additional twelve thousand men! The bulky nature of the material dealt with, and the store-houses required for stowing it away, together with the numerous workshops called into existence by the Crimean war, have caused this department to burst its old bounds and to invade 250 acres of the adjoining marsh—the area of the work-

shops alone covering 255,152 superficial feet, and the entire ground occupied being no less than 1,445,440 feet. This immense amount of elbow room has enabled Colonel Tulloh, the superintendent of the department, to systematize the manufacture, and cause the timber to pass along in one unbroken progress from the time when it is landed upon the wharf to the time when the finished articles are delivered over to the storekeeper. If we follow this stream from stage to stage, we shall catch a flying view of the operations of this department, whose province it is to provide package and carriage for the British army at home and abroad.

The timber which forms the principal raw material employed is brought by ships to the mouth of the canal which runs along the eastern side of the Arsenal; here it is transferred to lighters which convey it some distance inland to the quay in the immediate neighbourhood of the timber field. By means of powerful derrick cranes which can make a long or a short arm at pleasure, it is next unloaded and swung upon the trucks of the railway which ramifies through every portion of the premises, and forms the means of communication between its different points. The trucks, when full, immediately start with their burthen for the contiguous timber field, a square space covering 20 acres. Here the huge logs are deposited in long lines, which extend from one end of the field to the other, having roadways between them laid with rails. Over each line or row of timber strides a powerful travelling crane which, with a slight impulse given by one man, is made to traverse from end to end of the row, depositing or taking up in its way logs of oak or teak of many tons weight as easily as Gulliver could have picked up the Lilliputians he bestrode. Before the introduction of this powerful machinery from fifty to one hundred pairs of horses were employed in this department alone, all of which are now dispensed with, and a saving effected of 6000*l.* a-year.

At the present moment the timber-field stores amount to 60,000 loads of timber. The varieties of climate in which the British army has to serve are so many, that foreign woods have been introduced to supply the place of oak, which cannot be found in quantities equal to the demand. Thus we find in the timber-field *sabicu*, a dense East Indian wood which is used for the heavy blocks of gun carriages; *pedouk* from the same country, which is employed for a similar purpose; and iron bark, an Australian wood. Of English timber, such as ash, elm, and beech, there is a very large store. What is called wheel timber, on the soundness and proper adaptation of which depends the safety of the artillery and transport service, is entirely composed

of

of the most graceful trees of our woodlands; the spokes being made of oak, the naves of elm, and the felloes or rims of ash. Beech is also largely used for the fuses of shells and the wood-work of saddles. When any particular logs are required they are selected by the timber-master, picked up by the travelling crane, hoisted into the railway truck, and conveyed at once to the saw mills close at hand. On the threshold of the largest mill the logs meet with a grim reception from an immense circular saw 66 inches in diameter, which at once attacks the huge log and separates it as expeditiously as your Eastern soldier divides with his scimitar a floating handkerchief. This formidable instrument traverses a space of 30 feet, and is thus enabled to fix its teeth upon the log at whatever part of the entrance it may chance to lie. This transverse section performed, the divided portions are drawn up by machinery into the saw-frames, the largest of which is capable of receiving a log 4 feet square. Once within the mill's maw, as many saws are put in as are necessary to divide the wood into slabs of the required thickness, and a few minutes suffice to reduce it to planks. From the mills the timber is removed again upon the railroad to the seasoning shed, which covers 4 acres of ground. Here it is allowed to remain for years, so stacked that the air fairly circulates through every portion of the immense mass. The seasoning shed is to the timber master what his wine-cellar is to a bon vivant. Here he treasures his bins of nine years old oak as though it were wine of a famous vintage. This he keeps as carefully as a young whist player keeps his best trumps to the end of the game, but with far more judgment, for old oak is precious beyond price, and cannot be got for love or money at a moment's notice. In the dim shadow of this monster store are also piled the completed articles of land-transport that improve by age. That perpendicular wall of finished wood-work contains the bodies of a thousand carriages which were prepared to remove the British army from the plateau of Sevastopol in anticipation of an inland campaign; the round towers at the corners are their wheels built up and left to season. Upon the thorough preparation of this part of the carriage its safety depends. The wheels of omnibuses are always allowed to remain two years before they are used, and by permitting them this grace they behave well when at work, generally running over 43,000 miles of ground before they are worn out. The wheels of gun-carriages require to be even better prepared and seasoned, as they have to bear the weight of enormous guns, and have often to run over the roughest ground, without being in any way relieved from sudden shocks by springs.

Upon this store of mellow wood the different factories draw;

and the railway which traverses every portion of it speedily conveys the raw material to the benches of the workmen. As the visitor passes up the main avenues of these splendid shops he is bewildered with the activity of the swarms of artisans, the whirling of shafting, and the grating sound of circular saws. Clouds of sawdust are flying about, and in a moment cover the intruder from head to foot. The immense amount of work sometimes required to be performed at a brief notice has necessitated the introduction of machinery into this branch of handicraft, which heretofore was entirely carried on by manual labour. Let us take the ammunition and powder cases for instance; these have to be provided by the hundred thousand in time of war, and accordingly we find machinery employed in every direction to shorten the work. Circular saws cut the planks into the required size to form the sides and tops and bottoms of the cases; as these issue from the different machines, they are conveyed away upon a circular band of canvas, placed at right angles, to a broader band which runs from one end of the factory to the other: down this band, as on a broad stream, the various pieces sail until they reach the receptacle, from which they are again conveyed to the machinery which is to put them together. Here the drilling, mortising, and dowelling processes are carried on by wholesale with an exactitude and speed which would astonish the joiner of the old school. Upwards of a thousand ammunition boxes formed of cedar, for repelling the wood-eating white ants of the East, are now being prepared daily for the use of the Indian army. The powder boxes for the navy are made of a hexagonal form, to enable them to fit into the ship's hold like cells of honeycomb. They are carefully lined either with pewter or copper, and when filled are hermetically sealed with wax. The limber boxes for the field artillery are also made here in large quantities. These receptacles are of a far more elaborate character than the powder cases, as they are fitted to take all the stores requisite for immediate action, which are stowed away in their different compartments, as neatly as the articles in a gentleman's dressing case. The common cartridge barrels are shaped out of the solid wood almost as fast as you can look. One machine cuts the oak into staves, curved to the right form; another cuts the edges, so that they may fit in a circle; a fourth turns the head; a fifth receives the staves, which are placed by the attendant on end in the form of a barrel, within the grip of a hydraulic press, claps a hoop on the top and bottom, and with one squeeze completes the operation. By such appliances a piece of solid oak plank is converted within five minutes into a finished barrel. The total produce of carefully prepared powder cases

cases during the financial year 1856 was 25,331, and of boxes for ammunition, shell, &c., no less than 287,171. How many barrels can be made at a pinch we do not know, for the machinery is only just put up, but the number must be enormous, and when the visitor witnesses the nimble fingers of machinery galloping over the work, he wonders how the business was ever got through in the old time of the chisel, gouge, hammer, and plane.

In the shops devoted to the manufacture of the gun-carriages and trucks for the land and sea-service, skilled artisans are employed, except in the wheel department. The vast strength requisite to support and withstand the recoil of 56, 64, and 98-pounders, necessitates the most solid construction and the best workmanship. Some of these platforms for traversing cannon, made of teak, and bolted and finished at the ends with bright copper bands, look like handsome pieces of furniture rather than ship's gun-carriages. Compared with these ponderous articles, the light constructions fitted for the field-artillery seem like children's playthings. Here they may be met with in every variety and in every stage of progress, so substantially put together that the marvel is that they ever wear out. The sort of succession of earthquakes, however, to which they are subjected in a campaign tells even upon those solid joints, and but few of the gun-carriages employed in the Crimea, although new when they went out, returned fit for further service.

The wheel department is one of the most interesting sights in the Arsenal. Here the most ingenious machinery has been brought together to ensure sound and speedy production. Formerly the wheels were made entirely by hand; now they are turned out without the aid of a single skilled wheelwright. What is called the copying process, produces the nave and spokes of the wheel, three or four of which are seen working side by side, and the whole batch under the care of only one man. The circular rim of the wheel or felloe is cut out of the solid block by an ingenious ribbon-saw, imported from France. This saw is merely a narrow band of steel, toothed on one edge and running over a wheel like an ordinary leathern band attached to shafting. The exquisite manner in which it fashions the most intricate patterns from thick slabs of wood is really surprising. The felloes, after being thus roughly formed, are stacked to season in a shed by themselves, where they are piled one upon the other in vast pillars, down vistas of which the visitor passes, full of amazement at their number. There are at present in store some sixty thousand of these felloes and an equal number of naves, with their due complement of spokes.

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As wheels are required, their component parts are brought to the shop, finished and mortised by machinery, and then lightly adjusted to each other. They are immediately placed within the grip of six hydraulic presses, which are so arranged as to thrust towards a common centre. Directly the wheel is adjusted within them, you hear the hiss of the resistless engines, whose motive power is only a few pints of water; the solid timbers groan, the joints painfully accommodate themselves to each other, and in less time than the process takes to describe, the wheel is lifted out solidly jointed, and only awaiting the tire to travel at once under its superincumbent gun. The wheels of gun, limber, and ammunition-carriages are all made of exactly the same size, in order that they may be interchangeable in case of accident.

The effect of the sudden outbreak of the late war was, perhaps, more beneficially felt upon the laboratory department of the Arsenal than any other. Shells, of all the stores of war, were most deficient when the army left for Varna, and the want increased as soon as actual campaigning commenced. The authorities accordingly permitted Captain Boxer to erect a model manufactory of shells in the autumn of 1855. This he did with surprising rapidity, and proved to their satisfaction that these formidable missiles could be manufactured five pounds a ton cheaper than they could be procured from the contractors—an important saving on an article of which several hundred tons had to be supplied per day. The success of this experiment led to the erection of the splendid shell-foundry which is now attached to the Arsenal, and which is capable of turning out sufficient shells for all the armies of the world. Here may be seen the process by which the old scrap iron of the establishment is transformed into the finished shot and shell, and transferred by its own weight to the transport ready to convey it to the seat of war. The smelting process is carried on in a dozen enormous cupola furnaces, into which the iron and coal are heaped indiscriminately. The fierce heat generated by the blast rapidly melts the iron, which is then allowed to flow into the shell-moulds. From the moment the metal enters these moulds, the shell, in war time, never touches the ground till it is landed at its port of debarkation! The rough shells, after they have cooled a little, are forwarded by railway to the cleaning-room, where they are placed in a revolving iron barrel, seven feet long and seven feet in diameter. This machine circulates with rapidity, and the friction of the contained shells speedily cleanses them of all sand and dirt. From this point they roll through all the succeeding stages of their manufacture. A slightly-inclined plane receives them at the cleaning-drum, and conducts them
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one by one to the machinery fixed in the great room of the laboratory department. Upwards of ten thousand shells per day passed through this apartment during the late war, and were, on their passage, drilled and brushed, or fitted with the socket made to receive the fuze. This simple fact will alone serve to show how energetically the work was carried on to meet the wants of the great siege. The shells, having rolled through the labyrinth of successive machines which operate upon them, now move onward to the painting department, where they receive a coating of black varnish, which prevents oxidation. Hence they continue their journey right across the open ground of the Arsenal to the pier, under the platform of which they keep their course inside an iron tube which leads immediately into the barge alongside the transport in the river. From this barge, into which they sometimes shoot with a considerable impulse, they roll again, through the open port of the ship, to their appointed place in the hold.

The chief factory of the laboratory department is the great sight of the Arsenal, as here the visitor witnesses twenty or thirty most curious operations, the more important only of which he can stop to examine amid the whirlwind of machinery that everywhere meets his sight and vibrates on his ear. The manufacture of elongated bullets for the rifles affords perhaps the most startling novelty of all. The rifle itself is not a greater advance upon old Brown Bess than is the Minié bullet upon the old one-ounce ball. The apparatus now employed to produce it contrasts as forcibly with the simple bullet-mould formerly in use. Instead of heating the lead to a fluid state, it is simply warmed, in which condition it is subjected to hydraulic pressure in a large iron vessel, which has but one small aperture at the top, of the size of the intended elongated bullet. Out of this hole the metal is driven in the form of a continuous rod of lead, which, as it issues forth, rolls itself upon iron reels as though it were so much cotton! The reels are then attached to a machine which draws the metal between its teeth, bites it off to the required size, moulds the cone, depresses the cup, and condenses the mass at the same moment. These wonderful bullet-makers, when in full work, turn out five hundred elongated bullets a minute, or upwards of a quarter of a million daily. To complete the missile, the cup has to be filled with a boxwood plug to ensure its proper expansion whilst in the act of leaving the gun. Here again a partially self-acting apparatus is called into play, one lad being sufficient to feed several machines with square rods of wood, the ends of which are embraced by a circular hollow cutter, which instantly reduces them to the right

right conical form, and then cuts them off. These little plugs are produced at the same rate as the bullets.

An equally interesting operation is the manufacture of percussion-caps. The first process in this light and delicate work is the stamping of sheet-copper into pieces of the required form to make the caps. For this purpose the copper is placed beneath the punch of the machine, and immediately it is put in action, small crosses of metal are seen to fall from it into a box in a continual stream, whilst the sheet itself is transposed by the punching process into a kind of trellis work. These crosses of equilateral arms are now transferred to another machine, which instantly doubles up the four arms, and at the same time so rounds them, that they form a tube just the size of the gun-nipple, and by a third operation of the same machine, a kind of rim is given to the free end, which makes the cap take the form of a hat. This rim marks the difference between the military and the ordinary percussion-cap—the soldier, in the hurry and confusion of battle, requiring this guide to enable him to apply the proper end to the nipple. The metal portion of the cap completed, it is transferred to a man who fills it with detonating powder. As this is a very dangerous process, the artisan upon whom the duty devolves sits apart from the boys, who perform all the other work, for fear of an accidental explosion. To fix the fine dust in the cap, a very pretty machine is employed, which gets through its work with extreme rapidity. The caps are placed in regular rows in a frame work, to which is attached a lever, armed with as many fine points as there are caps in a single row. The motion given by the hand alternately dips these fine points into a tray of varnish, and then into each succeeding line of caps. When the varnish is dry, the powder is fixed and effectually protected from the effects of damp. The caps are now finished, and are ready for the boy who counts and packs them. Machinery is even employed to perform the part of Cocker, and with one gentle shake does the brain-work of many minutes. A frame is constructed, into which fit a number of small trays, each tray being pierced with seventy-five holes. Upon this frame the boy heaps up a few handfuls of caps, and then gives the whole machine a few jerks, and when he sees that every hole is filled with a cap, he lifts out each separate tray and empties it into appropriate boxes. In this manner he is enabled, with extreme rapidity, to count out his parcels of seventy-five caps, the regulation number served to each soldier with sixty rounds of ball-cartridge—the excess of fifteen being allowed for loss in the flurry of action.

action. The British soldier's clumsy fingers are by no means well calculated for handling and adjusting such light articles.

Equally curious with the production of caps is the manufacture of cartridge-bags. The visitor, as he mounts the stairs to the upper floor of a large building close at hand, is made aware by the hum and collision of shrill young voices that he is approaching a hive of children, and as he rears his head above the banisters, he finds that he is in the midst of a little army of urchins, varying from eight to fourteen years of age, seated at long benches rolling up paper cartridge-bags. This process requires some little nicety, as each bag is made up of three distinct papers of different sizes and shapes, which have to be neatly adjusted round a roller one upon another. By long practice some of these little fellows complete the operation in a surprisingly short space of time—rolling, twisting in the end, tying, and drawing it from the rod almost as quickly as you can look at them, the swaying of the body during the operation giving to the entire mass of eight hundred children a most extraordinary aggregate movement as the room is surveyed from one end to the other. Some boys are infinitely more nimble-fingered than others, and the sharpest earn eight or nine shillings a-week at the work.

Nimble as their little fingers ply, however, the hands of machinery laugh them to scorn. In the room below we note as we descend strange wheel-like frames revolving horizontally, and others working up and down into tanks of paper pulp. These are the new machines destined to supplant the little children over head, and to hush the ceaseless hum of their human labour. Throughout the entire range of the Arsenal there is no sight more interesting than is exhibited by these machines, the *modus operandi* of which is extremely simple. Circles of brass tubing have short upright tubes inserted into them, at regular distances. These upright tubes, or fingers, are pierced with fine holes, and the whole apparatus is attached to an exhausting-pump. Worsted mittens are fitted to the fingers, and when all is ready, the Briarean hand is dipped into the bath of pulp, the air in the tubes is withdrawn, the liquid necessarily rushes towards the fingers, and the water passing through, leaves the pulp adherent to the mitten. The process is instantaneous, hand after hand drops into the trough, gloves its fingers with pulp, and rises with a thousand cartridges in its grasp, quicker than one of the boys up stairs has finished a single bag. The process is not complete, however, until they are dry. Each mitten is removed from its metal finger, and placed on a similar one heated with steam; in ten minutes the desiccating process

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is finished, and the cartridge-bag is removed, a far more perfect instrument for its deadly purpose than that which is made upstairs by hand. The hint for this beautiful machine was taken from the apparatus employed for making conical seamless sugar-bags without the intervention of the paper maker—so diverse are the developments which may spring from the same idea. Of these small-arm cartridge-bags, four hundred thousand can be manufactured in a day of ten hours; but as each cartridge is composed of a double envelope, one fitting within the other, in order to separate the conical ball from the powder, the product furnishes two hundred thousand cartridges—an enormous quantity, but scarcely equal to the demand of such campaigners as Havelock, whose men, day by day, consume their sixty rounds per head. At first sight it seems strange to find the Government turned paper-makers, and the visitor may think that these bags could be obtained, as the sugar-bags are by the grocers, from the private manufacturer, but it is absolutely necessary that they should be produced side by side with their deadly contents. They are far more delicate things to maintain in their integrity than even wafer-biscuits, which they very much resemble, and they are required in such enormous numbers, that any mechanical impediment, such as crushing, interposed to the filling of them with powder and ball, would add immensely to the expense. The pressure in packing necessary to convey them to the Arsenal would flatten, and hence destroy them.

But where, asks the visitor, is the small-arms factory for the construction of those far-famed rifles which prevented a disaster at Inkermann, and at once doubled the effective power of the steadiest infantry of Europe? And well may he ask the question, for what more natural place for this important manufacture than in connexion with kindred Government establishments? When the War Office decided upon erecting a factory to meet the sudden demands of the war, it was proposed by the Inspector of Machinery to plant it within the walls of the Arsenal; but the authorities, for some reason best known to themselves, decided otherwise, and it was accordingly taken to Enfield Lock, which is twelve miles from London, on the Eastern Counties Railway, and where they had before a small establishment for the repair and manufacture of a limited number of muskets. The traveller who gets out at the factory station finds himself at once in a road which leads him into a flat country laced with streams, where Paul Potter might have found a study at every turn. Here amid flocks and herds peacefully grazing, or standing in the shadows of the pollard willows, he espies the tall chimneys of the Enfield factory, looking like a stray

a stray fragment of Manchester that had wandered out of its way. In all England a more absurd spot for it could not have been chosen.

The establishment, however, is so worthy of a minute inspection, that we will proceed to give a general view of the whole. The threshold of the manufacturing process is the smithery, where the foreman presides to deliver out the raw material and receive in return the work done. To each smith is issued the particular size of bar iron or steel required for the article he works upon. Opening out of this shop is the smithery itself, with its fifty-five forges, together with steam hammers, hoppers, rider hammers, and other contrivances by which our modern Vulcan economises labour. In this department all the iron and steel work of the lock and stock are moulded, for the ordinary method of forging conveys a very inadequate idea of the manner in which the material is here manipulated. Every sportsman knows that the lock of a gun is made up of many small pieces of irregular form. To forge these with the hammer alone would be far too expensive a process, as it would require highly-skilled labour, nor even then would it be possible to produce the different pieces of exactly the same size, so that any one may fit into any other with perfect accuracy when the gun is ultimately put together. To accomplish this end, the essential principle of the manufacture, each smith with his helper takes in hand a particular piece of work. One man, for instance, makes hammers, or cocks, as sportsmen call them. The irregular form of this part of the lock would seem to preclude the possibility of its being made by the hundred thousand, each one being the counterpart of its brother to the thousandth of an inch. Yet this is done, and with an ease that appears astonishing to the beholder. Let us watch the brawny smith before us. He draws a rod from the fire at white heat, lays it upon an indented part of his anvil, and, together with his mate, deals alternate blows in half a dozen different directions, and produces in a few seconds an irregular mass, which we see bears a resemblance to the indentation in the anvil, which, on closer inspection, we find to be a rude matrix of a guncock. This is the first process, called swaging. These two men go on from one year's end to another, giving alternate light and heavy blows and taps on all sides of the metal. These blows, though sometimes delivered through a swinging circle of eight or ten feet, fall upon exactly the same spot, for practice so nicely co-ordinates the muscles as to produce a motion as exact as that which draws from the bow of a Paganini the same delicate note for any number of times in succession. The cock thus swaged, the smith stamps his initials upon it, and transfers it

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to another smith, who works with a steam-hammer, on which is a steel die of the exact form it is required to take. A single blow of this instrument gives it its final form, leaving the superfluous metal in the shape of a thin film, where it has been squeezed into the opening between the dies, which is cut off by a subsequent stamping process. By this method of swaging and stamping, the lock-plate, bridle, cock, sear, trigger, sightleaf, breech-screw, and swivel are formed so perfectly, that the tool is scarcely required to touch them afterwards. Those parts of the lock made of steel, such as the mainspring, searspring, and tumbler, are simply swaged, the stamping process being omitted on account of the sudden blow tending to break the grain and thus destroy the elasticity of the metal.

A curious operation of the smithery is the bayonet forging. The bars for bayonet-work are never forged of such uniform width as to allow the smith to cut off to a nicety the length he requires: in order to rectify this difficulty, and enable him to tell how much will serve his purpose, he is provided with a water-gauge or tube filled with a given quantity of water; into this the rod is plunged, and withdrawn when the fluid reaches the top of the gauge. By this expedient the iron, however irregular in form, is measured accurately by the displacement of the water. When the bar is withdrawn, the smith cuts it off at the watermark, and his mate thrusts it into the forge fire. Whilst this is going on, the visitor becomes conscious of a strange machine close at hand, which perpetually gnashes together a mouthful of hardened steel teeth; this is that useful instrument called the rider hammer. These teeth bear upon their upper and under surfaces grooves of the form the iron bar is required to take. The short white heated bit of bar is thrust in, and by a series of nabs is instantly lengthened a couple of inches; the next tooth still further attenuates it, the third forces it into the triangular form, and a fourth and fifth reduce it to the graduated length required: thus the blade of this terrible weapon is rough-drawn. The ring by which it is attached to the barrel of the musket is forged separately, and welded to the shank at right angles; these are the first of at least seventy-six distinct operations before the weapon is fitted to fulfil its appointed design, that of making the ugliest and most irreparable wound possible in the human corpus. The work done, it is returned to the foreman, whose first duty is to see that the material with which the man has been debited has been wrought into the requisite number of pieces; if it falls short the waste is charged to him. The next scrutiny is into the quality of the work, and the last and not the least important inquiry is, does it gauge?

gauge? Unless the work passes all these ordeals it is rejected, and the person in fault is known by the distinguishing mark of the smith who prepared it. In some cases, as in the making of the bands which bind the barrel to the stock, this mark is ground off in passing through one of the presses; but is immediately restored, that the work may be traced to the artisan who constructed it. The effect of thus fixing the responsibility of every single thing manufactured upon the maker is immense, and induces habits of carefulness such as are seldom seen in ordinary workmen. The foreman now issues the different pieces to the finishers, who convey them to the annealing room, where they are rendered soft for working by heat, and cleaned of their scale or oxide by means of dilute sulphuric acid, which would otherwise injure the tool.

The barrel is welded and finished in a separate factory. The piece of metal out of which the gradually tapering tube is ultimately fashioned seems to bear no relation to such a form. You see the smith take a small plate of quarter-inch iron, about a foot long by a few inches wide, heat it to a welding heat, and then place it between the lips of a rolling mill, with grooved instead of flat rollers, and in an instant it comes out a tube. It has next to be drawn out to the requisite length and tapered, which is done by passing it through a series of mills, each succeeding one being grooved smaller than the preceding. The bore is kept hollow during the operation by a central iron rod. The breech piece is welded on by a single blow of a steam-hammer, and the process of turning the bore begins. Four barrels are acted upon by one lathe, and the first operation is performed in fifteen minutes. Only a slight cutting is made each time, and the barrel has to be submitted to the action of many different boring instruments until the exact size, $\cdot577$ of an inch, is attained. The outside is now turned, the tool taking off the superfluous metal in one continuous ringlet of iron.

It now undergoes the most delicate process of all, that of being 'viewed.' The viewer, who is a highly-skilled workman, with an exceedingly accurate eye, puts himself opposite a gas-lamp, about thirty feet distance, and which has a dark shade on its upper side. Towards this object he directs the barrel so as to bring the dark edge half way across his sight as he looks through the bore. By this device he is enabled to direct a ray of light with a defined edge down the tube, and by turning the barrel round, instantly detects the slightest deviation from the straight line. As the smoothest-looking sea is discovered to be a mass of dimpling ripples—(the Greek poet's 'infinite laughings of the sea')—when the setting sun throws a golden shaft across its bosom, so the mathematically straight lines of light gauge the inequalities

inequalities of the rifle bore in a more exact manner than any instrument that has yet been invented. When any irregularities are discovered, the viewer taps the barrel with a fine hammer on a small anvil, and repeats the operation until the tube is perfectly true. Upon this depends the correct shooting of the gun, inasmuch as the least crook near the end of the bore would send a bullet far on one side of the mark long before it had attained the full range of 800 yards, to which the Enfield rifle is sighted. The rifling of the barrel in three grooves is performed by fixing it in a lathe and driving the cutter through it in a spiral direction.

In entering the finishing room, a noble apartment, 200 feet square, the visitor cannot fail to be struck with astonishment at the scene this vast workshop presents. He looks through a mass of wheels, levers, cranks, and shafts which fill the space from wall to wall, every foot alive with iron and human limbs, and the whole superficies seeming to writhe and wrestle like a cluster of worms. Although confusion looks triumphant to the casual eye, the utmost order prevails. On one side of the room, at regular intervals, small enclosed offices, with glazed fronts, are placed against the wall, a little above the level of the floor. These are devoted to the foremen of the different divisions into which the work is separated. Each of these functionaries from his eyrie rakes the long avenues or streets of machines, with their attendant workmen, which run in parallel lines across the room. The first avenue is devoted to bayonets; then come in the following order the divisions allocated to furniture, screw, sight, lock, and stock. The work is so managed that all the different parts keep pace together, and are finished in the required proportions, or in other words those pieces which are but slowly produced have allotted to them a greater number of machines. By this arrangement all the requisite items are brought at the same moment to the workmen who put them together in the finished article. The fifty-six pieces of which the rifle is composed work their way up one street of machinery and down another, constantly following on from right to left on their way towards the top of the room. Many of these pieces are passed through upwards of twenty different machines, each one performing some simple and definite action, by which means an accuracy is obtained that the most skilful gunmaker could never equal by hand.

The diversity of cutting-tools in these different machines strikes the observer with astonishment; the oddest shapes, the most unlikely-looking forms, proving admirably adapted for the purposes they are intended to accomplish. Many of these work automatically

automatically—that is, they engage and disengage themselves; setting to work only when they are fed with material, and, when their rodent-like teeth have gnawed away as much metal as is requisite, they stop of their own accord. The effect of this is so extraordinary, that it almost seems as if those bright limbs of iron, which stop and move on without human agency, must be directed by some sort of metallic brain. The most common form of tool employed is what is termed the circular cutter or milling-tool, which is constructed to fit every class of work. These cutters will continue serviceable for months without requiring to be sharpened, in consequence of each being restricted to its own limited sphere. The amount of thought employed in the construction of many of these machines must have been immense, and when they were completed, two-thirds of the manufacturing difficulty was overcome, and the musket more than half made. A most ingenious machine, the parent of a numerous progeny, was, many years ago, invented by an Englishman, and applied to copying the fine lines of statuary, and transferring them to ivory and other materials. The applicability of this instrument to the production of the irregular forms in the gun trade was first perceived by our cousins across the Atlantic, and for many years they have employed it for the rapid and true production of many parts of the musket, whilst our own manufacturers in London and Birmingham have been content to execute the same work, laboriously, and expensively, by hand labour. The copying machines now at Enfield have been imported direct from America. They are principally employed in fashioning gun-stocks. They convert the rough slabs of walnut-wood, just outlined in the proper form, which come from France, Belgium, and Italy, into the finished article, with all its grooves, holes, and beddings for lock and barrel. This extraordinary apparatus may be said to work with two hands: the one feeling the outline of the pattern to be copied, the other directing a tool uniformly with it and cutting the object to the required form. Let us, for example, take the machine that hollows out the lock-bedding in the stock. Not only are the outlines of the most irregular form, but they are sunk to three different levels, and it would almost seem impossible that a machine should excavate so complex a bedding with minute accuracy. Nevertheless it is done in a few minutes by an apparatus, which revolves and brings, one after the other, some new tool into play according to the work to be done. Whilst the operation is going on, a little blower clears out the chips as cleverly as though the machine had human breath. The different portions of the gun completed, they are, for the last time, gauged and

and passed on to the extreme end bench of the factory, near the west door, where the 'assembler,' as he is termed, receives them in different bins, from which he takes the part he requires and sets up the gun. As there is no necessity for special fitting, this process is performed with remarkable rapidity, seven minutes being sufficient to combine all the different parts, which have never been near each other before—lock, stock, ramrod, and bayonet—into the complete weapon. They now pass out of the western door, packed in cases, and are taken to the proving-ground, where they are tested with high charges and their range and accuracy duly examined; and so perfect is the finish that not one in a thousand fails to stand the trying ordeal. They are now transferred by water to the Armoury at the Tower, ready for service in the field.

The Enfield rifle was adopted for the public service in the year 1853, and is at the present moment the best infantry musket in Europe. There is still room, however, as Mr. Whitworth has shown, for improvement in the barrel. His rifle propels a bullet both farther and with greater accuracy in consequence of the greater care he bestows upon the barrel, which, instead of being welded, is bored, at a great cost, out of the solid metal. Its diameter also being smaller the bullet encounters a less resistance in the air during its flight. There is no reason why the smaller bore should not be substituted for that of the Enfield rifle, when this arm would be perfect. The difficulty the ablest minds experience in getting out of an old groove was exemplified by the late Duke of Wellington with respect to this question of the size of bore. His Grace was obstinately wedded to Brown Bess, whose crushing fire, so superior to that of the enemy, he had witnessed in his Peninsular campaigns, and which he erroneously ascribed to the excellent quality of the arm instead of to the steadiness of the men—mistaking, in fact, a moral for a physical excellence. The longer the Commander-in-Chief lived, the firmer his faith in the large smooth bore, and the necessity for making a big hole in the enemy. When the rifle-musket of 1851 replaced this old arm, the large bore was still retained, and the consequence was that the bullet, being elongated, was heavier than when round, and the soldier had to carry a missile of 696 grains weight, instead of 490 grains. The bore of the Enfield rifle pattern of 1853 was very properly reduced, and the Prichett expanding bullet, of 530 grains, now carries its deadly weight in its length. Though the wound it gives is not so large as that inflicted by the old ball, it makes up for the deficiency by its power of penetration. An officer who was at the taking of the rifle-pits in the quarry before Sevastopol

Sevastopol informs us that a brother officer was shot through the side by a Russian Minié bullet, which afterwards passed through an ass, and his two panniers of water, and did not stop in its career till it had broken a man's arm at some distance off! Its deadly aim at vast distances, which has made it the dread of the sepoys, who term it 'the gun that kills without making any sound,' contrasts strangely with the performances of Brown Bess of old, which at any range beyond a hundred yards was so uncertain in its aim that it has been calculated that the soldier shot away the weight in lead of every man that he hit. Before the breaking out of the war, our stores were hampered with small arms of all sizes and patterns. There were, at home and abroad, no less than 109,725 flint-lock muskets, of fifteen different patterns, and 107,000 smooth-bore percussion-lock muskets, of eight different patterns. Very many of these were in service a few years ago, and as their bores were all dissimilar, it often happened that the soldiers were provided with cartridges that would not fit their guns. In peace little difficulties of this kind are of no moment, but they are of the utmost importance in the time of war. At the battle of Waterloo the Brunswickers, who held Hougoumont, were, for a short time, rendered helpless, in consequence of cartridges having been sent to them that did not fit their muskets. A battle, which, according to Professor Creasey, ranks among the six decisive combats of the world, might thus have been lost on account of the misfit of a cartridge. The necessity of preventing the possible recurrence of such mischances induced the authorities, at the breaking out of the Russian war, to make the bore of all muskets used by the different branches of the service uniform with that of the Enfield rifle. A thousand of these weapons can at present be completed in a week—a number which appears large, but which is in reality far beneath the real wants of the army. The private manufacturers of small arms in Birmingham denounced the establishment of this factory, on the plea that Government were not warranted in fabricating goods which the private trade of the country were capable of producing—an assertion which the Crimean war totally disproved, as the authorities were so pressed for rifles that they had to go to France,* Belgium, and the United States for supplies, and

* The French manufacturer who executed the order addressed a letter to one of the Emperor's chamberlains, from which we take the following extract:—'It is, I believe, the first time that England, who was hitherto regarded as able to supply the most unforeseen wants of her army, should find herself obliged to have recourse to French industry. I had it too much at heart to sustain the reputation

and at one time contemplated giving an order for 350,000 rifles at Liège. The military rifle, like the shell, being a special article, required only by the army, the demand for it in large numbers is not constant, and hence the low condition of the mechanical power brought to bear upon it by the trade. The gunmakers of Birmingham have depended upon skilled labour for the production of the different parts of a musket, and thus labour, in times of pressure, becomes exorbitantly costly, to the embarrassment and loss of the public service. It was this which led the Government to introduce machinery into the manufacture—a thing the trade declared impossible, but which they now see is not only possible but profitable, since the same musket for which they charged 4*l.* 10*s.* is now made of a superior quality by the Government for 3*l.* 15*s.* The experiment must be of the greatest importance to the Birmingham gun trade, which, through its own inherent vices, was fast yielding to the superior ingenuity of America and Belgium, and which can only regain its old position by taking a lesson from the organised mechanical resources of the Enfield Lock manufactory. The private manufacturers need not fear that Enfield will monopolise even Government work, the demands of the service being far beyond its productive powers. As the Ordnance supplies rifles to the East India Company's army, as well as to our own, no less than 400,000 are required for the infantry and marines alone: a number which has to be replaced every twelve years, even in times of peace. In active service the destruction is immense; and, now the cycle of war has returned, the annual 50,000 rifles turned out by the Royal Factory will prove but a small instalment of the vast store of arms that England will require.

At Waltham Abbey, not half an hour's walk from Enfield Lock, is situated the only establishment for the manufacture of powder which the Government possesses. Here dispersion, instead of concentration, is the order of the day. The necessity for complete isolation causes the factories to be distributed over a very large space of ground, and the visitor has to walk from workshop to workshop through groves and avenues of willow and alder,

of my country in the eyes of our rivals to leave anything undone towards the execution of an order which was intrusted to me, and I have had the satisfaction of receiving from the English Government the most flattering compliments. With a view to perpetuate the memory of that operation, which is almost an event in industry, I have ordered a medal to be engraved by M. Louis Merley, who gained the great prize at Rome, and who is one of the artists of whom France is proud. I desire earnestly to obtain the favour of presenting this medal to his Majesty the Emperor, as also the model of the rifles fabricated for England; and I pray your Excellency to be good enough to solicit for me an audience of his Majesty. The audience was granted, and the medal and the model of the fire-arm presented in due form.

as though he were visiting dispersed farm buildings rather than the different departments of the same manufacturing process. There are not perhaps more than a dozen detached buildings in the whole establishment, yet these are scattered over upwards of 50 acres of ground. To such an extent do meadows and woods and meandering canals predominate, that the idea of being in a powder mill is entirely lost in the impression that you are walking in a Dutch landscape. The visitor who enters the great gates of the mill, impressed with a belief in the dangerous nature of the ground he is treading, is somewhat startled on finding a steam-engine at work on the very threshold of the factory, and a tall chimney smoking its pipe in what he supposed to be the vicinity of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder; but in reality these boilers and furnaces are placed many hundred feet from the mixing houses. The English Government powder is composed of seventy-five parts of saltpetre, fifteen parts of charcoal, and ten of sulphur. The ingredients being thoroughly powdered, prepared, and purified, are submitted to the action of a machine which completely mixes them. The product is then conveyed by a covered boat very much like an aldermanic gondola in mourning, some hundred yards along the canal to the incorporating houses, where the most important process of the manufacture is carried on, and where the danger of an explosion first commences. The incorporating machine is nothing more than a couple of runners or huge wheels weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons each, which revolve one after another on their edges in a bed of metal supplied with a deep wooden rim which gives it much the appearance of a huge kitchen candlestick. Into this dish the black powder is placed, together with a little water which varies in quantity from four pints in winter when the atmosphere is charged with moisture to ten in the summer, when the desiccating quality of the air is very great. For four hours this pasty mass is crushed, ground, and mixed by the action of the runners. The precautions taken against explosion teach the visitor the dangerous nature of the ground he is treading. Before he puts his feet across the threshold he must encase them in leathern boots, huge enough to fit Polyphemus, and guiltless of iron in any form whatever; even his umbrella or stick is snatched from him lest the ferrule should strike fire, or accidentally drop among any part of the machinery whilst at work. The machinery is even protected against itself. In order to avoid the possibility of the linch pins which confine the cylinders to their axles falling down, and by the action of 'skidding' the runner, producing so much friction as to cause an explosion, receptacles are formed to catch them in their fall. As small pieces of grit, the natural

enemy of the powder maker, might prove dangerous if mixed with any of the 'charges,' the axle sockets of nearly all the wheels are constructed to expand, so as to allow any hard foreign body to pass through just in the same manner in which the fine jaws of the larger serpents are loosely hinged to enable them to get over at one gulp such a bulky morsel as a full-grown rabbit.

Accidents will happen, however, in the best regulated mills, and provision is made for rendering an explosion when it occurs as innocuous as possible. The new incorporating mills are constructed with three sides of solid brick work three feet thick, and the fourth side and roof of corrugated iron and glass lightly adjusted. As they are placed in a row contiguous to each other, the alternate ones only face the same way, so that the line of fire, or the direction the explosion would take through the weakest end, would not be likely to involve in destruction the neighbouring mill. It does occasionally happen, however, that the precautions are not sufficient to prevent danger spreading. In the great explosion which took place in 1842 a second house was fired at a couple of hundred yards distance from the spot where the original explosion took place. There is now a further security against the houses going one after another, like houses of cards. Over each mill a copper tank, containing about forty gallons of water, is so suspended that on the lifting of a lever it instantly discharges its contents and floods the mill. This shower or douche bath is made self-acting, inasmuch as the explosion itself pulls the string, the force of the expanding gas lifting up a hinged shutter which acts like a trigger to let down the water. 'But,' it may be said, 'as the water does not fall until the explosion has taken place, this contrivance is very like locking the stable door when the steed is stolen!' And this is the case with respect to the mill where the original mischief took place; but the lever first acted upon discharges the shower bath over the heads of all the others also, and by this means the evil is limited to the place where it originated. From the incorporating mills the kneaded powder, or 'mill cake,' as it is termed, is taken by another funeral-looking gondola to small expense magazines, where it is allowed to remain for twelve hours before being taken to the breaking-down house. Here the hard lumps of mill cake are ground into fine powder by the action of fine-toothed rollers made of gun-metal, which revolve towards each other and crush the cake which falls between them to dust. The broken-down mill cake once more travels between pleasant meadows fringed with willow until it reaches the press house, where the meal is subjected to hydraulic pressure between plates of gun-metal, and is thereby reduced to dense plates about half

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an inch thick. These plates are allowed to remain intact for a couple of days, by which time they become as hard as a piece of fine pottery. Very many advantages are gained by this pressure. The density of the powder is increased, which enables it to be conveyed without working into fine dust; its keeping qualities are improved, as it absorbs less moisture than if it were more porous; and lastly, a greater volume of inflammable gas is produced from a given bulk. The pressed cake is now transferred to the maw of one of the most extraordinary machines we have yet witnessed. The granulating house, where the important process of dividing the powder into fine grains takes place, is removed very far away from the other buildings. The danger of the operation carried on within is implied by the strong traverse 15 feet thick at the bottom, which is intended to act as a shield to the workmen in case of an accident. It was here an explosion took place in 1843, by which eight workmen lost their lives—in what manner no one knows, as all the evidence was swept away. To render the recurrence of such lamentable accidents as rare as possible, the machine is made self-acting. At certain times of the day it is supplied with food in the shape of fifteen hundred weight of 'pressed cake.' This is stuffed into a large hopper or pouch, and the moment the monster is ready the men retire beyond the strong traverse and allow it slowly to masticate its meal, which it does with a deliberation worthy of its ponderosity and strength, emptying its pouch by degrees, and by a trituration process performed by two or three sets of fine rollers, dividing it into different sized grains. These grains it passes through a series of wire sieves, separating the larger ones fitted for cannon powder from the finer kind required for rifles, and depositing them in their appropriate boxes, which, when full, it removes from its own dangerous proximity, and takes up empty ones in their place. All the larger undigested pieces it returns again, like a ruminating animal, to its masticating process until its supply is exhausted. Then, and not till then, like Mademoiselle Jack, the famous elephant, it rings a bell for some fresh 'cake.' The workmen allow it about five minutes' grace to thoroughly assimilate the supply already in its maw, when the machine stops, and they enter with another meal. The floors of all the different houses are covered with leather neatly fastened down with copper nails, and the brush is never out of the hands of the workman: even while you are talking to him, he sweeps away in the gravest manner in order to remove any particles of powder or grit that may be on the floor; this he does mechanically, when not a particle of anything is

is to be seen, just as a sailor in a crack ship always holystones the deck, clean or dirty, the moment he has any spare time.

The powder thus separated into grains is still damp and full of dust. To get rid of this it is taken by water to the dusting house, where it is bolted in a reel like so much flour. It has now to be glazed, a very important operation, performed by placing it in large barrels, which revolve with their load thirty-two times a minute for three hours together. By the mere friction of the grains against each other, and the sides of the barrel, a fine polish is imparted to the surface of the grain, which enables it to withstand the action of the atmosphere much better than when it is left unglazed. It is now stoved for 16 hours in a drying-room heated by steam pipes to a heat of 130 degrees Fahrenheit, and is then finally dusted and proved. There are many methods of proving, but the simplest and most efficacious is to fire the powder from the weapon it is intended to serve. Thus cannon powder is proved by firing a 68-pound solid shot with a charge of 2 ounces of powder—a charge which should give a range of from 270 to 300 feet. If the powder passes the test, which it generally does, it is packed in barrels holding 100 lbs. each, marked L. G. (Large Grain), and F. G. (Fine Grain), as the case may be, and carried to the provisional magazine. When 500 barrels have accumulated they are despatched in a barge to the Government magazine at Purfleet, near the mouth of the Thames, the Lea forming the connecting link of water between the canals of the works and that river.

The produce of this establishment, which had fallen so low as 4500 barrels per annum in 1843, is now so increased by improved machinery that 20,000 barrels a-year can be manufactured, and of the very best quality. Even this supply is far below the consumption during a time of war, and contractors have, and always will have, to furnish a portion of the required supplies; but it seems that a model mill is useful for the double purpose of keeping up a due standard of quality,* and of keeping down price. On the uniform strength of the powder depends the accuracy of artillery fire: hence the necessity of having some known standard of quality from which contractors should not be allowed to depart. The improvements which have taken place in the manufacture are very marked. About the year 1790, when powder was supplied to Government wholly by contract, the regulation weight of charge for a cannon was half the weight of

* The merchants are provided annually with a sample of Waltham Abbey powder to guide them in their manufacture.

the ball; it is now less than one-third: therefore two barrels are now used instead of three, a reduction of bulk which economises stowage on board ship as well as in the field. Formerly powder had a range of 190 feet only; the range is now increased to 268 feet! This vast improvement is simply the consequence of the care with which the powder is worked, and the attention bestowed on every detail of the mills since their direction fell into the hands of Colonel Tulloh, Colonel Dickson, and Colonel Askwith, the present Superintendent.

There is a department at the Woolwich Arsenal to which we must now return, of which the establishments at Enfield and Waltham Abbey may be considered but outlying offshoots. Beyond the canal, at the extreme end of the ground, lie the establishments devoted to the more dangerous portions of pyrotechnic manufacture, such as the filling of rockets, of friction tubes, the driving of fuses, &c. These ticklish operations used to be conducted in ill built sheds in the laboratory square, where a sad explosion took place during the war, and Captain Boxer, determining to reduce the risk of accidents, transferred the whole of them in 1854 to this open space, far away from the neighbourhood of fire. The sixteen houses used for fuse driving and friction-tube making are isolated from each other much in the same manner as the incorporating mills at Waltham Abbey: we need not therefore describe them. The rocket manufactory is also so carefully arranged that accidents can rarely happen. The method of driving the composition into these frightfully destructive implements of war was, until lately, not only barbarous but dangerous in the extreme, being forced in by a 'monkey,' or small pile-driver, worked by eight men. The pressure of water now does the work silently, effectually, and safely. The rocket is so fixed while it is being filled, that in case of an accident the discharge will fly through the roof; grit and iron are as carefully excluded as in the powder mills; open spaces around the buildings are covered with turf and planted with shrubs, and a raised causeway of wood keeps the communications between the different magazines free from all substances likely to produce friction. The visitor may no more enter one of these carefully guarded buildings with his shoes on than he could walk into the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, similarly shod. With equal care the process of greasing the bullet end of the small-arm cartridges is carried on in this portion of the Arsenal. For a long time no lubricating material could be found that remained unaffected in all climates—a very important desideratum, considering the manner in which our stores of war are moved about from the depths of arctic waters

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to the burning summers of the torrid zone. Captain Boxer, however, in a happy moment, thought of the little busy insect that builds a store-house warranted to keep in all temperatures, and adopted bees' wax, which, added to a little fat, makes a compound which answers the purpose perfectly. The cartridges are dipped about an inch deep into a receptacle of this liquid kept fluid by the heat of gas. As we watched the process going on we could not avoid reflecting from what insignificant causes great events arise, and that a rebellion which well nigh snatched India from our grasp sprung from this very cauldron seething with 'hell-broth thick and slab.'

The different departments of the Royal Arsenal are separated by large open spaces, in which the rougher materials of war are deposited. The roadways, laid with iron trams, which greatly facilitate the transfer of heavy guns, are lined here and there with pyramids of shot and shell, lackered and shining in the sun. These missiles are continually circulating along the shoots from one spot in the Arsenal to another, passing at one time under foot, at another overhead, the action of gravity being pressed into the service with other labour-saving contrivances, to remove 13-inch shells and 98-pounder solid shot, sometimes to very considerable distances. Vast as are the stores of these warlike implements—and far as the vistas of pyramids stretch (and there are no less than 688,000 in the Arsenal at present), they would speedily be drained by a short return of war, in which artillery now plays so prominent a part. At the siege of Sevastopol alone, which scarcely occupied eighteen months, no less than 253,042 shot and shell of all sizes were fired from our batteries, a number which the enemy surpassed, in one attack alone, if we are to believe the evidence afforded by some of the ravines, in which this iron rain descended so thickly that it paved the ground, and prevented the grass from springing up. The French were even more prodigal of these projectiles; for, according to the report made to the Emperor, 1,100,000 of them were sent by our allies into the doomed city.

The neighbourhood of each department is generally indicated by the class of war stores to be seen at hand. We may be sure we are near the great-gun foundry, for instance, when we see the long files of iron guns of all sizes and patterns, from the light 32-pounders to the truly formidable 98-pounders of the naval service, flanking the road, compared with which the light brass field-pieces that fringe the wall of the building itself seem the merest toy-guns. Here and there trim grass-plats are seen with a neat edging of three hundred 13-inch mortars, and at the grand entrance of the foundry itself enormous shells, a yard in diameter, prepared for

Mallett's

Mallett's mammoth mortar, are planted as if to show how daring are the ideas of modern war, which proposes to throw such Titanic missiles at the enemy. Here too may be seen veterans which have seen service—avenues of wounded guns from the Crimea. These are the picked specimens of the 88 pieces of ordnance either disabled by the enemy or worn out by their own fire in that ever-memorable siege. One, a 68-pounder, was shattered by a singular accident; just as it was being discharged a shell fired by the enemy exploded in its mouth, and destroyed it after it had fired no less than 2000 rounds. Another gun, which is split in the muzzle, was hit thirteen times. There appears to have been luck in this mystic number, however, for by the aid of an iron band the mishap was repaired, and it went on doing duty until one of its trunnions was knocked off, and even then, like the gallant *Widderington*, at *Chevy Chase*, it fought upon its stumps; for, on being sunk into the ground, and fired at a high elevation, it was kept at work up to the end of the siege. Some of these guns are pitted with cannon-shot even as far back as the breech, and one or two are hit in their very sternmost parts. These wounds are the result of ricochet firing, a kind of practice which enables a shot to drop in the most unexpected places.

In the mounting yard, as it is termed, which lies between the gun and carriage factories, the field pieces are mounted upon their carriages and fitted up for service previous to their removal to the *dépôt* of artillery near the Common. Since the war the captured cannon from *Sevastopol* have been stored here preparatory to their being either broken up or distributed as trophies to the various towns of the United Kingdom. Of these guns 1079 are of iron and 94 of brass. They are of admirable metal, and would have proved very serviceable, except that unfortunately their bore does not suit any of our shot. Gun carriages rent by the bursting of guns, or so unscientifically constructed as inevitably to destroy themselves, like the iron carriages taken from the enemy at *Kertch*, are kept as lessons for the Captain Instructor to dwell upon, when he takes round his bevy of young artillery cadets. This official performs the essential duty of giving the future artillery officer a clear insight into the method of constructing and repairing all the more essential engines and tools he will have to work with—such as guns, gun-carriages, &c., and of obtaining a general notion of the relative strength of metals, and of the value of the various materials out of which the munitions of war are formed. The vast workshops of *Woolwich* afford an admirable field for the acquisition of this kind of knowledge.

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The neighbourhood of the Arsenal to the chief Military Academy in the kingdom gives these embryo artillery officers an opportunity of witnessing the experiments which are constantly going on in the Marshes, either for the purpose of testing new guns, or of practically examining the capabilities of new inventions. The extraordinary energy with which projectors of all kinds (clergymen among the number) devoted themselves to the task of inventing new implements of destruction during the Russian war entirely belied that lamb-like spirit attributed by Mr. Cobden to his fellow countrymen. No less than 1976 new projects were submitted to the Select Committee of Ordnance with respect to artillery alone. Of this number a large proportion were of the most imbecile kind—such as proposals to fill shells with Cayenne pepper, chloroform, and cacodyle, the latter a most virulent material which has the property of poisoning the air around it. The asphyxiating ball of the French was the true parent of the whole brood. Only forty-three of the propositions were favourably reported on, and of this number only thirty have been adopted into the service. First and foremost among these is the plan of filling shells with liquid iron. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the destructive effect of this new application of an old material. At the second shot fired in the Marshes against a perfectly new butt which cost 200*l.*, it set it on fire and entirely destroyed it. The engines of the Arsenal and the old expedient of heaping earth against the burning wood were of no avail, the molten iron having penetrated in all directions deep into the timber. It is hard to believe that any ship will be able to resist the destructive effect of these shells, or that masses of men will be found courageous enough to withstand their devastating effects; for immediately the percussion shell comes in contact with any object, it explodes and throws the molten metal in all directions—splashing and striking objects that are completely out of the way of the contents of ordinary shells, and proving far more deadly both to animate and inanimate substances than the famous Greek fire of old. This very invention was brought to the notice of the authorities as early as 1803 by a workman in a London iron-foundry, but the suggestion was so contrary to all the current notions of the time, that it was rejected, and not heard of again until a new war brought into play more advanced ideas.

The new guns that were brought forward were innumerable, and many of them, such as the Mersey steel gun, and the great mortar, are still under trial. If this mortar, which is built up of a series of rings 9 inches broad and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, laid over one another, and fitting tightly, so as to form a barrel, should

should ultimately prove capable of resisting the full charge of 70 lbs. weight of powder, it will be the most destructive implement yet invented for the purpose of crushing fortified places. In some of the trials which have taken place in the Marshes, it threw its 36-inch shell, weighing 26 cwt., upwards of two miles, and when the missile fell, it buried itself in the ground to so considerable a depth, that after digging down 12 feet, and probing for 15 feet more, it still remained undiscovered. The artillerymen say jestingly that it has dropped down to Australia. No casemate at present in existence could withstand the crushing weight of its fall, and its bursting charge of 200 lbs. of powder.

After contemplating this vast establishment for the manufacture of arms, with its sixty steam-engines, which, through the agency of upwards of three miles of running shafting, gives motion to upwards of a thousand machines, we must not omit to mention the human labour which directs this enormous manufacturing power. During the height of the Crimean war, upwards of 10,000 men and boys were employed in the Arsenal, an army of workers engaged upon the production of the materials of destruction equal to the entire force encamped at Aldershot, and double the number of men that besieged and took Delhi. When such masses of men as this have to be dealt with daily, it is obvious how necessary it must be to possess an organized system by which the loss of what might otherwise be considered mere fractions of time is noted. Let us suppose for instance that every man and boy in the Arsenal lost only five minutes per day, and it would amount in the aggregate to the loss of the labour of one man for twelve weeks to the Government.

The next problem to be solved is how to pay 10,000 men in any reasonable time. It would be clearly impossible to calculate each man's wages at the time of payment, even if a little army of clerks were employed. It is therefore done beforehand by a staff of men employed for this purpose. The amount due to each person having been ascertained, the money is laid out on boards divided into partitions numbered consecutively. A corresponding number for each man with the amount to be given to him is distributed previously to the payment taking place, on what is termed a 'pay ticket.' On pay day the artisans take their places in single file, arranging themselves according to their numbers, and passing in front of the pay boards, receive their wages, and surrender their tickets, which are receipts for the money. No money is exchanged if not brought back before the man reaches a certain point, and in this space there are persons stationed

tioned to watch that no exchange is made of bad money for good. To search every man as he left would be impossible, yet it is highly necessary to have some means of checking petty deceptions of metal, &c. Formerly peculations of this kind were constant, and the aggregate loss must have been immense. When it was first determined to put a stop to it, the men were told only a few minutes before leaving work that they would be searched as they went out. The effect of this announcement was that the whole Arsenal was strewed with small pilfered articles, thrown hastily away. Now a couple of policemen at the gate touch indiscriminately a certain per centage of the men as they are going, and these have to pass through a side lodge to be searched. As no man can tell whether or no he will be touched, the whole mass is kept honest. The mere lodging of such a body of men was at first a difficulty even in so large a town as Woolwich: the demand, however, soon produced supply, and the means taken to insure the fall of Sevastopol caused the rise of a new town of at least two thousand houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Arsenal.

Complete as we have shown the organization of the Arsenal to be, both as regards its mechanical resources and its staff, it is generally understood that the Government do not intend to depend upon it wholly for the supply of the munitions of war. In the case of small arms, its powers, as we have seen, are wholly inadequate to the task. In those branches, however, where the manufacturing power is ample, they will not attempt to push it to the point of excluding the private manufacturer from a share in the business. This is, we think, a wise decision; for, however excellent may be the present arrangements now everything is new, and the broom is fresh, it cannot be denied that the tendency of this and all other Government establishments is to go to sleep, since they neither possess the stimulus of private gain to teach them economy, nor that unity of direction which gives such vigour to private enterprises. The principle of competition ought therefore to be kept up, and we should run the private manufacturer against the public one in order to keep down price, and pit the Royal Factory against the trade in order to keep up quality. Another great gain will accrue from the determination of the Government, which is that the private manufacturers will not lose the art of making certain stores of war—an art which cannot be learned in a day. It would be unwise for the authorities to put all their eggs into one basket, and this they would most assuredly do by entirely depending upon their own powers of production, and in disassociating themselves from

from the great and fertile manufacturing power of England, which generally knows so well how to economize and progress.

If the Government have shown judgment and foresight upon this point, we cannot say as much for their inexcusable neglect to provide for the security of this enormous establishment, which contains within its walls not only the principal depôt of warlike stores in the island, but also the means of producing them. We do not believe that our neighbours are going to sail up the Thames quite as easily as the Dutch did, or that any foreign army marching from Dover could destroy the Arsenal on its way to the capital without our having ample notice of their approach. Nevertheless we cannot think that the sole Arsenal of England, placed as it is in a very accessible part of the island, should be left entirely without the means of defence. The place itself could not be fortified, as it is commanded by the heights of Shooter's Hill; but the neighbourhood is admirably adapted for the purpose. In the opinion of military engineers, it would not be necessary even to erect the requisite works until the moment their services were required. Half a dozen earth batteries, mounted with heavy guns, would command all the land approaches; and a few flats, posted so as to sweep the reaches of the river, would effectually prevent the approach of any hostile force by water. The scheme of these batteries should, however, be settled beforehand in all their details, so that in the moment of danger they could be completed almost in the presence of the enemy, in case an invader should give the Channel Fleet the slip some fine misty morning, and succeed in making good his footing upon our shores.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Sepoy Revolt: its Causes and Consequences.*

By Henry Mead. London, 1857.

2. *India and Europe compared.* By Lieut.-General John Briggs, E.I.C.S. London, 1857.

3. *The Indian Mutinies: a Speech delivered at Wimborne, Dorset.* By the Earl of Shaftesbury. London, 1857.

4. *The Rise of our Indian Empire.* By Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope). *Being the History of British India, from its origin till the Peace of 1783.* London, 1858.

5. *Sendschreiben an Lord W., über den Militair-Aufstand in Indien, seine Ursachen, und seine Folge.* [Epistle to Lord W. on the Mutiny in India, its Causes and Consequences.] By Leopold von Orlich.

DURING the last hundred years the British nation has been habituated to the spectacle of an immense empire growing up,

up, in addition to their wide-spread colonial dominions, without their being called upon to contribute towards the cost of the conquest, or even to share the responsibilities which such an acquisition must necessarily entail. They have hardly cared to inquire how it was done; and, so long as the progress was uninterrupted, it seemed to be of minor importance by what means or for what purposes this dominion was acquired. It has hitherto been sufficient to know that our power was yearly extending in the East, and our trade and wealth increasing, and we were content to leave to others the credit or the blame of acts by which we benefited, and to intrust to them the performance of those duties which are involved in the charge, which we have practically assumed in our Eastern dominions, of one-fifth part of the whole human race.

A mighty and unexpected revolution has awakened us from this trance, and we have suddenly become aware of the immensity of the interests at stake, and of the peril to our imperial position that has resulted from our culpable supineness.

India is now the country towards which all eyes are turned; and Indian questions, instead of being banished from polite society, are everywhere of the most engrossing interest. The danger at present is lest we should attempt to repair in a hurried session of a hundred days the evils which have been caused by our neglect during the last hundred years. Those, however, who know India best will be least in a hurry to legislate for this new state of affairs; and no other argument can be required for delay than an appeal to the experience gained in the late outbreak. Men who have passed the best part of their existence in daily intercourse with the Sepoys, living in the same lines in peace, and in war fighting in the same ranks, have been as completely deceived as if they had arrived from England for the first time a few days before, and even now scarce two men are agreed as to the true nature of a revolt with the circumstances of which we are so painfully familiar, and still fewer can form a distinct idea as to how it is to be repressed, or how its recurrence is to be prevented.

When the mutiny first broke out, the indignation of the public was strongly excited against what was then termed missionary meddling, which was supposed to be the root of the whole evil. From this men turned to the credulity of the officers of Sepoy regiments, arising, it was said, from their exclusive habits and ignorance of their duties. The blame was next laid on the imbecility of certain aged officers; and through all the invectives there ran an angry wail against the incapacity and stupidity of the Supreme Government. One by one, as the mutiny spread, these explanations of the cause have been shown to be insufficient, and have been abandoned by the persons who at first believed in them.

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Indeed they never met with general acceptance even among those who, being least well-informed, were most inclined to indulge in personal blame. So far as we can judge, public opinion is fast gravitating back to the 'greased cartridges;' and it would be well if the blame could be shifted to their inanimate shoulders, and all irritation against individuals be removed. This would enable the country to take a far calmer view of what is to be done in the future. There is no doubt, in fact, that these cartridges were the cause of the revolt, in the same sense that Gessler's hat was the cause of the freedom of the Swiss cantons, and the duty on tea the cause of the revolt of the American colonies. They were the spark that fired the train, but the combustible materials had been heaped together long before, and sooner or later an explosion was as inevitable in Hindostan as in Switzerland or America.

It is perhaps true that if the Government had displayed more vigour when the first symptoms of the mutiny appeared at Barrackpore, or had a younger and more energetic officer commanded at Meerut, its outbreak might have been postponed; but the world is now aware that the disaffection was too widely spread to enable us to suppose that the mere removal of local symptoms could have cured so frightful and so deep-seated a disease.

Had the rebels been Europeans, their vocabulary would have furnished some name or cry which we could easily have recognised; but their feelings and their habits are so strange to us, that we have not been able to follow the gradual development of their disaffection and comprehend why the mutiny should have burst forth at all, and still less why it should have occurred at the present moment. In our indignation at the treachery with which we have been deceived, and our horror at the atrocities that have been committed, none but the worst of motives are ascribed to the mutineers, though no bad motive has yet been alleged of sufficient urgency to explain so frightful a convulsion. When victory over the rebels has soothed our feelings of wounded vanity, and a calmer investigation has fixed the guilt on the true criminals, we shall be in a better position to form a judgment on these events; and it can scarcely be doubted but that we shall then be forced to acknowledge that it is in reality a struggle between races, a revolt of the best classes of Hindostanees against a foreign invader of their sacred land—an attempt on the part of the natives to free their country from the presence of what to them is an impure and hated body of conquerors.

What has hitherto misled the public in appreciating the true character of the struggle is the purely military nature of the revolt; but it must be borne in mind that the Sepoy army is the only body

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in India that possesses either the organization or the weapons sufficient to enable it to strike a blow with the remotest chance of success, and that this army is selected from the bravest of the inhabitants of India. The Sepoy, in addition, far excels the rest of his countrymen in education, taking the word in its most practical sense. During the routine of his duty he resides successively in every military station in the presidency, and is familiar with the forms of European civilization at Calcutta. He spends at least three years in the Holy City of Benares, as many in Moslem Delhi, and in Lahore and Peshawur sees the Sikhs and Afghans in their native homes. He is besides in constant communication with his European officers, imbibes to a certain extent their feelings, and partakes in some degree of their knowledge. These are advantages which no other native of India possesses. But this would not have sufficed except for the further fact that every regiment is in effect a great family or clan. Not only are the Sepoys always anxious to introduce their own children and relatives into the regiment in which they and their fathers have served for generations, but every regiment in the service is brigaded in turn with every other, and thus the separate atoms have become fused into a mighty whole, such as never existed in India before, and such as the skill and energy of a civilized European nation persevering in the task through a long series of years could alone have created. It is this monster of our own raising that has turned against us, because we have been lulled into security by the experience of a hundred years, and have forgotten that men have feelings which are so deep seated in every human breast that love of money or promises of allegiance are alike feathers in the balance when put into competition with them. Of all these instincts none are so universal as that love of country, which is dignified with the name of patriotism whenever success attends the effort.

The Hindoo is not by nature a man of strong feelings, and is cautious of expressing what he thinks whenever he fears it may give offence; but if there is one thing more than another which is characteristic of him, it is this love of his country. No Hindoo in any age ever willingly left the land of his birth. He has always been content to dwell on his own fertile plains; happy to bathe in the sacred streams, and to worship in the consecrated groves of his own land. He has always been proud of belonging to a country, every important spot in which has been sanctified by the presence of a deity. His bards and priests can all recount how each of the twice-born races are descended from the gods, through demigods and heroes whose actions are sung in epics and recorded in their sacred volumes, during the
thousands

thousands of years through which they suppose their history to extend. All this airy fabric, which may be torn to pieces by the sceptic criticism of the European, is the whole intellectual existence of the Hindoo; and it is impossible, if he was worthy of his name, that he could see his sacred land defiled by the presence of an antagonistic race without cherishing as deeply as he dared a burning desire that it should again become an 'Arya Varta,' or land of the pure or twice-born people who once held it as their own.

With the Mahometans the case is even stronger. No Moslem people, before our conquest of India, were ever long subject to the Christian yoke, while their whole history is full of their triumphs over the sons of Nazareth. In Hindostan their power is too recent, and the remnants of it are still too numerous for them to forget for one moment what they have been, or what they conceive they might be again, were it not for our own domination.

It is useless to attempt to explain to half-civilized men that their power was overthrown by the Mahrattas before we interfered, and that but for us not even a fainéant king would have been left at Delhi, or a Nizam at Hyderabad. They know that if we were swept away they have a fair chance of gaining their own again, and they feel strongly that it would be ten times better to be under the rule of a Hindoo prince than under the unbending despotism of the Christian foreigner. The Hindoo was born in the same land, speaks the same language, and loves the same country as himself, and, however much they may be at variance on religious grounds, when it comes to a struggle for freedom they will merge their differences in the more vehement desire to shake off the yoke of the last intruder. All who are acquainted with the middle classes, and especially with those races from whom the ranks of the Bengal army are recruited, are aware how electric must have been the shock when they heard that the blow had been struck, and believed that India was once more to be governed by Indians.

When, therefore, the standard of revolt had been raised, and the Sepoys heard that the ancient capital of the country was in possession of the mutineers, and was successfully resisting the attacks of the invaders, no regiment could refuse for very shame to take part in the struggle. One by one they fell off from their allegiance, though the dispute about the cartridges was long before abandoned, and they well knew that no one was interfering, or, after what had happened, was likely to interfere with their caste or religion. Everything was merged in the

hope that they should drive out the invader, and behold the white face of their conquerors no more.

Had a different system been pursued in the management of the Sepoys, it is probable the revolt might not have come from them; but their arrogance has of late years been immensely increased by the absurd deference we have shown to the privileges with which we have chosen to invest them. A commanding officer has hardly dared to speak to a Sepoy without a reference to head-quarters, and we voluntarily bound ourselves to observe certain rules called articles of war, which he never asked for and never comprehended. But he knew, or at least believed, that he had by his prowess conquered Hindostan; and by an induction natural enough to an uneducated Oriental mind he inferred from our deference that we feared him. The Persian and Chinese wars, which were far more important in his eyes than our struggle with Russia, seemed to afford him a most favourable opportunity for revolt. The annexation of Oude helped to precipitate his decision, as it took away from the Bengal Sepoy his last chance of retiring to his own village, and living with his own people, and being governed according to his own laws in a land that hitherto had remained unpolled by the foreigner. These circumstances may have influenced the choice of the moment for striking the blow; but without a deep-seated feeling to back it the mutiny must have been local, and institutions that have stood the test of a hundred years would not have fallen to pieces like a house of cards, nor have disappeared at once like the phantasma of a dream.

That the Sepoys of the Madras army have not revolted is simply because the Tamul races to which they principally belong have no literature, no traditions, or none worthy of the name, no pride of ancestry, no country in fact, and no caste. They are consequently content with pay and provisions, little caring who bestows them, and want nothing beyond kindness and creature-comforts to keep them to their allegiance. This also is pretty much the case in Bombay, where, except the somewhat questionable glories of the Mahratta kingdom, they have little to be proud of, or to look back upon with regret. The Mahometans of both Presidencies might, and if an opportunity occurred would, give us trouble, for they are actuated by the same sentiments as their northern brethren, but they are fewer in number, far worse educated, and less capable of sacrifices either for their country or their faith, than their co-religionists who are nearer the seat of their ancient empire.

It is easy, again, to see why the princes of India have not joined

joined in the rebellion. Patriotism is not by any means a popular virtue among pensioned and protected potentates. If the tide had turned against us, some of the number might have joined the mutineers. Yet the majority of them even then must have had a shrewd suspicion that if the strong hand of the English power were removed they might be called upon to vacate their thrones to more warlike and energetic men than Indian princes born in the purple can pretend to be. They have moreover experienced too much of our might to be eager for another trial of strength; and unless when urged on by their own turbulent followers, we have long ceased to have anything to fear from them.

Neither will those who are thoroughly acquainted with India be the least surprised that the peasantry of the country have shown no disposition to join the mutineers. They have not education sufficient to enable them to appreciate what is passing, nor patriotism sufficient to make them care who their masters are. That strange caricature of municipal institutions, known as the village system of India, is singularly destructive of anything like unity, and has always been the principal cause why India has fallen so easy a prey to anybody who had the courage to grasp at its dominion. We are proud of our local self-government, and with reason, because we have known how to superadd to it a central controlling power, and create an imperial element which is capable of combining the various wheels into a single machine. But nothing of the kind exists in India. Every village and every town is an independent state, managing its own affairs, and almost wholly regardless of all that passes beyond its boundary. So long as they are protected, and are not asked for more than their fair quota of rent, it matters little to them whether they are attached to the states of Scindiah, or Holkar, or the Nizam, or whether their suzerain is Mahometan, Hindoo, or Christian. It would be less strange to see the tenants of an English estate take up arms for a ruined family, and resist a legitimate purchaser, than to see Indian villagers interfere in a quarrel that did not immediately concern themselves. A fight between men whose business is to fight decides their fate, and when the transfer is made they pay their dues and their devoirs to the new lord as willingly as they did to the old. As with the English tenant in his lease, so they in their tenures have certain legal rights, and resist any interference with them; but there their interest ends, and they trouble themselves with little beyond. During the present struggle the villagers have cultivated their fields and continued to attend to their own personal affairs within sound of the guns of Delhi itself. The crops will be

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gathered

gathered in with the usual punctuality, and the cultivators will be prepared to pay their rent to whoever proves the conqueror in the fight. The English indigo-planters were permitted to carry on their labours almost unmolested in the district of Allyghur, half-way between Agra and Delhi, till, after the fall of the latter, a body of the defeated mutineers burnt the factories on their way to Oude.

To an united and organized people there is no element of danger that can arise from a nation disunited and parcelled out into districts, and we might have held India with less force than we have at present, had we not taken such pains to combine a portion of the scattered elements, and render the organization so perfect that it nearly accomplished our own destruction. Had we gone one step further, and formed the three armies of the three Presidencies into one, as has been earnestly recommended by some of the Queen's officers, we should probably at this moment have been defending the ramparts of Fort William and Fort George, and not one European would have been left alive in the interior of the country. Just as evident is the corollary that if we had had thirty armies instead of three the mutiny would have been impossible. It required all our energy to bind the reeds together and make a bundle we found it difficult either to bend or break. Let us avoid a like mistake in future and we shall have little to fear from India while it remains what it was.

If our views are correct it is needless to search for minute causes to account for the catastrophe. A vast system has been shivered to pieces without any one being aware that it was in danger. Faulty as it was, it answered admirably the purposes for which it was instituted. By means of it we both conquered India, and held it in subjection. It had withstood the test of one hundred years' experience. It was not shaken by the disastrous result of the Afghan campaign, and passed unscathed through the ordeal of the nearly balanced struggle with the Sikhs. No wonder, therefore, that the best informed men, civilians and military, considered it proof against any ordinary contingencies. There were, no doubt, prophets of evil who warned us of the danger, as there are men now to tell us that England's glory is departing, and that we must soon rank in the second or third class among nations. It is at all times easy for people to raise a cry when they have not the difficulty and responsibility of acting upon their predictions, but when an overwhelming majority of the persons most competent to judge believed the danger to be so distant that no extra precautions were required, we are not disposed to blame anybody for refusing to hearken to the Cassandra wailings of the disaffected few.

The main duty to be discharged now that the whole system has collapsed and every defect been laid bare, is to consider what is to be avoided and what to be maintained in the reorganization of the army which must shortly take place.

Among the most striking anomalies of the old system was the fact that the Indian army was always governed by a Queen's officer as Commander-in-Chief. Although this led to serious defects, it had yet the inestimable advantage of keeping pure the patronage of the army. As the Commanders-in-Chief were seldom men who had been in India before, they had no connexions among the Indian officers, and were generally too old to form new friendships among those they were appointed to command. The Indian army is always practically in face of an enemy, and for the sake of their own ease and credit the best man was always selected by his chiefs for the work to be done. Take up the history of India where we will, we always find that where a Company's officer is appointed to a command he is the right man in the right place, and no army in the world can boast of a more illustrious list of names. With scarcely a single exception, if a disaster occurred it was due to a royal officer, appointed by the Horse Guards at home, and who was either too old for the service in which he was employed, or so ignorant of the tools he had to work with that it was almost impossible he should succeed. Hence a notion has arisen that Indian officers, as a body, are superior to their brethren in the home service. But there cannot be a greater mistake. The very reverse would be nearer the truth. As a rule the Company's officer belongs to a less educated class, and one of inferior standing in the country, to that from which the officers for the Queen's service are derived; but there is a greater difference still in the education which goes on after they enter the army. The royal officer stays at home, mixes in the best society, lives in the midst of the triumphs of science and of civilization, and in spite of himself he imbibes a certain knowledge of the world, and catches something of the intellectual activity around him. The Indian officer, on the other hand, passes the greater part of his life in the jungle, or in remote stations where his society is limited to the officers of his own, or perhaps one or two other native corps. He is looked down upon by the civilians as belonging to an inferior grade, and learns to look down on those it is his business to command. He is exposed, in addition, to the enervating effects of the climate, and to the temptations which it induces, which are all the greater, that the restraint of public opinion can hardly be said to exist. Man for man, there can be little doubt which is the superior body; but in the upper ranks of the English army we have

have chiefly persons of average ability, who have obtained their position either by seniority, or family connexion, or political influence, without any opportunity of obtaining a practical knowledge of the duties of their profession. It is not fair to pit them against the picked men of the Indian army, always selected on account of their merit, and who have all their life been thrown on their own resources, and grown up in the discharge of the most arduous duties. It is to this promotion by merit that we owe the conquest of India, and it is only we believe by its continuance that we can retain our hold on the country; though, from the mode in which the advantage has hitherto been obtained, we have paid more dearly for it than we ought to have done.

Upright in their patronage, the Indian Commanders-in-Chief have generally had the drawback that they were old officers who passed their prime in the early wars of the century, in the days of Brown Bess and General Martinet. *Per fas et nefas*, they have attempted to force on the Sepoy the principles which carried the British soldier with such brilliant success through the Peninsular campaigns and made him victorious at Waterloo. This is the reason why the Sepoy is dressed in a coat that deprives him of the use of his arms, that he wears trowsers that obstruct his marching, that he is capped with a shako that attracts instead of averting the rays of the sun, that he is armed with a musket too heavy for him to carry and with a bayonet that he is unable to handle,—the reason, in short, why one of the bravest and most enduring of soldiers is transformed into as useless a puppet as ever stood in the ranks of an army. But it would be well if the evil stopped here. By slow but steady degrees the European system of discipline and European regulations have been introduced into the economy of the native regiments. A system of referring everything to head-quarters has been steadily persevered in, and as a natural consequence the power of the European regimental officers has been gradually reduced, till the Sepoy has been taught to believe that the only duty of his officers is to superintend his drill in times of peace and to show him the way in battle. He soon finds out that there is no power either to reward or to punish—everything being referred to a mythical impersonification of the Old Lady of Leadenhall Street, whom he never saw, and whose functions he cannot comprehend. Worse than even this, the first lesson a Sepoy learns is that he possesses a Magna Charta of privileges in certain European articles of war which cannot be infringed, and which secure him against the evil consequences of almost any amount of disobedience to his officers.

The wonder is that such a system has lasted so long, and has not

not broken down sooner. The Indian has no idea of any system of government except that of a pure and unadulterated despotism, and this not only as the attribute of the king on the throne, but extending through every rank down to the lowest menial in the land. Caste is not the cause, but the result, of this apathetic indolence of the native mind. Every Hindoo is content with the station of life in which he is born. No Cshetrya ever dreams of aspiring to be a Brahmin, no Veisya of rising to be a Cshetrya. It is his destiny that he should be placed where he is, and he is satisfied to continue in it and to obey those whom God has placed over him. In like manner, no Sepoy ever entered the army with an idea that he could share the privileges of an European. He acknowledges the difference, is quite prepared to obey, and would be glad to be saved the trouble of thinking upon the subject. The native who enters the service of the Company knows he will get his pay, and trusts that he will obtain his pension, but cares not much how he earns the one, or what he does to deserve the other, provided nothing is done that interferes with his position in the world, or with his religious scruples. He is only too glad, as for the rest, if his officers will take charge of him, teach him his duty, and see that he performs it. The one article of war which the Sepoy should be made to sign should be 'Obedience to the officers even unto death.' Such a condition would not deter a single man from entering the service, and would make him a happier man and a far better soldier when he was in it.* This was pretty much the system in the great days of the Sepoy army, from the time of Clive to that of Lord Lake, when they conquered India and performed deeds of valour of which any army might be proud, and exhibited a devotion to their officers which no soldiers ever surpassed. Then the commander was absolute in his own corps, and the subaltern in his company. Even now the Sikh levies and Goorkha battalions, which have done us such good service during the present rebellion, are only irregular corps, where the real command is with the officers, who laugh at articles of war and the pedantry of commanding martinets. Whenever we choose to return to a system which was based on a knowledge of the Indian character, we may have a Sepoy army as heroic as it was in those heroic days, and as obedient to its officers as in the thousand-and-one fights of our earlier campaigns.

* Of all the people of India the Sepoys have the least right to complain. They enter the service voluntarily, and can leave it whenever they please. With the natives not in the service the case is entirely different, and we are bound in fairness to respect their prejudices and religious feelings to the greatest extent consistent with the good government of the country.

Nevertheless,

Nevertheless, it would be madness, after the experience of the last few months, ever to re-assemble another army composed so exclusively of high-caste men as that which has just rebelled, and still more insane to fuse 100,000 men into one homogeneous mass. There is no point on which greater unanimity exists than that the 'line of battle' (to borrow a term from a sister service) must in India be composed of British troops; and we venture to assert in the face of the common belief that a very slight addition to our former complement of Europeans would be amply sufficient for every purpose. It is hardly conceivable that our soldiers will again be exposed to such a peril as that which is passing away, and which yet failed to shake our hold on the country for a single hour. Still it might be expedient to raise the number of the Company's European infantry from 9000 to 12,000 or 15,000 men; to add 5000 to their artillery, into which no native soldier should be admitted; and these conjoined to the 30,000 royal troops would, we believe, be amply sufficient to hold India against any power that could ever arise within her boundaries.

There are, however, many duties which such an army could not perform at all, and many others which a native army could perform better, and there is no reason why we should forego the use of the latter, if we take care in reorganizing it to profit by the experience we have lately gained.

Instead of a single Bengal army, there might be a Bengal, an Agra, and a Lahore contingent. There should perhaps be another at Mooltan, and at Scinde, and certainly one at Malwa. Each of these should form a separate army, with no appeal beyond the limits of the district to which it belonged, or more correctly beyond the limits within which personal investigation can take place. There is nothing a native understands less than a written appeal to an unseen judge; and both in civil and military matters there has been no more fertile cause of misery and misunderstanding than this. If at the same time we take care that the regiments shall be only partially recruited in the districts in which they are to serve, and that no contingent shall exceed in any case, say 20,000 men, we conceive that we shall have nothing to fear from Sepoy revolts in future times.

The troops might be organized as irregular infantry, armed with a carbine and sword bayonet, and their uniform might be a compromise between native and European costume, so that it should neither prove irksome to the Sepoy, nor be markedly dissimilar from such a dress as European officers could wear. When on foreign service, to which they would all of course be liable, they should be treated as auxiliary light troops. In this capacity they would be
invaluable

invaluable adjuncts, relieving the European from all those duties which are unsuited to him in an Indian climate, while in time of peace they would amply suffice for the discharge of police duties, such as treasure and jail guards, and in short for all those services which the Sepoys have hitherto performed, but which from their organization they perform both clumsily and badly.

It can scarcely be doubted but that some such scheme will be eventually adopted, but a more pressing question is, what we are to do with the revolted Sepoys, who are or have been in arms against us? As long as every mail brought news of fresh horrors, the cry was naturally for vengeance, and it is hardly surprising that men should be found to advocate the slaughter of the whole Sepoy race. Now that the danger has passed, it is hoped that calmer counsels will prevail. If we were going to abandon India in disgust we might adopt the savage policy of destroying the buildings (as we did, little to our credit, at Cabul), and inflict such a punishment as would make us remembered but execrated, for centuries. But such a policy would find few advocates at present, and at any time would have been worse than unworthy of us. It would have been as humane and as just to have murdered the Bomarsund prisoners during the Russian war; for after they lay down their arms the Sepoys are our prisoners, and are quite as much at our mercy as if shut up in our jails. There is no doubt the distinction that they are rebels against the power whose pay they took, and to whom they professed an allegiance; but we must not forget that, whatever may be our ideas on the subject, the natives do not consider this a mutiny, but a fair and even a patriotic war. Those acquainted with the native character will admit that they are neither demoralized nor degraded by the part they have taken in the struggle, but will be as good citizens and would be as good soldiers after it as before.

Although it is dangerous to advance such an argument among Europeans, it is nevertheless true, that the murder of their officers was considered by them as one of the conditions of the fight, and was, alas! a too melancholy compliment to our prowess. The rebels well knew that if warned they would escape, and no less that, from their courage, their power of combination, and their resources, they would render impossible the success of the revolt. The Sepoys took in consequence the sanguinary precaution which is not altogether revolting to the natural ferocity, when roused, of the Asiatic mind, and which was the only one which promised them a chance of victory. They did not dare to meet even their officers in fair fight, and they felt that, while an European remained alive in the land, the empire of India could not be theirs. To this we must add, that where the atrocities which

which have been perpetrated can be brought home to Sepoys, no appeal for mercy can be heard. But full evidence on this point is still wanting. The whole jail population of the country has been let loose; all the scum of the population that congregates about large cities and military cantonments is now at the surface; and there are no doubt fanatic and brutal men among the Mahometan Sowars, and other branches of the service. To what extent the regular Sepoy has been involved in the massacres and outrages remains to be seen. Let us at least hope that the bulk of them will be entitled to an acquittal; for after the embers of the mutiny are stamped out, and the revolvers have laid down their arms, every man that is executed will be a martyr, and every measure of severity will only tend to embitter the quarrel, without effecting any good. If we intend to live in peace with them, and to do our best to advance their material and social prosperity, it would be well, when the stern and imperative demands of justice have been satisfied, to show ourselves for the rest as generous as we are strong, and by daring to despise their opinions on our conduct, they will eventually ascribe it to the right motive, whatever that may be.

With the overwhelming European force which is now at their command, the authorities in India will be powerful enough to choose whatever course they think best; and as the task of reconstruction will fall principally to the lot of the officers of our army, it is not probable that too great leniency for the past, or any excess of affection for the natives, will be allowed to have weight in their decision. The Sepoy will be reduced to his proper position as an auxiliary; and if this is accompanied by a general disarmament of the people, to the extent at least of taking from them their artillery and destroying their forts, not only will our empire be stronger than before, but it may be preserved without the unwieldy native armies which have hitherto exhausted its resources. With the experience we have gained, it is to be hoped that no great mistakes will be made in this direction; but a far more difficult and delicate task remains in the reorganization of the civil government, and placing it on such a basis as shall enable it to develop the resources of the country, and raise the revenue so as to meet the current expenses of the state.

Of late years every annual statement has shown a great and increasing deficiency, and successive loans are heaping up a debt that may shortly become a serious burthen on the finances of the country. A great part of this is no doubt owing to recent wars, which have been forced on the Government by unforeseen aggressions, and a great deal also is due to the expenditure on public works which may be profitable; but the revenues show

no elasticity compared with the drain. We are placed in the anomalous position of being absolute rulers of the richest country in the world, without being able to make it pay its expenses; and, although essentially a commercial nation, we can carry on its trade only by such an afflux of bullion as must disorder the financial arrangements of even the wealthiest nation of the world.

Unless these conditions can be altered, it will be impossible for us either to benefit the people of India, or to profit ourselves by our connexion with her. Whether or not the civil service is to blame, there is no question but that the whole responsibility of whatever is good or evil in the government of the country rests on their shoulders. Though under different titles, the whole rule of the country has practically been in their hands for the last hundred years. The governors have generally been strangers, and have seen only through their eyes, and even the Court of Directors have practically been always influenced by the suggestions emanating from this body. Though younger than most corporations in Europe, they have, from their exclusiveness and local character, acquired a batch of traditions and of privileges which would do honour to the oldest guilds of the west, and has enabled them till lately to resist every change. As they were in the good old days of the Company's monopoly, so are they now. Yet with all its defects the system has produced a body of men unsurpassed, either for talent or integrity, by any service in the world, and which might be admirably suited to the former status of India. But they have not changed with the times. Their training, in fact, is of a contracted and exclusive kind. Those destined for the service were taken before their school education was finished to undergo a special education in an exclusive class college. The first day they passed on board ship on their way to India they could not help being aware that they had assumed a rank that placed them above the rest of their fellow passengers. Arrived at the Presidency, the civilian passed at once into the house of one of the magnates of his own class, and became the welcome guest at Government House, and sought after in the best society of the Presidency; while the poor cadet was left to find his level among the subalterns in the fort, and the merchant disappeared in the counting-houses of his friends. After a short probation the civilian was sent up the country, and became at once a ruler in the land, with a salary that an officer in any other service could only hope to attain after many years of employment. Thenceforward he rose by seniority from one position of importance to another, and if his health lasted he succeeded to posts which in any other country are only given to the

the selected few. No man was ever dismissed the service for incompetency, and very few indeed for misconduct. Whatever such a career may do for a man, it certainly is not calculated to stimulate him to any earnest study of his professional duties, and it raises him far too much above those he is to govern to allow of his acquiring any real knowledge of their wants and habits. On the other hand, in order to maintain the appointments of the civil servants at the high rate at which they now stand, their numbers are so few that three men, one as judge, another as magistrate, and a third as collector, are supposed to be sufficient to manage the whole judicial, criminal, and revenue affairs of a district containing 3000 or 4000 square miles, and from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 inhabitants; as many as are included in the whole lowlands of Scotland south of the Clyde and the Forth. This evil, and it is one of the first magnitude, might be greatly modified if there was any other class, native or European, to whom a portion of these duties might safely be delegated. Since Lord William Bentinck's time, a good deal has been done in advancing the natives to positions of trust, but with doubtful success, and the jealousy of the service has hitherto prevented the far more certain expedient of allowing additional Europeans to partake of the present monopoly of power; though it is tolerably certain that if any good is to be done by the English in India, it must be effected through a more liberal infusion of the European element into the government of the country.

When we consider the position of a civilian in his district, we can hardly wonder at his steady resistance to any proposition for bringing more of his countrymen into his district. Unfortunately those natives who most frequent the Company's Courts are neither of the best class, nor good specimens of any class, and generally come there not to seek justice, but to obtain their own ends by means that are too readily available. Whatever decision a judge may give, they are prepared to repeat the usual formula, 'I know only God in heaven and you on earth: what you decree is the will of God.' This, or some such words, is the sole criticism a civilian ever hears from the servile crew that surround him; but when it comes to be the case of some planter or European settler, if the decree is contrary to the facts of the case or to the principles of justice, he speaks out his mind, writes off at once to the papers of the presidency to complain of the wrong he has suffered, and appeals to the Supreme Court for redress. Such conduct must of necessity be extremely distasteful to a man in the civilian's position; and it is asking more than can be expected of human nature to suppose that he should do otherwise than dislike the dissident who beards his hitherto unquestioned authority.

Yet

Yet it can scarcely be doubtful that a correction of this evil is the thing most wanted in India. If there were in every district a class of men who had the courage to stand up for their rights and insist on justice, none of those acts of oppression which are so loudly complained of could ever have taken place, and we should neither have to blame the arrogance of the service, nor to lament over the servility of its subjects. The feud, however, is one of long standing, and not likely to be easily appeased, inasmuch as it has already produced the very evils which it was intended to check. Till the year 1833 the uncovenanted Englishman had no existence in the eye of the law outside the limits of the three capitals of the presidencies. He could neither hold lands, nor sign deeds, nor possess property. The consequence was that no man of position or of character would jeopardise his property where the law would not protect him, and the first settlers were mere adventurers who had no status elsewhere, and who cared little what they risked, nor much by what means they gained their ends. Matters have improved since 1833; but the feeling still remains, and the civilians continue to charge on the planter the evils which were created by their own system of exclusion. In the attempt to get rid of public opinion altogether, they kept out the better class and let in the worse.

Since the time that public opinion has penetrated to the remotest districts of the country, and it has been impossible for the civilian to put down the planter with a strong hand, the service has been clamouring for an Act of Council, most justly denominated the *Black Act* by the English inhabitants of India, the effect of which would be to place the liberty of every Englishman outside the Mahratta Ditch at the mercy of any civilian who chose to take umbrage at his conduct. If it were passed into a law every settler must either leave the country or imitate the servility and resort to the bribery and lying of his native compeers; and if this class of men would alone become planters, it would be better that they were eradicated altogether. The details of these squabbles have ordinarily little interest for English readers, but one notable instance has recently attracted the attention of the public. The whole of the unpopularity with which the administration of Lord Canning is viewed by the inhabitants of Calcutta is owing to his listening in an evil hour to the civilian theory that *all Europeans not of the service are no better than natives*. If the Governor-General had passed an act suppressing the wretched native press altogether, neither native nor European would have uttered one word in its defence; and if he had then passed a second act, appealing in the preamble to the patriotism of his fellow countrymen, and explaining the emergency

gency that called for the censorship, the press would have stood by him with the same unanimity with which it supported every measure of Lord Auckland's government at the time of the Caubul disasters. But when he classed the barristers, the merchants, and the bankers of Calcutta, and the organs of their sentiments, with the low press of the natives, and the very inferior class of men in whose hands that press is, the blood of every Englishman boiled over in a torrent of indignation.

There is no doubt that many of the difficulties of Lord Canning's administration are owing to this fatal mistake. Never was there a moment when unanimity in the conquering nation would have been of greater service; and nothing could have given more encouragement to the natives than to hear the Governor-General and all around him spoken of in terms of the most indiscriminate contempt by men known to be as clever, as patriotic, and of as high standing (in the eyes of the people) as those who influenced the councils of Government House.

The Arms Bill was a second mistake of the same sort. Two acts would have avoided all the difficulty, but no civil servant can see the distinction between the uncovenanted European and the native, though in his own case he cannot conceive the possibility of being coupled in the same category with any native in any circumstances whatever. But for these mistakes, the calm bearing and determined front which Lord Canning opposed to overwhelming difficulties would have commanded the admiration of the English in India, and the success which has crowned his efforts would have made him the most popular of Governors-General.

The whole question between the civil service and the planter can hardly be put in a clearer light than by the following extract from a letter bearing the well-known signature of 'Indophilus,' which appeared in the 'Times' of the 30th ultimo (December):—

'Lord William Bentinck called attention to another powerful lever of Indian improvement in the following words:—"Every indigo and coffee plantation, the Gloucester Mills, the works of every description that are moved by steam, the iron-foundries, the coal-mines worked after the European fashion, and the other great establishments that we see around us in Calcutta, are so many great schools of instruction, the founders of which are the real improvers of the country; it is from the same sources that we must expect other schoolmasters of new and improved industry." The schoolmasters should not, however, also be the tyrants of the people, which they certainly will be if they are erected into a dominant aristocracy by partial legislation. The other evil consequences of the mutiny would be trifling compared with this. All we know of high-handed insolence elsewhere would fall short of what

what would take place if the iron and clay of the English and Bengalee characters came into contact under these conditions. We are already too much disposed to look upon the natives as a people over whom the Anglo-Saxon was born to domineer.'

In this statement of the case the civilian entirely overlooks the fact that in the civil service, of which he is a member, the Anglo-Saxon has been elevated by a partial legislation into a dominant aristocracy, and does domineer over the natives, backed by the whole power and organization of the Government. What we are advocating is the introduction of a class who shall be responsible for their own conduct, and who, being on the side of the natives, may serve to mitigate the 'high-handed insolence' with which the Bengalee is treated at present. What the free settler asks is not to be placed, like the Company's civil servants, above the law, but to be allowed the same advantages as the natives, and to be judged by the British code. We concede this privilege to the Mahometan and Hindoo, and it certainly is as much the birthright of the Englishman as of any class of his native fellow-subjects.

Lord Ellenborough had a far more just appreciation of our position in India when he compared it with that of the Normans in Saxon England. We are Normans there, but with the humanizing influence of eight centuries of progressive civilization to enlighten and to soften us, and we are ruling a people far more intellectual and far more gentle than the Saxons of the eleventh century. The consequence is, that, though conscious of our strength, we are prepared to employ it as generously as is consistent with the peace and order of the country; but it is evident it is far more likely to be gently used by peaceful settlers than either by soldiers or all-powerful civilians, backed, as they are, by the whole power of a despotic Government.

When the Aryan Hindoos first settled in India they divided themselves into three great classes or castes. These were the Brahmins, or overseers; the Cshetryas, or warriors; and the Veisyas, or merchant class. The aboriginal natives whom they found in the country were relegated to a fourth, and called Sudras. The system has at least this test of wisdom in it, that it was successful; for though these distinctions have been practically abrogated in the lapse of time by the introduction of hundreds of intermediate castes, still the Hindoos retain their nationality and institutions to the present day. We, to a certain extent, have imitated their system. We have established a civilian class which is well nigh as exclusive as the Brahmins. Our soldier class are as completely separated from the rest of the community as the Cshetryas of old, and their duties

are

are the same. But here our system halts, for our rulers have hitherto resolutely refused to admit the English Veisyas among the twice-born castes, and the consequence is that we have no roots in the soil, and our empire is a roof without walls to support it, a thing which the slightest blow shakes to its foundation, and which may pass away and leave not a wreck behind.

This defect might no doubt be remedied to a certain extent by an indefinite increase of the civil service, so that it should possess a body of men with salaries so low and fees or charges so small that they should be brought into immediate contact with the natives. At present the civilians are all officers without any soldiers or inferior grades, and from their position dwell so completely apart from their subjects as to be practically inaccessible, and must be ignorant, not only of the wants of the people, but of what is passing around them.

A far better plan, however, would be to allow the civil service to remain as it is, but practically to limit their duties to that of superintendents of provinces or districts, and to encourage by every feasible means the introduction of a body of independent English settlers, whose interests would be identified with those of the people, who would have intelligence enough to understand what is proposed by the Government, and courage enough to see that wrongs are redressed and justice done to all.

So intent are men's minds in India on this subject that what cannot be designated otherwise than as a caricature of this proposal has recently found advocates, at least in Calcutta. It has been seriously proposed to introduce English law, English pleadings, and English lawyers into the district courts of India! It need hardly be pointed out that such a proceeding could only result in puzzling the judges and defeating the ends of justice by the introduction of technicalities which no one but the counsel would comprehend, and by making law so expensive and the results so uncertain, that the present system of bribery and corruption, tempered as it is by the purity and common sense of the magistrate, would be the perfection of human wisdom in comparison.

Turn, indeed, which way we will, there seems no other escape from the difficulties of India under English rule than by a large infusion of that element which is acknowledged to be indispensable in all the higher departments of the Government. In none is this want so apparent as in the collection of revenue. Nothing can be seemingly more hopeless than the dilemma into which the ryotwar system has plunged the presidencies of Madras and Bombay. In theory it may no doubt be contended that a European master is better than a native, and in the hands of so energetic

energetic and philanthropic a man as Sir Thomas Monro, the execution of the plan might to a certain extent be feasible—at least before the steady, unrelaxing exactions of half a century had swept away every native institution and every trace of wealth from the land where it was introduced, reducing all to one dead level of abject poverty.

As it now exists the plan is simply this. A wretched ryot, whose earnings do not reach 3*l.* or 4*l.* per annum, is brought into immediate contact with a great civilian whose income counts by as many thousands, who resides in state some twenty or thirty miles off, and who is backed by the whole organization of the service and an immense army ready to execute his behests. If any one man among the many thousands under his charge has the boldness and good fortune to obtain a hearing for his complaint, he is persecuted to the death by the hundred and one irresponsible officers of the magnate, who have no interest in the welfare of the ryot, and still less in the good of the state, but whose position and whose gains depend entirely on their power of preventing the people from obtaining access to the collector, and in keeping the collector in ignorance of what is passing among his subjects.

Compared with this arrangement the system of the native governments was wisdom itself, when applied to such a state of society as that now existing in India. The king delegated his power and his revenues for a fixed rent to be paid by the *soubahdar* of the province; he in turn delegated his rights to the *zemindar*; the *zemindar* sublet them to the *talookdar*; and the *talookdar* looked to the head man of the village, who arranged among his fellow-villagers the proportion of rent which each was to pay. Every one of these grades formed, if the expression may be used, a buffer between the supreme power and the rent-paying atoms at the lower end of the scale. Each had a direct interest in protecting those below him, and resisting those above him, and each was so near in rank to the next highest class, that every case could be heard and every grievance attended to. In the collapse of the Mogul empire, which occurred when we first took charge of the country, the vitality of this system was doubtless considerably impaired, and many abuses existed; but while a true control lasted, there is no doubt that a larger revenue was realised, with far less oppression to the people, than we can now raise, and the condition of the ryot was far better into the bargain. Owing to the blunder of Lord Cornwallis something like this state of things still exists in the perpetually settled provinces of Bengal. There can be no question that the settlement was a mistake, that it gave the land to those who had no claim to it, and

ignored entirely the rights and privileges of the real possessors; but it had the inestimable virtue of interposing a class between the Company's collector and the cultivator of the soil. The consequence has been that those famines which periodically devastate the ryotwar provinces are absolutely unknown in Bengal, though before the settlement they raged there more frightfully than anywhere else. The population of the country has increased to an extent undreamed of by its rulers, and want is almost unknown. There cannot be found an acre of land which is fit for the plough that is not under cultivation, and nearly all the wealth and intelligence of India is centered in these provinces.

Since the passing of the Act of 1833, a considerable extent of land in Bengal has got, more or less directly, into the hands of European settlers, and, with increased security of property, this transfer would no doubt be carried to a much greater extent, to the no small benefit of the ryot on the one hand and the Government on the other. There seems, indeed, no escape from the ryotwar system but by Government actively encouraging what is already going on without their intervention.

Had anything approaching what might be called a class of native gentlemen been left in the ryotwar provinces, the transfer might in the first instance have been made to them; but as every trace of such a class has been destroyed, the allowing Europeans to lease talooks seems the only way of enlisting a body of men whose interests shall be bound up in the prosperity of the ryot, and whose business it would be not only to protect him against oppression, but to teach him how to improve the cultivation of the land. It need hardly be added that it is only by European skill and energy, backed by European capital, that the trade of the country has been increased, or its resources developed to any extent; and although the means of further development form a subject too vast to be discussed here, the cotton trade is an example about which so much has been said and which is so interesting to our manufacturing population, that it can hardly be passed over. Fortunately its peculiarities can easily be explained by reference to what has been done in the cultivation of indigo in India.

During the great days of the old monopoly, indigo was at one time so insignificant an article of trade, at another time was so unprofitable, that the Company rejected it; but being the only material they did not deign to monopolise, it was seized on by the free-traders, and from one of the most unimportant, became the staple commodity of Indian commerce. During the last sixty years it has not only maintained this position in India, but it has defied all competition abroad; and in every European market Bengal indigo

indigo still commands a practical monopoly. During this period the manufacture has been improved to a great extent, and though the process might still appear rude to a scientific European, it is doubtful if any other would produce a better result. It has also the advantage of extreme simplicity and of being comprehended with perfect ease by the natives. Although all these ends have been achieved by European agency alone, the natives have by no means abandoned the cultivation. You cannot pass up a river in Bengal without occasionally seeing a native factory on one side of the stream and a European factory within sight of it on the opposite bank. The two factories literally grow the plant on the same lands; the men who manufacture it on one side are the brothers and sons of those in the opposite establishment, and are frequently changing places. The native has all the advantage of the European experience, and has the greater advantage still of being the owner of his land and factory; the ryots are his serfs, and the people around are all bound to obey him. The indigo of the planter arrives in Calcutta in November or December perfectly dry, well packed, in good and clean condition, and fit for any market in the world. The native indigo arrives in January or February, still damp, ill-sorted, ill-packed, dirty and ill-conditioned, and so unmarketable, that it seldom finds its way to a European market, but is shipped to the Gulphs or some land of rude manufacturing processes. If the indigo of the European sells at 150 rupees, that of the native may fetch from 80 to 100.

It is exactly the same with cotton. That from America arrives in Liverpool clean, and well sorted and well packed; the supply is certain, and the quality to be depended upon. The Bombay cotton, on the other hand, is badly picked and badly cleaned, is scarcely sorted at all, and so badly packed that it arrives at Bombay from the interior saturated with dust and soaked with moisture, while the supply is so uncertain that it will not suit any spinner to adapt his machinery to work this species alone. If Europeans could be established in the interior, every one of these defects would be removed at once, and the staple could easily be made, if not quite equal to the Georgian, at least so near it as hardly to depreciate its value. This might be accomplished either by the introduction of foreign seeds, which have been proved to answer well, or by selecting the longest stapled Indian varieties and attending sedulously to their culture. At present, the natives year after year sow the same seed in the same field which their forefathers sowed there from time immemorial. Every cultivator in England is aware that crops soon degenerate if seed continues to be returned to the same land which produced it.

The simple expedient of interchanging the seed of one province with that of another, as is done invariably by the indigo planters, would improve the cultivation to an immense extent. But whatever be the process by which the amelioration is effected, there can be no doubt that the introduction of European skill and capital would at once make as great a change in cotton as it does in indigo, and that while native cotton now fetches only 4*d.* per lb. at a time when American realizes 6*d.*, Indian cotton grown under European superintendence would sell at the same price as American, and compete with it in any market. Besides improvement in quality, the supply would be certain and the quantity unlimited.

In this country it has been assumed that the construction of roads and railroads in India would effect the change. Undoubtedly these are excellent things, and will be of immense benefit to the districts through which they pass; but without European settlers they will be like beautiful tools without mechanics to handle them. They are far from being in themselves the most important elements either for improving the administration of justice or developing the resources of the country. These objects must be secured by a larger infusion of the European element, and that in a form less terrible than when armed with all the tremendous power of the Imperial Government. Whether it is that we look to the improvement of the social habits of the people, or to the introduction among them of European education or religion, it can only be accomplished by a *tiers état* in immediate contact with themselves. The civilian is by his position too far removed, and as a servant of Government he cannot obtain an impartial hearing. The soldier has of course no business to interfere, but a body of Englishmen whose interests were identical with those of their native fellow subjects, may work such a change in India as the most sanguine have hardly ever yet dared to anticipate.

In the modifications that are about to take place in the government of India, we trust that these principles may be kept steadily in view. So great a change cannot be effected by a single enactment or a mere alteration in forms, but by perseverance in a well-defined course, which will call forth it is to be feared a considerable amount of opposition. So far, however, as can be judged at present, it seems the only course likely to conduct us out of our difficulties, or which would conduce materially to the benefit of India.

Whatever changes may eventually be determined upon with regard to the constitution of the Home Government of India, it is to be hoped that at present they will not go beyond a fusion

fusion of the two existing bodies into one, and the removal of the Court out of their hiding-place at Leadenhall Street to the freer and more intellectual atmosphere of the west.* If the President and Vice-President of the Board of Control were appointed Chairman and Deputy-Chairman *ex officio* of the Board of Directors, and the name of the latter body were changed to that of Council of India, all the unity and responsibility which is sought for would be obtained without losing the benefit of that experience which is just now so valuable. A revolution at home while a rebellion is raging abroad would unsettle everything, and errors might be committed in haste which years would be required to retrieve. It may no doubt be true that the system of double government is become no longer tolerable, or, indeed, possible; but it will be well for India if, in seeking a system which may seem more fitted to the exigencies of the hour, she finds rulers as disinterested and as warmly devoted to her welfare as the Company has proved. During so long and so eventful a career as that which began at Plassy and ended with the relief of Lucknow, it is impossible that any body of men should have avoided committing blunders of considerable magnitude; but their errors have never been those of ambition, and they cannot be charged with doing knowingly what they believed to be unjust or wrong. Steadily they have held the helm of the state, neither elated by success nor abashed by defeat, and the result is such as the world never saw before. When some future historian of England shall look for an illustration of the power of combination and steady adherence to a given purpose, which is said to be the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, he will find no example so striking as the history of the East India Company, and none more creditable to the middle classes of English society; for whether here or in India, no order of persons ever performed with more ability or more integrity the various duties assigned to them in their several stations. And now that this state of things is passing away, it is an unparalleled event in the history of mankind, that a private company of merchants should be able to lay at the feet of their sovereign the empire of one-fifth of the human race, and the dominion over the fairest and richest portion of the habitable globe—a dominion gained by their own wisdom and the talents of their servants, and more in spite of than by means of any assist-

* There could not be a better inauguration of Sir B. Hall's grand scheme for concentrating the public offices at Westminster; and as land in Leadenhall Street is so much more valuable than in Cannon Row, it may be done almost without expense either to the Company or to the Government of this country.

ance vouchsafed to them by the government of the country. If we show as much wisdom in using, as the Company have shown in gaining this empire, it will be well both for us and for our fellow-subjects in the east.

The policy which is best adapted for the conquest and original settlement of a country may not be the best for its subsequent consolidation. The traditions of a hitherto successful government may prevent the agents who are trained under the old system from changing their views with a change of circumstances, and they may wish to stop at the foundation when they ought to be rearing the superstructure. The time may have arrived when they need an impulse from without that they may not become a barrier to that civilization which their predecessors started on its grand career. But in thinking of the much which remains to do, it would be folly to forget the much which has been done, and how able were the heads that contrived and the hands that executed it. The narrative of the 'Rise of our Indian Empire, from its Origin till the Peace of 1783,' which has just been reprinted from Lord Mahon's 'History of England,' is replete with an interest which rises to the pitch of being romantic from the wonderful deeds it records. Those who imagine that the story of our Indian Empire is dull will be agreeably surprised when they read it in the pages of a writer who has the art to single out what is notable, and the literary skill to exhibit it in its full light and its just proportions. It is one continuous tale of adventurous genius—genius both military and political—genius which combined consummate prudence with chivalrous daring, and which was equally able to be lordly in war and moderate in peace. There are dark spots undoubtedly in the prospect, but no one can rise up from the admirable narrative of Lord Stanhope without being deeply impressed with the magnificent display of the greatest qualities of the hero and statesman which has been continuously manifested in connexion with our Indian rule; and we repeat our opinion that though it is necessary in some respects to change the course of the ship, it is neither politic or just at present to discard the crew which has worked it with such courage and skill, and, by the mere dexterity of pilotage, has carried it triumphantly through such fearful storms.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple. Now first published from the Original MSS. With an Introduction and Notes.* 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1857.
 2. *Boswelliana.* Edited for the Philobiblon Society. By Richard Monckton Milnes. 4to. London, 1856.
 3. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Edited by the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker. 1 vol. Imperial 8vo. London, 1847.

THE contemporaries of Boswell had a higher opinion of his abilities than prevails at present. Lord Buchan said 'he had genius, but wanted ballast to counteract his whim.' Dr. Johnson, in his 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,' bore testimony to his 'acuteness and gaiety of conversation.' Sir William Forbes acknowledged that his 'talents were considerable,' and a writer, who was probably Isaac Reed, described him in the 'European Magazine' 'as a man of excellent natural parts, on which he had engrafted a great deal of knowledge.' His social powers were universally recognised. 'If general approbation,' Johnson wrote to him in 1778, 'will add anything to your enjoyment, I can tell you that I have heard you mentioned as a person whom everybody likes. I think life has little more to give.' The next year Johnson writes to him, 'The more you are seen the more you will be liked;' and, describing him to a lady, he said, 'Boswell is a man who I believe never left a house without leaving a wish for his return.' David Hume speaks of him in a letter as being 'very good-humoured, very agreeable, and very mad.' Burke doubted if he were fit to be a member of the Literary Club, but it was before they were acquainted, and when he was elected the great statesman was won over by an hilarity so abounding and spontaneous that he maintained it to be no more meritorious than to possess a good constitution. To Boswell's other qualities for enlivening a circle was joined a talent for mimicry, which was then in fashion among the wits of the metropolis, most of whom employed it, as he tells in his 'Life of Johnson,' to add piquancy to their anecdotes. In his boyhood he had imitated in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre the lowing of a cow with such success, that there was a general cry

in the gallery ‘*Encore the cow!*’ He attempted to vary the performance with very inferior effect, and Dr. Hugh Blair, who sat next him, whispered in his ear, ‘Stick to the cow, mon!’ His proficiency in the art increased with years, and in a trial of skill between himself and Garrick to see which could give the best personation of Johnson, he absolutely outdid the incomparable actor, who was famous for the faculty, in the conversational part, and was only surpassed by him in the inferior branch of taking off their friend’s method of reciting verse. Hannah More was the umpire. With the accuracy of distinction for which he was celebrated, Johnson has remarked that mimicry requires great powers, though it is to make a mean use of them—‘great acuteness of observation, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of organs to represent what is observed.’ It is not a little singular that a work which has conferred an immortality upon Boswell far beyond what the most indulgent of his applauding friends would have supposed him capable of attaining, should be the very ground with posterity for questioning his abilities. That a dunce should have produced a biography which, by general confession, stands at the head of its own department of literature—a department so difficult that it can boast fewer masterpieces than any other species of composition—is without a parallel, and hardly conceivable. Imbecility and absurdity could not of themselves give birth to excellence. To exaggerate Boswell’s weaknesses was perhaps impossible, but the talents which mingled with them have sometimes been denied or underrated, and a paradoxical antithesis has been set up between the folly of the man and the greatness of his book. His reasoning faculties were, no doubt, small; he was childishly vain, and often silly in his conduct; all of which may be equally affirmed of Lord Nelson, and yet did not prevent the coexistence of genius. The ‘*Life of Johnson*’ is rendered in some degree more entertaining by the foibles of its author, but its plan and execution, everything which constitutes its enduring interest and value, are due to mind and skill, and not to the absence of these qualities.

Johnson asserted in 1773 that up to that period there had been no good biography of any literary man in England. ‘Besides,’ he said, ‘the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works.’ There were two things which he was confident he could do well—state what a book ought to be, and why it fell short of the conception. This must have been more particularly the case with biography, which was his favourite pursuit, and one upon which he had reflected

flected much. Yet before he had uttered the observation which embodied his scheme Boswell had framed a far superior plan, and his correspondence is evidence, if any evidence could be required, that his work was original by design, and not by chance. 'I am absolutely certain,' he writes to his friend Temple, 'that my mode of biography, which gives not only a history of Johnson's visible progress through the world, and of his publications, but a view of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has yet appeared.' Several persons had reported the conversations of eminent writers, many had given collections of letters to the world, but nobody before Boswell had framed a distinct idea of combining them into a life-like portrait; of reproducing departed greatness upon paper; of depicting habits, talk, manners, disposition, and appearance, with the fulness and exactness of reality. Biography had been cultivated by the ancients as well as the moderns; and after hundreds had tried their hands upon it for centuries, it was no small intellectual distinction to be the first to perceive its true compass and capabilities. Neither was it a mere mechanical task to fill up the outline. Boswell was not very witty, nor very wise, but he had an exquisite appreciation of wit and wisdom. He avows again and again that he only recorded portions of what he heard, and the internal evidence would prove of itself, without his assertion, that he winnowed his matter. No wholesale and servile report could possess the vigour and raciness of his selections. In one or two instances others have retailed the same conversations as himself at more than treble the length, and with not a tithe of the spirit. His tact is the more remarkable, that he carefully treasured up trifles, when, to use his own words, 'they were amusing and characteristic,' and it is seldom in these cases that his judgment is at fault. Fitzherbert said that it was not every man who could carry a *bon mot*, and probably no man carries witticisms correctly, who has not himself a full comprehension of their point. Boswell carried repartees, maxims, and arguments with accuracy, because he felt their force, and throughout his work details them in a manner which shows the keenness of his relish. To follow the hum of conversation with so much intelligence, and amid the confused medley to distinguish what was worthy to be preserved, required unusual quickness of apprehension, and cannot be reconciled to the notion that he was simply endowed with strength of memory. His sharp eye for manners and motives taught him in addition to preserve the dramatic vitality of his scenes. 'The incidental observations,'

says Mr. Croker, 'with which he explains or enlivens the dialogue, are terse, appropriate, and picturesque—we not merely hear his company, we *see* them.'

His perception, again, of character was acute. His portraits not only of Johnson, but of the society grouped around his central figure, are marked by the nicest lines of individuality. Goldsmith, Garrick, Beauclerk, and Dr. Taylor, are drawn with a vividness which could hardly be eclipsed, and, what is the perfection of the art, the result is produced by half-a-dozen easy strokes. He possessed the rare faculty of being able to single out the precise traits which were peculiar to each person, and whoever tries to imitate him will learn to respect the felicitous touches of his discriminating pen. 'Few people,' said Johnson, 'who have lived with a man know what to remark about him. The chaplain of Bishop Pearce, whom I was to assist in writing some memoirs of his Lordship, could tell me scarcely anything.' He wanted in his early days of authorship to give a *Life of Dryden*, and applied for materials to Swinney and Colley Cibber, the only two persons then alive who had seen him. Swinney had nothing to relate of so famous a personage, except that at Will's coffee-house he had a chair by the fire in winter, when it was called his winter chair, and that it was set in the balcony in summer, when it was called his summer chair. Cibber asserted that he was as well acquainted with him as if he had been his own brother, and could tell a thousand anecdotes of him, but his reminiscences were summed up in the barren announcement 'that he recollected him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's.' In the latter case Johnson thought that the poverty of the information was partly explained by the little intimacy which Dryden was likely to have permitted to Cibber, in spite of his boasted familiarity. 'He had perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other.' Derrick was sent to Dryden's relations with no better result. 'I believe,' said Johnson, 'he got all that I should have got myself, but it was nothing.' In the '*Rambler*' he states that there are not many who can describe a living acquaintance except by his grosser peculiarities. Swinney, Cibber, and his own relations could not describe the great poet at all. Notwithstanding the immense advantage of having the masterly model of Boswell to work by, the *Lives* which have appeared since his time have not tended to weaken the opinion expressed by Johnson of the extreme difficulty of the art of biographical portraiture. With rare exceptions the authors have neither known what to tell, nor what to leave untold.

The

The value of Boswell's graphic narrative is vastly increased by the minute fidelity of the representation. Sir Joshua Reynolds observed of the veracious Johnson, that, admirable as he was in sketching characters, he obtained distinctness at the expense of perfect accuracy, and assigned to people more than they really had, whether of good or bad; but to Boswell's book the great painter gave the remarkable testimony, that every word of it might be depended upon as if delivered upon oath. Though many persons, when it appeared, were displeased with the way in which they themselves were exhibited, no one accused him of serious misrepresentation, or of sacrificing truth to effect. He never heightened a scene, exaggerated a feature, improved a story, or polished a conversation. His veneration for his hero could not entice him into smoothing down his asperities. Hannah More begged that he might be drawn less rudely than life. 'I will not cut off his claws,' Boswell roughly replied, 'nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody.'

When it was asserted in Johnson's presence that the 'life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining,' Johnson replied 'that this was a remark which had been made and repeated without justice.' He had previously written a paper in the 'Idler' to disprove the opinion by argument, and had since done much in his 'Lives of the Poets' to disprove it by example. He affirmed in conversation that no mode of existence had more interesting variety, and in his essay he pointed out that, besides partaking of the common condition of humanity, a writer was exposed to many vicissitudes which were peculiar to his craft. He argued that the life of a literary man might be very entertaining as a *literary* life, and that, as the 'gradations of a general's career were from battle to battle, those of an author's were from book to book.' Boswell has added to his other distinctions that he has even gone beyond the position of his hero, and has demonstrated that the history of a literary man may not only be as entertaining as any other, but may be 'without exception the most entertaining book ever read.' This is his own judgment of his 'Life of Johnson,' and posterity has confirmed the verdict. The wit, the wisdom, the anecdote, the talk of famous men and the talk about them, the strangeness and vivacity of the incidents, the singularity and eminence of the characters, the whole of a grand scene in a great period, revealed, as it were, both to the eye and ear, combine to render his book the most fascinating and instructive that ever issued from the press.

The 'Letters of Boswell,' which have recently appeared, exhibit him rather in his weakness than his strength. Many of them ought never to have seen the light, and they have been
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edited with a flippancy and a bad taste which are far too glaring to need exposure. The contradictory elements of which Boswell's character was compounded come out more strongly if possible in his private correspondence than in the works he gave to the world. The pride of ancient blood, he said in his 'Tour to the Hebrides,' was his predominant passion, and he tells Temple that his grand object in life is the family of Auchinleck. The importance he attached to his station was no doubt extravagant, and often broke out in a childish fashion, as, when some spurious lines by 'Mr. Boswell' appeared in an obscure paper called the 'Oracle,' he went to the editor and got him to promise to mention 'handsomely' that they were not by *James Boswell, Esq.* But his respect for the aristocracy of rank was swallowed up in his veneration for the aristocracy of genius. 'I have the happiness,' he wrote to Lord Chatham, 'of being capable to contemplate with supreme delight those distinguished spirits by which God is sometimes pleased to honour humanity.' To these he attached himself with a fervour which no ridicule could abate, and he is immortal through his devotion to the plebeian Johnson, who declared, 'I have great merit in being zealous for the honours of birth, for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather.' The narrow-minded old judge who really believed that a knowledge of the technicalities of law was a higher acquisition than any literary attainment, and that to be Laird of Auchinleck was a loftier distinction than to be a Johnson or a Burke, upbraided his son 'for going over Scotland with a brute.' The son who, in spite of his own assertion, had a far more predominant passion than pride of blood, exclaimed, when relating the circumstance, 'Think how shockingly erroneous!' He had equal enthusiasm for General Paoli; and when he brought both his idols together, and acted as interpreter between them, he happily compared himself to an isthmus connecting two great continents. He did not, however, in his zeal for Corsica and its hero, commit the often quoted absurdity of parading himself at the Stratford Jubilee with the label 'Corsica Boswell' on his hat. Davies, who is the sole authority for the assertion, withdrew it when better informed, and substituted a version which agrees with that which was given at the time in the 'London Magazine.' The struggles of Corsica for independence had roused popular sympathy in England. Boswell's account of the island and people had been recently published, and generally applauded; and in the midst of the attention which he himself had largely contributed to attract to the cause, he went to the Stratford *masquerade*, where everybody appeared in a fancy dress, habited as a Corsican chief. The true inscription embroidered upon

upon his cap was *Viva la Liberta*, which referred to the character he personated. In this there was nothing preposterous, nor was it considered in the least inappropriate by his brother masqueraders. He was guilty, however, of the folly of putting on the Corsican costume when he called on Mr. Pitt to present a letter from Paoli. The great commoner, said Lord Buchan, who was present, 'smiled, but received him very graciously in his pompous manner.' A little later he wrote to the stately minister, now become Lord Chatham, and told him that he could labour hard, that he felt himself coming forward, and that he hoped to be useful to his country, adding, 'Could your Lordship find time to honour me now and then with a letter?' His friend Malone mentions among his qualities that he was an excellent judge of human nature, but, as frequently happens, self-conceit and self-interest would not permit him to apply to his own conduct the penetration which he displayed in his observation of others. He told Johnson that his father contrived to amuse himself with 'very small matters.' 'I have tried this,' he went on, 'but it would not do with *me*.' JOHNSON (laughing)—'No, sir: it must be born with a man to be contented to take up with little things.' What Boswell supposed Johnson to have laughed at is impossible to be conjectured, but the same importance which led him to fancy that his vanities and frivolities were the reverse of little would not allow him to perceive that the laugh was at *him*.

The ardour of Boswell's admiration for the products of intellect was sometimes displayed in curious ways. In a fit of melancholy he was distressed to think that in a new state of being the poetry of Shakespeare would not exist. A lady relieved him by saying, 'The first thing you will meet with in the next world will be an elegant copy of Shakespeare's works presented to you.' He repeated this to Johnson, and relates that the sage smiled benignantly, and did not appear to disapprove of the notion. In the case of any other person Boswell, as in the former instance, would have given a truer interpretation to a smile which was elicited by the gross absurdity of the supposition. Mr. Croker has put the circumstance into his index under the head of 'Worldly-mindedness, singular instance of,' and it may be questioned whether a second person ever existed who was tormented by the idea that no felicity could be perfect without a Shakespeare, or who would instantly have admitted into his religious creed the suggestion that he would meet with an 'elegant copy' beyond the grave. Impious men may have talked such language in profane levity; Boswell alone could have adopted it in solemn seriousness.

In his determination to obtain the acquaintance of eminent persons he was often led to be forward and intrusive. He talked of going to Sweden with Johnson, and expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the King. 'I doubt, sir,' said Johnson, 'if he would speak to us.' 'I am sure,' subjoined Colonel Macleod, 'Mr. Boswell would speak to *him*.' This leads Boswell to offer 'a short defence of his propensity,' which 'he hoped did not deserve so hard a name as impudence,' which 'had procured him much happiness,' and which he 'thought must be excusable if it was praiseworthy to seek knowledge in defiance of any other description of difficulty. But there is the obvious difference that the laborious student involves no one except himself. His book cannot be disgusted by his advances, or mortify him by repulsing them. The strange mixture of jarring qualities is here again apparent. However Boswell might lower himself by forcing his way into company where he was unwelcome, the homage he showed to genius was rarely debased by any tincture of sycophancy. His worship of Johnson could not win him to acquiesce in many of the favourite opinions of his oracle. He differed stoutly upon the question of American Taxation, and his more catholic tastes would not permit him to be unjust to the novels of Fielding, the poetry of Gray, and the acting of Garrick. His was the independent, honest admiration of what was truly admirable. He simply paid to the living author the respect which posterity admits to be due to the name, works, and conversation of Johnson. As he said himself, 'It is a noble attachment, for the attractions are genius, learning, and piety.' Even the sarcasm and vehemence of the master, before which most people quailed, could not awe the pupil into a seeming compliance. Notwithstanding that in his argumentative contests with his friend he was little better than an untrained stripling in the hands of a brawny and dexterous prize-fighter, he continued as long as he was able to return blow for blow, was always ready to re-enter the ring where he had so often been mauled, and, in spite of ingenious sophistry and witty repartee, occasionally gained an advantage over his formidable opponent.

If Boswell's traditional respect for hereditary rank was overborne by his intenser admiration for self-raised genius, his abstract notions of dignity were equally contradicted by his native sociality of disposition. He calls himself to Temple 'the proud Boswell,' and talks of his 'Spanish stateliness of manner.' One of his resolutions of amendment when the publication of his *Account of Corsica* should have given him a character to support was 'to be grave and reserved.' But nature was stronger than artifice. 'You are a philosopher,' said Mr. Edwards, an old fellow-

fellow-collegian, to Dr. Johnson; 'I have tried, too, in my time, to be a philosopher, but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.' Boswell relates that Burke, Reynolds, and all the eminent persons to whom he repeated this remark thought it an exquisite trait of character that simple Mr. Edwards should so ludicrously mistake the nature of philosophy, and should labour in vain to get rid of a blessing and set up melancholy in its stead. Yet the biographer who joined in the smile did the same thing when he fruitlessly endeavoured to supplant geniality by haughtiness, a virtue by a vice, and in spite of his efforts to be distant and self-important good-humour and good-fellowship were 'always breaking in.' He would have learnt to value his native disposition if the conclusive observation of Baxter had ever occurred to his mind, that, howsoever proud a man may be himself, he always loves humility in others. Vanity, indeed, Boswell retained in abundance, but it was familiar and not stately, intrusive and not reserved, inviting liberties rather than repelling advances. He shared for a short time a set of chambers in London with a younger brother of his friend Temple, a half-pay lieutenant. He lamented to the elder Temple that he had unluckily allowed his fellow-lodger to be too free with him, and owned he was hurt to be upon an equality with the military stripling. His own age was but twenty-three. He soon apparently abandoned a struggle in which he was always defeated. 'He was generally liked,' Lord Stowell told Mr. Croker, 'as a good-natured, jolly fellow;' but to the inquiry, 'Was he respected?' Lord Stowell replied, 'Why, I think he had about that proportion of respect you might guess would be shown to a jolly fellow.' Stiffness would have been torture to a man of his animal spirits and convivial temperament. His reason for liking the society of players and soldiers was because they surpassed all others 'in animation and relish of existence.' 'His eye' is said by the writer in the 'European Magazine' 'to have glistened, and his countenance to have lighted up, when he saw the human face divine.' This social propensity, which broke in an instant through the chilling reserve habitual to Englishmen, put strangers immediately at ease with him. 'No man,' he tells Temple, 'has been more successful in making acquaintances than I have been; I even bring people on quickly to a degree of cordiality.' But, with his usual *naïveté*, he mistook the cause of his success, and instead of perceiving that his own frankness and cordiality kindled heartiness in others, he seemed to fancy that it sprung up spontaneously towards himself from some indefinable fascination of appearance. After relating that in a journey to Scotland an agreeable young widow in the coach
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nursed his lame foot on her knee, he triumphantly subjoins, 'Am I not fortunate in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favour?' His chief defect as a companion was, as he acknowledges, that he talked at random, and in the exuberance of his spirits sometimes talked too much. 'Boswell shall talk to you,' was one of the inflictions with which Beauclerk playfully threatened Lord Charlemont.

For the principles of mankind to be better than their practice is far too frequent an inconsistency to be particularly characteristic; but even this common contradiction becomes noticeable in Boswell from the excess to which he carried it. In his opinions he was religious and moral, in his conduct a libertine and a drunkard. In acknowledging to Temple, at the age of twenty-six, some of his licentious proceedings, he adds, 'You may depend upon it that very soon my follies will be at an end, and I shall turn out an admirable member of society.' A little later and he fixes a period when what he calls 'his perfection' is to commence. The period arrives, and he confesses that 'he has been as wild as ever,' but declares that, 'if there is any firmness at all in him, he will never again behave in a manner so unworthy the friend of Paoli.' This protestation was succeeded by more relapses, and more futile promises of perfection. His appetites to the last continued to get the better of his virtue. His love of wine increased with years, and he died prematurely at the age of fifty-five from the effects of dissipation. Besides his general turn for conviviality, he had recourse to the bottle to drive away care; for, like most joyous men, he was liable to corresponding periods of depression. One of his latest dreads was lest he should be carried off in a fit of intoxication. In the midst of these excesses he never ceased to bewail his offences, and to acknowledge how much they degraded him. His reverence for religion is frequently manifested in his 'Life of Johnson,' and his 'Letters' contain an instance of his respect for it which would hardly have been looked for in a person so lax in his habits. A Mr. Nicholls, who from various circumstances appears to have been the person known as the friend of the poet Gray,* related at Boswell's house, that when he presented himself for

* Boswell speaks of Nicholls as exhibiting 'a foppery unbecoming in a clergyman.' Foppery was one of the littlenesses of Gray; and his friends appear in this respect to have resembled him. In a letter from an unknown correspondent of Temple, and which, though printed with the initials N. N. R., would, we suspect, turn out upon investigation to have come from this same Norton Nicholls, an observation of Dr. Robertson, the historian, is reported, 'that when he saw Mr. Gray in Scotland he gave him the idea of a person who meant to pass for a very fine gentleman.' Dr. Robertson himself is described as 'a nervous man, who talks broad Scotch.'

ordination to Archbishop Drummond, and was asked what divinity he had read, he answered, 'None at all;' that the archbishop replied he would send him to a clergyman who would examine him *properly*—implying that his examination would be a farce; that the clergyman set him to write upon the necessity of a Mediator, and that, hardly understanding what was meant, he scribbled 'some strange stuff as fast as he would do a card to a lady.' He repeated the incident with profane levity, avowing himself to be perfidious to the Archbishop if the story was true, and a calumniator if, as Boswell believed, it was false—

'And if he lies not must at least betray.'

In either case he was a traitor to the flock whom he professed to guide, a hypocrite, and a cheat. The man whose life is a standing fraud upon the most important of all subjects can never be believed upon any. A second infidel was present at the conversation, and Boswell confined himself to looking rebuke, because, he said, 'If I had argued upon the impropriety of the story, the matter would have been made worse, while they were two to one.' But he declared he would never again admit Nicholls into his house, and twice called upon him to remonstrate without being able to meet with him till he was stepping into his chaise to go southwards. 'Perhaps,' he adds, 'it was as well that I did not see him. You know I speak pretty strongly.' Boswell to be sure kept company with David Hume, telling him, however, that he was not clear that it was right, and excusing himself upon the ground that his infidel friend was much better than his books. The historian at any rate was not guilty of shocking the ears of his believing associates with impieties which proved the dishonesty of the man, without any reference to the credibility of the faith of the Christian.

The errors, foibles, and inconsistencies of Boswell appear doubly glaring from his habit of blazoning them. He one day mentioned to Johnson that he was 'occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness.' 'Why, sir,' replied Johnson, 'so am I. *But I do not tell it.*' This Boswell relates to illustrate his assertion that the extraordinary liberality of his hero was combined with 'a propensity to paltry saving,' instead of perceiving that it was meant to rebuke his own inconsiderate loquacity.*

* Among the miscellaneous observations of Johnson which Boswell has preserved there is one which was evidently directed against the biographer in person. 'A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time; but they will be remembered and brought out against him upon some subsequent occasion.' The Duke of Wellington used to say that no one was ever the better for advice. Boswell assuredly was not an exception to the rule.

As Swift says, some grains of folly are part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us whether we please to wear them embossed or inlaid, and it was Boswell's choice to wear his embossed. He extenuated Goldsmith's envy by the plea that he frankly owned it upon all occasions. Johnson maintained that it was an aggravation of the charge; 'for what,' he said, 'a man avows he is not ashamed to think.' This, which is true of most people, is only a partial explanation of the singular candour of Boswell, who related the things which he acknowledged to be to his discredit with unparalleled openness. But Johnson's assertion is to a great extent applicable to the ostentatious conceit of his biographer, who was far too vain to blush at the ebullitions of his vanity. He plainly thought that 'pride should be its own glass, its own trumpet, its own chronicle,' and he would never have assented to the remainder of Agamemnon's reflection, that 'whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.' His confident creed upon this point could alone have induced him to publish the reprimand he received from Johnson 'for applauding himself too frequently in company.' 'You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him—"Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No, sir," said the other, "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said he, "I am the *great* Twalmley, who invented the New Floodgate Iron." Not in the least abashed by the comparison, Boswell is careful to add to the ridicule by explaining in a note that 'what the great Twalmley was so proud of having invented was a species of box-iron for smoothing linen.' In the entertaining extracts from one of his manuscripts, which Mr. Milnes edited for the Philobiblon Society, we find him recording that his friend Temple interrupted his boastful talk with the retort—"We have heard of many kinds of hobby-horses, but, Boswell, you ride upon yourself." The poignancy of the truth was even with him a temptation to preserve it. His love of a good saying made him treasure it up, although directed against himself. As he exposed in the works he published the thrusts he had received from Johnson as carefully as Antony exhibited the stabs in the mantle of Cæsar, so he perpetuates in his notebook the wounds inflicted by inferior hands. He tells that he once complained of dullness in the presence of Lord Kames, who replied, 'Yes, yes; Homer sometimes nods;' and upon his childishly construing the remark into a serious compliment, and being elated by the comparison, the old Judge, to sober him, added, 'Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer.'

Homer.' What he conceived to be the felicity of the image must have been his motive for setting down, undeterred by the rebuke of Temple, a vainglorious speech, when expressing his regret that the King had not promoted him. 'I am already the statue; it is only the pedestal that is wanting.' But he did not need the provocation of a pointed sentence to entice him into proclaiming his own merits. He imputes it to 'some unhappy turn in the disposition' of his father—a man, he says, of sense and worth—that he was dissatisfied with his heir; and asks Temple if *he* would not feel a glow of parental joy in the possession of such a son?—Temple, to whom he was for ever confessing vices and weaknesses of the most debasing kind. At the mature age of fifty he had still the assurance to write to his friend—'It is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his administration a man of my popular and pleasing talents.' Yet, however much he may have overrated himself in the aggregate, it is surprising how justly he judged his qualities in detail. When he warns Temple, on one occasion, against indulging in ambition, by reminding him that they had once expected to be the greatest men of their age, and exclaims, on another occasion, 'how inconsiderable we are in comparison with what we hoped we should be,' he assigns their failure to its true cause, 'their want of solidity and force of understanding.' He exhorts the same friend to give over puzzling himself with political speculations, as being above his compass; for 'neither of us,' he says, 'are fit for that sort of mental labour.' In repeating Johnson's compliment to him, 'that he did not talk from books,' he adds that he was 'afraid that he had not read books enough to be able to talk from them.' He dined at the Fellows' table when he carried his son to Eton, and, fitting his conversation to his company, had 'his classical quotations very ready;' but instead of vaunting his scholarship, confesses that the creditable part he contrived to keep up was due to 'the art of making the most of what he had.' He speaks of the pleasures of knowledge, and conceives they must be great to truly learned men, because 'he who knew so little' has experienced them. 'The ambition which,' he says, 'had ever raged in his veins like a fever,' made him indulge in dreams of a brilliant reputation in Westminster Hall; but while he fostered the idea, he called it 'a delusion,' and expressed his belief that, if practice came, his want of acquaintance with the forms and technicalities of law would lead him 'to expose himself.' According to an anecdote related by Lord Eldon, he signally verified his own prophecy. At a Lancaster assizes he was found lying drunk upon the pavement, and the wags of the bar drew up a brief, which they sent with a guinea fee, instructing him to
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move for what they denominated the writ of *Quare adhæsit pavimento*. The judge was astounded, the bar laughed, and an *amicus curiæ* explained that it was the mover for the writ who, the night before, had adhered to the pavement. But it appears to us that the credulity which could credit the story must be at least as great as that which it imputed to Boswell. Nor, though Lord Eldon represents himself to have been among the actors in the scene, is the authority sufficient to countervail the inherent improbability of the incident. Many of his anecdotes were written in advanced age, at the request of his grandson, when the boundary which separates memory from imagination was broken down. Some of them are known to be exceedingly inaccurate, and we have little doubt that, as constantly happens at his time of life, he had confounded things talked of with things done.* Whatever may have been Boswell's forensic foolery, the learned lawyers who made him the subject of their practical jokes could not have had a clearer perception than he himself displays in his letters that his talents were all of the lighter kind. Once, when mentioning that his second son 'had much of his father,' he subjoins the almost pathetic comment—'Vanity of vanities!' He carried his self-knowledge further still, and spoke as of an admitted fact of the 'strong degree of madness in his composition.' He wished the circumstance to be intimated to a lady with whom he was in love as an excuse for his irregularities, and with the intention of reconciling her to them. The very notion that he would advance his suit by proving himself to be

* An instance of this common failing, and one of which he himself was the object, is mentioned by Boswell. An erroneous account of his first introduction to Johnson was published by Arthur Murphy, who asserted that he witnessed it. Boswell appealed to his own strong recollection of so memorable an occasion, and to the narrative he entered in his Journal at the time, to show that Murphy's account was quite inaccurate, and that he was not present at the scene. This Murphy did not venture to contradict. As Boswell suggested, he had doubtless heard the circumstances repeated till at the end of thirty years he had come to fancy that he was an actor in them. His good faith was unquestionable, and that he should have been so deluded is a memorable example of the fallibility of testimony, and of the extreme difficulty of arriving at the truth. Another story respecting Boswell in Lord Eldon's anecdote-book is an evident exaggeration. He represents Boswell as calling upon him at his chambers to ask his definition of *taste*. He refused to give an answer which he was sure would be published by his interrogator; but Boswell, he says, continued calling frequently to importune him on the subject. The importunity of Boswell would be credible enough, if the topic had been less strange, or even if the person to whom he applied had been Burke, Thurlow, or Reynolds. That, in spite of repeated refusals, he should have gone again and again on such an errand to Sir John Scott, who had paid no attention to matters of the kind, who made no pretension to literary or artistic connoisseurship, and whose mode of speaking and writing was peculiarly wanting in all the graces of composition, is far less likely than that this consummate lawyer in the decline of his faculties should have had a confused recollection of the transactions of his earlier days.

a madman showed that he was mad. There were others besides David Hume who concurred in the idea that his extravagances were not wholly free from insanity. 'The earth,' wrote John Wilkes, during a drought which occurred cotemporaneously with the publication of the 'Life of Johnson,' 'is as thirsty as Boswell, and as cracked in many places as he certainly is in one.'

There is scarce a frailty in Boswell but is found in combination with some virtue which rarely unites with it. Dr. Johnson has remarked in 'The Adventurer' that perhaps the commonest of all lies are lies of vanity. Boswell was among the vainest men that ever existed, and he was also among the most veracious. He neither invented circumstances to add to his credit, nor, as we have already remarked, concealed the facts which inflicted humiliation. He offered to a young lady, and told her, in pleading his cause, that it was a circumstance in his favour that she liked his family seat. 'I wish,' she replied, 'I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.' Such rebuffs are detailed with the same frankness that he repeated a compliment. He cringed to Lord Lonsdale in the hope of being put into Parliament, and when his claims were rejected with disdain, and he suffered pangs from mortified pride and a sense of abasement endured in vain, he reveals his fault and his punishment to Temple with the openness that he would have related his triumphant election. Amid his many weaknesses, it should never be forgotten that he was truth itself.

As his vanity did not taint his veracity, so neither did his ambition generate envy. His passion for distinction, and the feeling often expressed till success at the close of his days attended his 'Life of Johnson,' that his career had been a failure, never rendered him jealous of those who had outstripped him in the race, or unjust to their merits. 'Often,' he wrote, 'do I upbraid and look down upon myself when I view my own inferiority, and think how much many others, and amongst them you, Temple, are above me.' He had a generous appreciation of excellence wherever it was to be found; and though it has been sometimes alleged that he was hostile to Goldsmith, the charge, we think, proceeds upon the erroneous assumption that he has represented him unfairly. He has paid no grudging tribute to what was admirable in him, and his account of his weaknesses is confirmed by such a phalanx of testimony that we must reject historical evidence altogether if we are to refuse to believe that the Irishman, whose writings would charm us into the conviction that he was a model of graceful manners, elegant conversation, and upright conduct, was, with all his genius and virtues, awkward, envious, conceited, and dissolute.

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With his wonted complacency, Boswell enters in his note-book that M. d'Ankerville said of him 'that he was the man of genius who had the best heart he had ever known.' 'In general,' observed the flattering Frenchman, 'the brain consumes the heart,' and he instanced Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. Whatever may be thought of the genius, Boswell's letters attest the assertion of Sir William Forbes, that his warmth of feeling was very great. Johnson applied to Garrick the Greek saying—'He that has *friends* has no *friend*;' adding, 'He was so diffused he had no man to whom he wished to unbosom himself.' Boswell, in his passion for society, and his rage for knowing everybody, was more diffused than even Garrick, but on this head, as on so many others, he blended qualities which seldom coalesce, and had both friends and a friend. It is true he in one place intimates that his attachments were not durable, and, with the combined candour and vanity which were so eminently characteristic of him, he compared himself 'to a taper which can light up a lasting fire, though itself is soon extinguished.' But his inconstancy was of the kind which is inevitable with men whose social leanings are strong. He was hurried away by first impressions, and must often have found that faults which were hidden from superficial observation became apparent on a closer acquaintance. His select alliances were not less lasting because he had brief likings where colder minds would have remained apathetic. If his friendship survived the test of knowledge, it does not appear that he ever tired. His worship of Johnson rather increased than diminished, and he continued to cling to Paoli when the Corsican patriot had ceased to be a notoriety.

During the extreme depression which hung over him throughout his closing years, his spirits were still more sunk by seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was wont to be esteemed the happiest man in the world, nearly as low as himself. The great painter, blind in one eye and in danger of losing the other, was debarred the use of his pencil, and was now brooding over the dismal apprehension of being compelled to lay it aside for ever. Boswell left the gayer scenes to which he fled for the dissipation of his own worse distress, to cheer with simulated vivacity the despondency of the friend to whose hospitality he was indebted for so many memorable acquaintances and brilliant hours. 'I force myself,' he writes, 'to be a great deal with him, to do what is in my power to amuse him.' This single sentence speaks volumes for the tender and thoughtful constancy of him who penned it.

The correspondence with Temple, which extends from Boswell's boyhood to his death, is marked throughout by unlimited confidence

confidence and undiminished regard. The tone is that of hearty and often of fervid friendship. In his youth his father opposed his entering the army, and Temple volunteered the loan of a thousand pounds, which was not accepted, to buy a commission in the Guards. Years afterwards Boswell referred to this proffered generosity in the language of glowing gratitude, and as establishing a claim for any assistance he could render. 'Your kindness,' he says, in answer to some consolatory words addressed to him in the latter part of his life, 'fairly makes me shed tears.' He attempted to write from his death-bed to this valued confidant, and, his strength failing him after the first line, he dictated the remainder, concluding with the words, 'I ever am your old and affectionate friend here, and I trust hereafter.' Once again, in the midst of his sufferings, which were acute, he set his son to communicate with Temple. 'His affection for you,' says the brief note, 'remains the same.' Apparently the dying man retained him in his heart to the last conscious beat. 'We have both lost a kind, affectionate friend,' wrote Boswell's brother, when announcing that all was over, 'I shall never have such another.'

Boswell appears in his usual motley colours in his domestic relations, and warmth of heart is curiously combined with unfeeling conduct. 'You say well,' he wrote to Temple at twenty-seven, 'that I find mistresses wherever I am.' He had not only a rapid succession of charmers, but sometimes two or three together, and inclined to give the preference now to one, and now to another. The facility with which he transferred his adoration promised ill for the permanence of his allegiance when his choice was fixed, nor either before marriage or after did his affection long restrain his profligate propensities. He relates how, when he went to Auchinleck to soothe his wife during her sickness, he deserted her to get intoxicated at the house of his neighbours, or invited his boon companions to get drunk with him at his own. He confesses with contrition that often and often when she was ill in London he sallied out to indulge in festivities, and came back the worse for wine at unseasonable hours to disturb her repose. Yet although, with these proofs of his ill-behaviour, we cannot accept his assertion 'that no one ever had a higher esteem, or a warmer love for a wife,' it is certain that his fondness was far more fervent than is frequent among more considerate men. He loved Mrs. Boswell, but he loved dissipation also, and was much too weak to sacrifice the bad passion to the good. Hence he exhibits the anomaly of a husband at once faithless and doting—kind in intention, and constantly cruel in act. His affectionate nature broke out when his first-born son died immediately

after his birth. This, which to many persons would have been only a disappointment, was a sorrow to him. Temple, who wanted the instincts to comprehend the distress, endeavoured to console him by representing that affection was irrational where there was no knowledge of qualities to endear. Boswell answered that it was a question of feeling and not of reason, and that it was vain to argue against emotions which he had experienced to be real. He justified his tenderness by the example of Adam Ferguson, the author of the 'Essay on Civil Society,' who had been accustomed to maintain that till a child was four years old he was no better than a cabbage. The theorist became a parent, the infant died almost as soon as born, and he was plunged into grief. The stoicism of philosophy is only heard by those in whom nature is silent. But it was the loss of his wife which showed the duration of Boswell's affection in its strength. Judging from the previous indications afforded by his career, we should have expected that the house of mourning would have been quickly forgotten in the house of feasting, and that new attachments would soon have obliterated the old in his supple heart. The miserable depression, on the contrary, into which he was cast by her death in 1789 continued, with rare intermissions, throughout the whole of the six years he survived her. His letters abound in piteous groans of anguish. The merriment which had heretofore flowed from an elastic mind, was now the laboured effort to relieve a despondent spirit. 'I walk upon the earth,' he says in one letter, 'with inward discontent, though I may appear the most cheerful man you meet.' 'I go into jovial scenes,' he says in another, 'but feel no pleasure in existence except the mere gratification of the senses. Oh! my friend, this is sad.' It is upon this sad scene of hopeless dejection, aggravated by the attempted alleviations of debauchery, that the curtain finally falls, and leaves upon the mind the strangely mixed impression of amiable qualities marred by sensual indulgence, of talents rendered ridiculous by vanity and indiscretion, of truth and candour deprived of half their moral dignity by indiscriminate loquacity, and turned against their possessor through the many infirmities with which they were allied.

'There are few people,' said Dr. Johnson to his future biographer shortly after they first met, 'to whom I take so much as to you.' The partiality which he conceived at the outset deepened with increased familiarity, and in 1773, when their intimacy had lasted for ten years, he wrote to Boswell, 'Think only, when you see me, that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him.' In 1777 he said to him in conversation, 'My regard for you is almost greater than I have words

words to express,' and a twelvemonth later he reiterates in a letter 'that he very highly esteemed, and very cordially loved him.' The sarcasms which he sometimes aimed at his worshipper in conversation take nothing from the weight of his deliberate commendation. In the fervour of colloquial contest he spared, as his biographer states, and as the 'Life' evidences, 'neither sex nor age.' Once, when Boswell was lamenting that he had not been a contemporary of Pope, Johnson is reported to have burst forth with, 'Sir, he is in the right, for, perhaps, he has lost the opportunity of having his name immortalized in the "Dunciad."'" On another occasion Boswell asked if a man might not be allowed to drink wine to drive away care, and enable him to forget what was disagreeable. 'Yes, sir,' replied Johnson, 'if he sat next *you*.' On a third occasion the company were talking how to get Mr. Langton out of London, where he was dissipating his fortune, and Boswell proposed that his friends should quarrel with him in order to drive him away. 'Nay, sir,' Johnson joined in, 'we'll send *you* to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.' But his sarcasms were the sallies of the minute, produced by a passing provocation, as in the last of these instances the dictator confessed that he had spoken in anger to take revenge for some observations of Boswell during a discussion upon the Americans. The stroke is felt by him who receives when it is forgotten by him who gives it, and Johnson, who intended his antagonist to reel under the blow, always appeared surprised that he should smart from the bruise. 'Poh, poh,' he said to his biographer, when complaining of one of his retorts, 'never mind these things.' Except in the momentary heat of debate he never once varied from his panegyrical language, and, when coupled with the general popularity of Boswell, it may be taken for an evidence that his better qualities were most conspicuous to those who knew him, as his worse assume the greatest prominence now that they are no longer modified by the presence of that heartiness, vivacity, and good humour, which, to be felt, must have been known. But there were especial reasons why he should win upon Johnson. The literary monarch could not be insensible to the exuberant homage of the most devoted of his subjects. The perpetual liveliness, again, of Boswell, and his intense enjoyment of existence, were more than ordinarily attractive to a man whose principal effort in life was to drive away the gloom which clouded his mind. With this view, as he tells in the sketch of himself in the 'Idler,' under the name of Sober, his chief pleasure was conversation, and a tavern chair the throne of human felicity. 'There,' he said, 'I experience an oblivion from care; I dog-

matise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.' No one ministered to his colloquial cravings with the same zeal and skill as the inquisitive young Scotchman, whose own passion was social converse, and who was eager to hear the sentiments of the dictator on all subjects, human and divine. Notwithstanding his eagerness for discussion and his denunciation of Englishmen for disregarding the common rights of humanity by their sullen silence when two strangers were shown into a room together, Johnson had the peculiarity of rarely opening his lips till his companions addressed him. He said that Tom Tyers had described him truly as being like a ghost, who never spoke till he was spoken to. Boswell did him the service to draw him out, and questioned and cross-examined him as a counsel might a witness, not only upon the passing topics of the day, but upon the events of his life, the characters he had known, and the opinions he had formed. Much as he must have loved to descant to an auditor so insatiable and discerning, he was sometimes weary of answering before Boswell was tired of asking. 'I will not,' he once broke out, 'be baited with *what* and *why*; what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?' Boswell pleaded that he ventured to trouble him because he was so good. 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill.' It added vastly to the charm of his inquiring companion that though an admiring he was not an obsequious listener. Johnson was a master of fence, and took supreme delight in the animation of contest and the pride of victory. Talk would have been tame to his apprehension with a deferential disciple, who flung down his weapon and acknowledged himself defeated at the first thrust. The pertinacity of Boswell, which roused him to exertion and gave him an opportunity for the display of his dexterity, was essential to his satisfaction. Even the profligacy of his disciple, which could not be entirely concealed from him, was in a large degree atoned for in his eyes by the better principles which accompanied it. The great moralist, as he was called, was at all times inclined to be over lenient to errors of practice as long as the principles continued sound, and the perpetual resolutions of poor Boswell to amend, and his ready submission to the observances of the church, might well keep alive the toleration of infirmities which always seemed on the eve of extinction. In a note which Johnson wrote to introduce him to John Wesley, he says, 'I give it with great willingness because I think it very much to be wished that worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other.' The advantage of a friendship which looks so ill-assorted at a casual glance

glance and so perfectly suitable upon a closer inspection, was evenly balanced; and if the credit from the alliance was chiefly reaped by the lesser of the two, the biographer has amply repaid the distinction the living hero conferred. Johnson is the most remarkable exception upon record to his own maxim, 'that the best part of an author will always be found in his writings.' 'He is greater,' said Burke, 'in Boswell's books than in his own'—a high compliment to Boswell as well as to the conversation of Johnson, and one which the illustrious statesman did not extend to the numerous other Lives and recollections which appeared when he remarked, in his forcible metaphorical style, 'How many maggots have crawled out of that great body!'

Of all the persons who have made literature their exclusive profession, and who have risen from a low origin to a splendid reputation, Dr. Johnson is the most striking. He arrived in London poor and friendless. For years he remained in a state of beggary, his great faculties, and incessant toil, often failing to procure him the subsistence of a common labourer. Works which will last as long as the language brought him when most successful inadequate fame, and still less adequate profit. He had no lucky hits, till, at the age of 53, he obtained a pension of which the annual amount did not equal the sum that was constantly paid with a single brief to lawyers who were gifted with but a fraction of his powers. Oppressed with want, he was further the victim of a constitutional melancholy which darkened prosperity itself, and of a constitutional indolence, the effect of his malady, which rendered exertion more than ordinarily irksome to him. With these accumulated disadvantages he never lost courage, though he must many times have lost hope. As he says in his letter to Lord Chesterfield, he was like 'a man struggling for life in the water,' but the water which went over his head could not go over his soul:—

'He did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with heart of controversy.'

Amid all the subsequent inquiries which were addressed to him respecting his early days, no complaint of hardship or neglect, and, what is more to be wondered at, no boast of difficulties conquered, ever escaped his lips. Yet even this rare magnanimity makes but a small part of his moral greatness. He passed through these long years of privation with a 'surlly virtue' and a lofty independence which nothing could bend. Mixed up with a rabble of authors as hungry and ragged as himself, he was never seduced into imitating their laxity of principle and dishonest

dishonest shifts. No superior was ever courted by him, no dishonourable act was ever done by him, no falsehood was ever spoken by him, no line opposed to conscience was ever penned by him. Far from lowering his spirit to his circumstances, his dignity amounted to haughtiness, and his resolution to stand by his convictions to dogmatism. As little did he attempt to adapt his writings to the taste of the multitude. Beginning life at a period when the tone of society was not high, his principal works were devoted to enforcing moral sentiments in stately diction, and it was consequently long before they attracted much notice. Slowly his uncouth figure emerged from the crowd, and in spite of an ungainly appearance, slovenly habits, and disputatious violence, he grew to be courted by his equals in genius, and his superiors in rank. The sun had no more power over him than the wind. He continued to maintain his bold bearing and rugged pertinacity, and was as stiff in opinion with Burke as with Tom Davies, in the saloon of Mrs. Montague as in the shop of Cave. Even the vigour of his thoughts and the energy of his language could not excuse the rude impetuosity of his disposition, but it is lost in a beneficence which was only bounded by his means, and which would of itself have entitled him to be remembered among the names whose example should be kept before the eyes of the world. The incomparable work of Boswell has not yet rendered it superfluous to ask attention to some of these grand circumstances in the character and career of Johnson. Though the attention of the public at large was recalled to it by the admirable edition of Mr. Croker, which by explaining allusions, and supplying names, has given a personal interest to numerous passages which had become barren generalities, we have remarked with surprise how many educated people continue ignorant of the contents of a book that is altogether unrivalled. It is singular to observe for how few persons the finest effusions of the mind are penned. In the age which produces them they are usually in everybody's hands. In the next generation the names of their authors may be in everybody's mouth, and their works on everybody's shelves, but commonly in proportion as they are honoured more they are read less, and the herd who are yawning over the dulness of the last flimsy book of the day seldom think of reverting to productions which never tire, and for which the relish becomes greater the oftener they are conned.

Johnson was born at Lichfield on the 18th of September, 1709. His eyes soon showed symptoms of disease, his body broke out in scrofulous sores, and altogether he was so miserable an object that his aunt afterwards told him she would not have
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picked up such an infant in the street. Dr. Swinfen, a local physician of extensive practice, and his godfather, said he never knew a child reared with so much difficulty. He grew to be a man of massive frame and giant strength, but his hereditary disease continued in one of its aspects to taint his constitution to the close of his days. 'I inherited,' he said to Lady Macleod, 'a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober.' To hope or fear beyond the limits of probability was, according to Johnson's definition, a degree of insanity, and as his depression was often disproportioned to his circumstances he pronounced it aberration of mind. In this estimate he considered too exclusively external objects, and forgot that a disordered circulation or an enfeebled digestion might be just as substantial and a more imperious cause of dejection than poverty and disappointment. The malady which preyed upon his spirits never perverted his reason, though it sometimes prostrated his energies. There were times when he was too languid to distinguish the hour upon the clock. On these occasions his disorder seemed to himself to be on the point of overwhelming his faculties. In a letter to Joseph Warton, in 1754, he spoke of Collins, the poet, who was then in confinement, and adds, 'I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration.'

Johnson's mother is said by Boswell to have been a woman of distinguished understanding. All the circumstances which her son related of her would leave a contrary impression. By his own account he loved but did not respect her, and the love he chiefly ascribed to her practising self-denial to procure him coffee. She was always telling him 'to learn behaviour,' a species of admonition which he designated *cant*, and as often as he answered that she ought to teach him what to do, and what to avoid, she was reduced to silence. Having eaten voraciously of a leg of mutton, when he was ten years old, at the house of an aunt, his mother assured him seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten, which drew from him the comment that she 'had lived in a narrow sphere, and was affected by little things.' She was a pious woman, and was anxious to impress her son with her principles, but from want of judgment made Sunday 'a heavy day to him.' He complained that she confined him to the house and compelled him to read 'The Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which he could derive no instruction. She was quite unacquainted with books, and would talk to her husband of nothing except his affairs, which were embarrassed, and of which he hated to hear. Even of her single unwelcome topic 'she had,' says Johnson, 'no distinct conception, and therefore her discourse

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was composed only of complaint, fear, and suspicion.' Without ideas derived either from reading or observation, and with an apparent want of practical sense in her conduct, she must, in intellect, have been below the average of women. Her merit was in a disposition so benevolent that she was beloved by all who knew her, and when some sharper endeavoured to despoil her of a field, not an attorney in the place would undertake his cause. It was of her that Johnson wrote the line in the '*Vanity of Human Wishes*'—'The general favourite as the general friend.' Her strong affection begot in her son a corresponding attachment. 'These little memorials soothe my mind,' he wrote in after life, when recording a couple of observations she had made to him in his childhood, and which are too trifling to be worth repeating. On the death of the mother of his friend Mr. Elphinston he sent him a letter of consolation, and advised him to set down minutely all he could remember of her from his earliest years. 'You will read it,' he said, 'with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration.' This reveals his own object in putting upon paper observations which in themselves were absolutely insignificant; and if we consider what a robust and manly heart he had, and how he toiled for bread at one period of his life, and how distinguished he was at another, we shall be struck with the tenderness which in this hurry or splendour of existence could pause to console himself with reading the most trivial recollections of maternal kindness.

The elder Johnson kept a bookseller's shop in Lichfield and a stall in Birmingham and other places on market-days. He had a large share of vanity, which was a good deal kept down by adversity, and was foolish in talking of his children, which was one of the forms that his vanity assumed. His very caresses were loathed by his son, because they were always the preface to some exhibition of his precocious abilities. He compared himself in these performances to a little boy's dog, teased with awkward fondness, and forced to sit up and beg. To avoid the infliction he used to run away when visitors called, and hide himself in a tree. But Michael Johnson was a man of considerable attainments. 'He propagates learning all over this diocese,' wrote the chaplain of Lord Gower in 1716; 'all the clergy here are his pupils, and suck all they have from him.' Though he was not much at home, his books and his knowledge must have had some effect in giving a literary turn to the mind of his son, one of whose early reminiscences was of having read '*Hamlet*' alone in the kitchen, till, terrified by the ghost scene, he

he rushed to the street-door to get into company. The narrow circumstances of his parents did not interfere with his education, for he was sent before he was eight years of age to the grammar-school at Lichfield. He was indulged by his first master, and cried when he was promoted to the upper school. His second master, Mr. Hunter, was, he said, 'wrongheadedly severe, and beat us unmercifully. He never taught a boy in his life; he whipped and they learned.' He ascribed, however, his knowledge of Latin to the discipline, and confessed that unless he had been well flogged he should have done nothing whatever. Idleness is too common both with boys and men to be quoted as an especial characteristic of Johnson, but most of his future peculiarities were developed in his early days, and he is, as Boswell states, a memorable instance of the observation that the child is the man in miniature. As was his habit in maturer years he drove off his occupations to the latest moment, and when compelled to grapple with a task completed it with unequalled rapidity. He had just as great an aversion as during his literary career to the use of the pen, and would dictate verses and themes to his favourites, but would never be at the trouble of writing them. He exhibited at school the same readiness of memory which afterwards astonished his literary associates, and had been known to recite eighteen verses, after hearing them once read, with the variation of only a single epithet. He had the same proud averseness as in manhood to be second to anybody with whom he came in competition—a passion which was stronger than his native indolence, and seconded the stimulus he received from the rod of his master. 'They never,' he told Boswell, with evident exultation, 'thought to raise me by comparing me to any one; they never said Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one, but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson; and this was said but of one, but of Lowe; and I do not think he was as good a scholar.' His physical inertness still more than his imperfect sight kept him from joining in the rivalry of games, and it was wonderful, he remarked, how well he had contrived to be idle without them. His favourite recreation was to saunter through fields with a schoolfellow, though he talked more to himself than to his companion, so early had he acquired that abstraction of mind which led him to mutter his thoughts, unconscious either of his own utterance, or else oblivious of the presence of others. In one respect, if we were to trust the report of Mrs. Thrale, the youth was very unlike the man. His cousin Ford, a clergyman of great ability, but of licentious life, prognosticating his future eminence as a writer, told him that he would make his way more easily in the world

world as he showed no disposition to dispute anybody's claim to colloquial superiority. Either, however, he was restrained by the presence of his relative, or the observation must have been made during a lull in his usual habits; for he told Boswell 'that when he was a boy he always chose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things could be said upon it.'

At fifteen he was sent by the advice of Mr. Ford to a school at Stourbridge in Worcestershire, where he remained little more than a year. His superiority had then become so apparent that Dr. Percy states him to have been admitted into the best company of the place, and, boy as he was, to have had attentions paid him of which remarkable instances were long remembered there. The master, Mr. Wentworth, who perhaps found a rival as well as a pupil, was less considerate than the inhabitants. He was very severe to him; 'yet taught me,' says Johnson, 'a great deal.' The harsh treatment to which he was subjected by both Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wentworth was trifling in comparison with the subsequent miseries he endured; and in his most prosperous period he contended that schooldays were the happiest days of life. 'Ah! sir,' he said, 'a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him.'

From Stourbridge the lad went back to Lichfield, and lived, or as his biographer expresses it, 'loitered at home for two years in a state very unworthy his uncommon abilities.' If by loitering Boswell meant idling, his own narrative refutes the assertion. Johnson, he relates, once said to him, 'Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now.' When he made this confession he was fifty-four. He told Langton that his great period of study was from twelve to eighteen; and on another occasion he mentioned to Boswell that in the very interval during which he is described as loitering he did not read works of amusement, 'but all literature, sir, all ancient writers, all manly.' The passion for knowledge is strongest in youth, because the charm of novelty is then conjoined with the ardour of acquisition. The cravings of a vigorous mind in Johnson more than counterbalanced its sluggishness, and he was hurried along by eager curiosity, and the delight of new ideas. One day he climbed to an upper shelf in his father's shop to look for some apples which he suspected his brother to have hid behind a large folio. The folio was the Latin and Italian works of Petrarch, and having heard him mentioned among the restorers of learning, he fastened upon it immediately, and read it nearly to an end. Notwithstanding these feats he was upbraided by his father for want of steady application. There are two kinds of students—those
who

who work quietly and constantly, and those who apply vehemently and fitfully. The methods differ much the same as walking does from running. The one who goes quickest clears a greater space in a short time, and is soonest out of breath. Johnson in reading was among the runners. He glanced his eye rapidly from the top to the bottom of the page, and seemed, in the words of Boswell, to devour it ravenously. 'He gets at the substance of a book directly,' said Mrs. Knowles; 'he tears out the heart of it.' All such persons, in the many truant hours in which they abandon their desk, appear idle to casual observers. But there is a repletion of the mind as well as of the body, and if satiety did not compel these pauses memory could not retain the knowledge, nor reason digest it. Seldom, however, has a man of his acquirements been equally desultory. He assured Boswell that, possessing a particular partiality for poetry, he hardly ever got to the end of a poem. If any one spoke of having read a book through he heard the assertion with incredulity. His advice to others was framed upon his own practice. He had never persisted in a plan for two days together, and did not believe that much good could be got from task-work. Unless inclination conspired with diligence, nothing, he maintained, made a strong impression. If a man opened a volume in the middle and was pleased, he advised him not to leave off and go to the beginning lest his interest in it should die away and be no more renewed. He thought it one of the advantages of having a large library, that, unless a subject could be pursued the instant the desire arose in the mind, the chance was that the fancy would never return. He concluded from the effects that some persons, such as Bentley and Samuel Clarke, must have studied hard, but nobody he affirmed had done it whose habits he had known. His notions of what ought to be the attainments of a scholar led him to underrate his own. He always denied that his learning was extensive, though Adam Smith considered him to be acquainted with more books than any one alive. Tyers asserts that he had the most knowledge in ready cash of all the celebrities he ever met, and that he appeared from his innumerable quotations to be the man in the whole of England who had taken the widest range. Churchill, the poet, made an observation which alone must be conclusive to those who are familiar with Johnson's labours, that if it was true that he had read little, he could not be the author of his own works. The mere quotations in his Dictionary would show what a vast variety of authors he had skimmed. In theology, metaphysics, philology, and even in Latin scholarship, though all of them subjects in which he was far better versed than he was willing to allow, he had been surpassed

passed by others who had made a special study of one or other of these departments of knowledge; but very few writers in his own class—that of general literature—have excelled him in the aggregate extent of his information. He had larger stores we believe on the whole than Dryden, Addison, Swift, or Pope—every one of whom, and especially the first three, were learned men. Poetry, criticism, moral precepts, maxims of life, and biographical narratives, require embellishments of style, quickness of observation, miscellaneous reading, and habits of thought, rather than the concentrated diligence which exhausts a topic. To dig the ore from the mine, and to strike the coin at the mint, are separate operations, and he who does the one is seldom qualified for the other. To reproach men of letters, as has often been done, with being inferior to natural philosophers in science, to theologians in divinity, and to classic commentators in Greek and Latin, is to complain that a single man has been gifted with but a single genius, and has only, like other mortals, a day of twenty-four hours in which to exercise it. If Addison could not have elaborated the ‘*Principia*,’ Sir Isaac Newton was just as incompetent to write the ‘*Spectators*.’

The tastes of Johnson would have led him to prefer discursive reading to treading in a single track, but he had the advice of his cousin Ford to second his inclinations. ‘Obtain,’ urged this counsellor, who was a sagacious observer of life, ‘some general principles of every science; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps never wished for; while the man of general knowledge can often benefit, and always please.’ Pascal had before enforced the same maxim. ‘You tell me that such a person is a good mathematician, but I have nothing to do with mathematics. You assert of another that he understands the art of war, but I have no wish to make war upon anybody. The world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them. It is false praise to say of any one that he is skilled in poetry, and a bad sign when he is consulted solely about verses.’ The people that he thought the most pleasant and the most praiseworthy were those who bore the badge of no profession, who were neither called poets nor mathematicians, but were good judges of both, and who upon entering a room could join in the conversation they found going on at the moment. Special attainments are required in but few in each generation. The grand business of life is carried on by persons of diversified knowledge, who would leave an immense portion of their best functions undischarged if they were only proficient in one pursuit.

Johnson

Johnson went to Pembroke College, Oxford, the 31st October, 1728. His varied reading was displayed in an interview with his tutor on the night of his arrival, when the first words he uttered were to illustrate the subject of conversation by a quotation from Macrobius. Dr. Adams, afterwards master of the college, told him he was the best prepared student that had ever come to the University, where he manifested his usual reluctance to be outdone by any one. There was a person of the name of Meeke who excelled him in classical translation. 'I could not,' says Johnson, 'bear his superiority, and I tried at the lecture to sit as far from him as I could, that I might not hear him construe.' His predominance over Meeke must in most things have been decided. His maiden declamation was a characteristic exhibition of three of his prominent qualities—his procrastination, his memory, and his readiness. He neglected to write the essay till the morning he was to deliver it, learnt a part as he walked from his room to the hall, and spoke the remainder extempore. He was all his life a precise and fluent converser in Latin. He soon gave a more finished specimen of his classical skill by his translation of the 'Messiah.' His version was published in 1731, and Pope is reported to have said, 'The writer of this poem will leave it a question for posterity, whether his or mine be the original.' By reading the Latin authors of all ages Johnson sacrificed something of that purity of style which rigid scholars demand. He did not reject expressions for which it would be vain to seek a precedent in the best Roman writers, and perhaps would have considered it an affectation of fastidiousness in a modern to condemn such freedoms. Many of his lines are neither elegant nor harmonious, but others are sweet and sonorous, and they are generally distinguished by vigour and conciseness of expression.

Young as he was when he went to Oxford, his haughty independence was already full-blown. Possessed with the pride of intellectual superiority, his spirit rose against the contempt which he suspected would be excited by his poverty. Apprehensive of indignity, he assumed an attitude of defiance before he was provoked. He attended the lecture the first day he was at Oxford, and the next four was absent. His tutor inquired the reason, and he replied that he had been sliding in Christchurch meadow. This answer, he says, was dictated by 'stark insensibility,' or, in other words, by ignorance of the requirements of the place. The inattention which resulted from inexperience was quickly changed for rebellion by design. He was by no means irregular in his conduct, but he liked to show by occasional insubordination that he was not obedient from submission.

mission. He composed his translation of the 'Messiah' to intimidate his tutors, for in those more sensitive days the college dignitaries stood in awe of a satirical epigram, and they feared to punish him when they saw that he could retaliate with the pen. He spent much of his time in lounging about the college gate, surrounded by a circle of admiring undergraduates, whom he entertained by his spirited talk. 'Sir,' observed one of his fellow-students, Mr. Edwards, at an accidental interview with him fifty years afterwards, 'I remember you would not let us say *prodigious* at college. For even then, sir (turning to Boswell), he was delicate in language, and we all feared him.' 'Sir,' Johnson remarked in explanation, when Edwards was gone, 'they respected me for my literature; and yet it was not great but by comparison. Sir, it is amazing how little literature there is in the world.*' As he appeared among the scholars like a king among his subjects, he indulged in jest, and overflowed with what seemed to be irresistible mirth. When Boswell repeated to him this account, he replied, 'Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and wit, so I disregarded all power and all authority.' 'All my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself,' said Swift, 'were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts.' The determination of Johnson to make mind supply the place of money and rank was of a more dignified kind. He was not asking homage, but warding off insult. But, though his talents could exact respect both from his masters and companions, his penury grew at last too extreme to be exhibited in a place where all his fellow-students were well-dressed gentlemen. His father became insolvent, and a friend who had engaged to assist him broke his promise. His feet appeared through his shoes, and when some unknown person delicately set a new pair at his door, he indignantly flung them away. Boswell calls this 'a proper pride.' Johnson himself, in relating the refusal of Savage, when his clothes were worn out, to accept a suit which was sent him anonymously, seems by his language to imply that the resentment was misplaced. If it is a duty to give, it certainly cannot

* Of this Edwards himself was a signal example. Though he had received a college education, and lived most of his life in London, where he practised as a Chancery solicitor, he seems not to have heard of 'The Rambler' till near thirty years after it had rendered Johnson famous; for, meeting the author one day at the expiration of that interval, he said, 'I am told you have written a very pretty book called "The Rambler."' He had at least never seen it, and was utterly ignorant of its nature. 'I was unwilling,' said Johnson, 'that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set.'

be a fault to accept, unless poverty is a crime. If generosity is thought to degrade the recipient, it cannot elevate the donor, who becomes by his proffered aid a partner in the error. But the common vice of mean dependence in creatures who have neither the resolution to economise, nor the industry to work, makes high-minded men intolerant of help and wins admiration to over-scrupulous indigence.

When Johnson was driven away from Oxford by poverty, in the autumn of 1731, he had not completed the requisite residence, and could not take a degree. Of the other advantages of the place he had reaped scarcely any. His tutor was very worthy but very ignorant, and hardly knew a noun from an adverb. The pupil, being vastly more learned than the master, naturally gave way to his constitutional indolence, and neglected his studies. His principal reading of a solid kind was in the Greek poets, and especially Homer and Euripides. Mr. Gifford once remarked to Jacob Bryant, that Johnson had admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar. 'Sir,' replied Bryant with an impressive air, 'it is not easy for us to say what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar.' 'I hope,' adds Gifford, 'that I profited by that lesson,—certainly I never forgot it.' Bryant was right in his hypothesis. Giants measure themselves with giants; and acquirements which are great to the little are little to the great. Dr. Burney the younger, well known for his classical attainments, found that, though Johnson was not universally skilled in the critical niceties of the tongue, his general knowledge of it was extensive. He could give a Greek word for almost every English one, read the language with facility, and occasionally wrote verses in it. A Danish nobleman, who had been told how loudly he proclaimed his own deficiencies upon the subject, introduced the topic at an interview, for the purpose, as he avowed, of favouring himself. Johnson accepted the challenge, and displayed such an extensive acquaintance with Greek literature and learning, that his antagonist was astonished. But while his professed ignorance eclipsed the vaunted knowledge of common men, he was so scrupulous not to take credit for more than he possessed, that he insisted he owed his triumph over the Dane to a Xenophon of Mr. Thrale's, which was, he said, the only Greek book he had read for ten years.

An immeasurably more important acquisition than an improvement in classical lore belongs to his Oxford career. When he was nine years old the church of Lichfield was shut up to be repaired. His short sight, which obliged him to grope about in search of a seat, made it disagreeable to him to attend a strange place of worship, and he preferred to go into the fields and read.

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From neglecting religion he grew to talk against it, and drunk and swore with the same vehemence that he did everything which he did at all. At Oxford he took up 'Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life,' expecting to find it dull, and intending to ridicule it. He quickly discovered that he was over-matched, and for the first time since he was capable of rational inquiry he thought in earnest about religion. The work of Law he afterwards commended as 'the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language,' and its power is proved by the magical influence it has exercised over the ablest minds. This was the treatise which completed the conversion of the learned but once licentious Psalmanazar, who was the only person whom Johnson much courted, whom he never contradicted, whom he unhesitatingly pronounced the best man he had ever known, and whose piety and penitence he affirmed to have exceeded almost all that is recorded in the lives of saints. Psalmanazar like Johnson had read the work accidentally. The clergyman from whose table he had picked it up took it from his hand, gave him an unfavourable account of it, and refused to lend it him. Deeply impressed with the page at which he had glanced, he purchased a copy, and read it over and over with eager satisfaction and lasting profit. It was the same treatise again which confirmed and extended the growing zeal of John Wesley, and had a prominent share in the formation of his character. 'It is said,' writes Southey, 'that few books have made so many religious enthusiasts.' Even the infidel Gibbon admitted that 'if it found a spark of piety in the reader's mind it would soon kindle it to a flame.' The book is now neglected, but if goodness could trace its genealogy through all the intermediate steps to its source, how much of the excellence which at present exists in the world would be found to have had its origin in the writings of Law. From the period when Johnson had dipped into the 'Serious Call' at Oxford, he entertained an abhorrence of scepticism, and in after years was emphatic in showing it. The Abbé Raynal, on being introduced to him, held out his hand. Johnson received the advance by putting his behind his back, and to the expostulation of a friend replied, 'Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel.' He would not admit a quotation into his Dictionary from works which were dangerous to religion or morality, lest any one should be enticed into consulting the originals, and perchance have their minds misled for ever.

The impression produced upon Johnson's mind by the treatise of Law was confirmed by an illness which seized him on his return to Lichfield. This was a severe attack of his hereditary hypochondriasis, which filled him with despair and fretfulness,
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and made his friends apprehensive for his life or his intellect. His circumstances were calculated to bring a disorder which was always threatening him to a head. 'When I was towering in the confidence of twenty-one,' he wrote to Mr. Langton in 1759, 'little did I suspect that I should be at forty-nine what I am now.' The confidence was not of long duration. He told Mrs. Thrale that, in his history of Gelaleddin in the 'Idler,' he shadowed out a chapter of his own life, and it is to his return from Oxford that the sketch refers. Gelaleddin has obtained reputation in the school of Asia which is most famous for the learning of its professors and the number of its students. He is looked up to by his associates as an oracular guide, and thought competent to appreciate the converse of his masters. He fondly imagines that, if he is thus conspicuous in the brilliant regions of literature, he will shine with redoubled lustre in the twilight of his native place. He enters his father's house, expecting to be received with pride and delight. He is met by a greeting which, though not unkind, manifests neither fondness nor exultation. 'His father had in his absence suffered many losses, and Gelaleddin was considered as an additional burden to a falling family. When he recovered from his surprise he began to display his acquisitions, but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile.' He hoped to obtain that attention from his neighbours which he failed to command at home; but some censured his arrogance and pedantry; others wondered why he should have taken pains to acquire knowledge which could never do him any good; others admitted him to their tables, but when he chanced to manifest in a remarkable degree his superiority to his company, he was seldom invited a second time. He next solicits employment, and is told by one that he has no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit is above private patronage; by a third, that he will not forget him; and by a fourth, that he does not think literature of any use in business. This can easily be recognised as a true picture of the reception which would be given in a provincial town to learning in rags during the earlier half of the last century. The notion that genius will excite the deepest reverence in those by whom it is least understood is an ever-recurring and yet manifest delusion. Talent is best appreciated by talent, knowledge by knowledge; and the man who imagines that the higher he is removed above his judges the more they will admire him, might equally expect that he would look larger the farther he receded, or his voice sound louder the greater the distance from which he spoke. Excellence must be perceptible before it can be ap-

plauded, and for a cultivated understanding to display its stores to untutored ignorance is much like exhibiting colours to the blind. Thus Johnson was subjected to the complicated misery of conscious power, general neglect, and helpless poverty, and, with his expectations baffled, wretched in the present and without hope for the future, a less gloomy temperament than his would have been sunk in despondency.

Not long after Johnson got back to Lichfield his father died, of an inflammatory fever, December, 1731, being seventy-six years of age. His son never liked to dwell upon his memory, for the associations were not pleasing. Everything except the attachment of his mother had contributed to render his home cheerless, and even her kindness was partly poisoned by a rivalry between his brother and himself for her affection. His parents, from want of a community of ideas, were not happy together. His father's 'vile melancholy' increased the gloom induced by the absence of domestic cordiality. Concealed poverty, which Johnson always asserted was the corrosive that destroyed the peace of almost every family, added its sting, and was especially harassing to a vain citizen like the aspiring bookseller, who, while anxious to put on the appearance of greater means than he ever possessed, kept gradually dropping to a lower state till he ended in bankruptcy. The wretchedness which grew out of the struggle had left such disagreeable recollections in the mind of his son that he urged it as a reason for not talking of his family, 'One has,' he said, 'so little pleasure in reciting the anecdotes of beggary.' The very pride his father took in him had been converted into an instrument of torture in his boyhood, and appeared to have declined at the moment when it would have been most valued. In what was probably the old man's final illness, he offended the dignity of the Oxford scholar by requesting him, one market-day, to take his place at the book-stall in Uttoxeter. More than fifty years afterwards, on his last visit to Lichfield, when his own life was visibly drawing to a close, Johnson remembered his disobedience with compunction, and, going into the market at the full tide of business, stood for an hour, with his head bare, before the stall which had been his father's, exposed to the sneers of the crowd and the inclemency of the weather. This has sometimes been considered an act of superstition, but to us it appears a fine example of moral heroism. Johnson, in the 'Rambler,' has properly defined 'repentance to be the relinquishment of any evil practice.' Where the misconduct has ceased from the lapse of time, and by the nature of things cannot be renewed, he knew how deceitful was that mental regret which calls for no sacrifices. He therefore

fore wished to evidence to himself the sincerity of his repentance by executing the office which he had formerly refused to discharge. He is reported to have said 'that he hoped the penance was expiatory;' but he distinctly declared on other occasions that he did not hold the doctrine 'of a commutation of offences by voluntary penance,' and we are satisfied he meant no more than that he hoped he had proved his contrition to be real. Never was there a son who had less upon his conscience, for he could recollect no second act of disobedience to his father.

To trace Johnson's career for several years is only to follow him from one scene of wretchedness to another. His next change was always remembered by him with an aversion approaching to horror. The most obvious resource of needy scholarship is to obtain a situation at a school, and Johnson, in the beginning of 1732, became an usher at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. Under no circumstances would he have been fitted for the office. Boswell, adopting an expression from the 'Rambler,' well remarks that his acquisitions had been obtained 'by sudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge,' and the man whose eye took in a page at a glance, and who seldom read a book to an end, could not have submitted to dwell word by word upon little piecemeal lessons, to hang for months over a single poem, and when the end was reached with one class to recommence it with another. Nor should we suppose that his grand and sententious style of elucidation could have been intelligible to boys. 'Men advanced far in knowledge,' says Imlac to Pekuah of the Astronomer in 'Rasselas,' 'do not love to repeat the elements of their art, and I am not certain that even of the elements, as he will deliver them connected with inferences and mingled with reflections, you are a very capable auditress.' He has, doubtless, embodied here the recollection of his own attempts at elementary instruction. He complained heavily at the time of the monotonous drudgery, which must have been rendered more depressing by his dark distemper. To these drawbacks were superadded the humiliations which arose from the menial nature of the office in those ruder days, when scholars with more than the education of gentlemen were treated with less than the consideration of servants. To be usher at an academy is one of the schemes of George Primrose in his penury. 'Can you dress the boys' hair?' inquires a cousin to whom he imparts his design, and who to the answer 'No,' replies, 'Then you won't do for a school.' 'Can you lie three in a bed?' 'No.' 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' 'Yes.' 'Then you will by no means do for a school.' He is told that to be an under-jailer in Newgate, or to turn a cutler's wheel, are enviable occupations by comparison, and Gold-

smith was writing from personal experience. He too had been an usher at a boarding-school at Peckham—a portion of his history of which, like his friend, he never talked, and reddened if he fancied an allusion was made to it, though he was not backward to dwell upon his other distresses, and once commenced a story with the words, 'When I lived among the beggars in Axè Lane.' As Johnson was extremely slovenly, and never dressed his own hair, it is not likely that he could have dressed the boys'; as he was a large man, and afflicted with convulsive movements, in which he threw about his legs and his arms, no two other persons could possibly have slept or even have lain in bed with him; and as he had an enormous appetite, and ate almost as much as an elephant, it appears upon every point which is mentioned by Goldsmith that he would by no means have done for a school. Whatever might have been the particular indignities to which he was subjected, his disposition would not allow him to brook an affront, or to lower his tone to authority; and, revolted by the 'intolerable harshness' of Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of the establishment, he turned his back in the latter end of July upon the miseries of Market Bosworth. Three years afterwards Mr. Walmesley endeavoured to obtain for him the head mastership of the grammar-school at Solihull, in Warwickshire, and the inquiries which were instituted by the trustees indicate that his high bearing towards his former employers, to whom they probably had recourse for information, had left a lasting impression. The account of his learning was flattering. It was allowed by all that it entitled him to a much better post than the one he sought, 'but then,' continues the secretary, who replied to Mr. Walmesley in the name of the trustees, 'he has the character of being a very haughty, ill-natured gentleman, and that he has such a way of distorting his face, which though he can't help, the gentlemen think it may affect some young ladds; for these two reasons he is not approved on, the late master Mr. Crompton's huffing the ffoofees being stil in their memory.' Mr. Greswold, the writer of this letter, who from his spelling and mode of expressing himself, does not appear to have had his own education at the Solihull grammar-school, concludes by saying that they are all 'exstreamly obliged' to Mr. Walmesley 'for proposeing so good a schollar,' though they did not care to avail themselves of his scholarship. Few things are more curious than to see the way in which great men are written of before their greatness is known. On a previous occasion, his application for an ushership at Brewood had been rejected from the apprehension that his convulsive movements would excite imitation or derision amongst the pupils. Goldsmith found that the oddity of his own manners, dress, and language was a fund of
eternal

eternal ridicule at Peckham; but Johnson was not a person with whom any boy would have dared to take liberties to his face, and, if they were hushed by awe in his presence, his authority would not have suffered by a little merriment behind his back.

On the 15th of July, 1732, Johnson made an entry in his diary, stating that twenty pounds, which he had just received, was the entire sum which would accrue to him from his father's effects till the death of his mother. He expressed his consciousness that he must now be the architect of his own fortune, and resolved that poverty should not debilitate his understanding nor tempt him to deviate from rectitude—a vow which he nobly redeemed. The next day he went back to Market Bosworth on foot, and in another week had left it in disgust. He was again upon the wide world, and became the guest of Mr. Hector, an old schoolfellow and friend, who was then established as a surgeon at Birmingham.

Mr. Hector lodged with a bookseller of the name of Warren, who was the proprietor of a journal, and by this accidental association Johnson first came forth in his proper character of an author. He contributed essays to Warren's paper, and undertook to translate and abridge for him from the French a '*Voyage to Abyssinia*,' by Father Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit. His manner of executing his earliest literary task was curiously characteristic. Having made a commencement, his indolence got the better of him, and the printer was soon at a stand-still. On Mr. Hector representing to him that the poor man and his family were suffering from his neglect to supply the press, he instantly resumed his work, but did it lying in bed, dictating off-hand to Mr. Hector, who held the pen, and taking so little interest in the result that he had not the curiosity to cast his eye upon the proof-sheets, of which few were ever seen by him. But the most remarkable part of the undertaking is the preface, which exhibits the peculiar turn of thought and style which are associated with his name, and in one passage, quoted by Boswell, exhibits them in their maturest form. The authors of Queen Anne's time were then the models of composition. The homely and familiar style of Swift, and still more the style of Addison, in which familiarity was combined with elegance, were considered to have brought the English tongue to its highest pitch of perfection. In three or four casual pages written for a provincial bookseller Johnson showed that he had broken loose from the trammels of fashion, and had struck out a manner of his own which has left a lasting trace upon the language. He repeats in the '*Rambler*' the anecdote of Alexander, that, when he

he was invited to hear a man that sung like a nightingale, he replied with contempt that he had heard the nightingale herself. 'The same treatment,' adds the Essayist, 'must every man expect whose praise is that he imitates another.' Whether he had early arrived at this conclusion by reflection, or whether his originality was the unpremeditated consequence of his mental training, the evidence of power was the same, and was, as we can now see, prophetic of his future renown. He had made it a rule in conversation to do his best upon every occasion. He forbore to deliver his thoughts till he had arranged them in the clearest manner, he clothed them in the most forcible language he could command, and he never suffered a careless expression to escape him. By these means he had been insensibly forming himself to be a writer, and had carried on the operation of composition in his mind long before he put pen to paper. Where the outbursts of genius seem spontaneous it is merely because the preliminary process has been kept out of sight.

It appears to have been in the early part of 1734 that the translation was executed, and, if we consider Johnson's capabilities and prospects at that time, we shall perceive the perilous position of those who have no settled calling. He was in his twenty-fifth year, an admirable Latin and good Greek scholar, with a vast store of miscellaneous learning, a strong understanding, a logical mind, an imposing style, and a ready pen. To these mental gifts he conjoined unflinching principle and piety. Yet with all his talents and inflexible integrity he could not find an outlet for his exertions; and while tens of thousands of commonplace people who had been brought up to a profession were earning an easy competence, he wandered a pauper about the world and could with difficulty keep himself from starving. He received only five guineas for his version of *Father Lobo*, which was less than was paid to the mechanic who set up the type. How he contrived to live at all eluded the research of his inquisitive biographers. He ceased to be the guest of Mr. Hector after six months, and hired lodgings on his own account in another part of Birmingham. His literary projects came to nothing. He proposed in August, 1734, to print by subscription the poems of Politian, with a life of the author and a history of Latin poetry from the time of Petrarch. These preliminary essays were to be, like the rest of the book, in Latin; and as Johnson had consulted his own tastes and knowledge in the scheme more than those of the public, the plan was soon dropped from want of subscribers. He next wrote to Cave in November, offering to furnish short literary dissertations and criticisms to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' but no engagement
appears

appears to have ensued. He had equally failed to obtain a school, either as principal or subordinate, and from the end of 1732 to the middle of 1736 we are almost entirely ignorant of his history. His life is lost in the obscurity of indigence, and if we could draw aside the veil it would only reveal a spectacle of misery darker than the darkness which hides it. On the 9th of July, 1736, we are called back to his history by his marriage; and though he had afterwards to struggle with want for many a long and toilsome day, it is a relief to catch a momentary glimpse of sunshine breaking through the clouds which enveloped him as he trod painfully but undauntedly, head and mind erect, along his dreary way.

Johnson's first love was the sister of his friend Hector. This passion, he told Boswell, dropped imperceptibly out of his head, and the lady subsequently married Mr. Careless, a clergyman. More than thirty years after Johnson's attachment for her had ceased, he passed an evening with her at Birmingham, and seemed to have his affection revived. She was then a widow. Upon his remarking that it might have been as happy for him if he had taken her to wife, Boswell inquired whether he did not suppose that there were fifty women who would please a man just as well as any one woman in particular. 'Ay, sir,' replied Johnson, 'fifty thousand. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.' If the system were adopted, it would, at least, be an awful moment for a man resolved to enter the married state when he was first admitted to see the partner who had been selected for him. Such, however, was Johnson's opinion of the facility with which different persons could excite fondness in the same individual, that he numbered it among the advantages of London that there was less danger of falling in love indiscreetly than anywhere else; 'for there,' said he, 'the difficulty of deciding between a vast variety of objects kept a man safe.' From the readiness with which he was pleased it might be wrongly inferred that he was not a very devoted swain, especially as the engagement he had formed was of a nature which appeared to preclude much ardour of attachment. Viewed upon the side of prudence, it gave just as little promise, and would certainly not have been decreed by the Court of Chancery 'after a due consideration of the circumstances;' for the object of his choice was a widow, by name Mrs. Porter, who was in her forty-eighth year, and whose husband, a mercer of Birmingham, had lately died insolvent. Johnson was not yet twenty-seven. According to Garrick,
whose

whose account was always supposed to be a caricature, neither her person nor her manners afforded the least compensation for this difference of age. He described her as very fat, with a protuberant bosom, and swelled cheeks, which were red from paint and cordials; her dress flaring and fantastic, and her mode of speaking and behaving in the last degree affected. Johnson saw her with different eyes. Of the four things in marriage which he thought important in the order in which they are named—virtue, wit, beauty, and money—she had all, in his opinion, except the last and least. In his epitaph on her he called her pious, clever, accomplished, and handsome, and spoke of her in the same strain to Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. He asserted that she read comedy better than any one he ever heard; and, from his bestowing upon her the title of ‘a female critic’ in his ‘Life of Gay,’ he would appear to have considered her a judge of literature. Mrs. Williams stated that she had a good understanding and great sensibility of heart, but was inclined to be satirical.

Johnson, on his part, did not seem formed to raise a passion in female breasts. ‘His appearance,’ said his step-daughter, Miss Porter, ‘was then very forbidding; he was lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. His hair was straight and stiff and separated behind, and his convulsive starts and gesticulations tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule.’ Mrs. Porter estimated him by the powers of his mind, and not by the disadvantages of his person. ‘This,’ she remarked to her daughter, ‘is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life.’ Johnson went to Lichfield to ask the consent of his mother to the match, which she gave, because, from the ardour of his temper, she was afraid to remonstrate with him. He could only have consulted her as a form of respect, and would have felt at her refusal much what he expressed to a barrister who, in a similar situation, had followed his own tastes instead of his father’s wishes. ‘If you married imprudently, you miscarried at your own hazard, at an age when you had a right of choice. It would be hard if the man might not choose his own wife, who has a right to plead before the judges of this country.’ Mrs. Porter, on her part, owed obedience to nobody; nor could any one dispute that she was ‘at an age when she had a right of choice,’ but her sons were hostile to the arrangement, and did not conceal their disgust. Under these un auspicious circumstances this singular pair rode forth on horseback from Birmingham on the wedding-morning towards Derby, where they were to be married. Mrs. Porter had been a great reader of romances, and

and had imbibed from them the idea that her lover ought to be treated like a dog. Sometimes he went too fast, sometimes too slow. 'I was not,' says Johnson, 'to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end.' He started away at a rapid pace, got quite out of sight, and left her to follow by herself. When she came up with him she was in tears. That a fat and painted widow who was verging upon forty-eight should indulge in the coquettish airs of a girl in her teens, and fancy that at her mature age her charms were sufficient to enforce her despotic whims upon a strong-minded man who was twenty years younger than herself, confirms the testimony of Garrick that she was much given to affectation. Johnson once narrated another ludicrous incident at which she again cried, and again showed her folly. He had a great friendship for Molly Aston, as he always called her, the sister of a baronet whose seat was in the neighbourhood of Lichfield. 'She was a scholar and a wit,' said Johnson, 'and the loveliest creature ever seen.' His wife, whose Christian name was Elizabeth, and who certainly was not the loveliest creature ever seen, was jealous of the attachment, and, one day meeting a gipsy as they were walking in the country with two or three of their acquaintances, she bid the fortune-teller look at her husband's hand. 'Your heart is divided, sir,' said the woman, 'between a Betty and a Molly: Betty loves you best, but you take most delight in Molly's company.' Johnson turned about to laugh at this echo of the idle gossip of Lichfield, and saw that poor Betty, who found in the oracular announcement a confirmation of her misgivings, had burst into tears. 'Pretty charmer!' added Johnson, in repeating the anecdote, 'she had no reason.' The 'pretty charmer' was probably past fifty; but the expression is an evidence how gently he felt towards her, and that he never ceased to view her with a lover's fondness.

The hopes of the impoverished couple when they formed their imprudent alliance were in an academy for young gentlemen which Johnson opened at Edial, about a mile from Lichfield. He had but three pupils, two of whom were the famous David Garrick and his brother George. The terms were doubtless low, for the Garricks were the sons of a needy half-pay captain, and the study of the family, said Johnson, 'was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-halfpenny do.' The rent of the Edial house must have more than absorbed the profit from the pupils. The attempt of the great scholar to establish himself in any sphere of life which should be raised one degree above beggary had again failed, and after a year and a half he resigned

resigned the task of instructing his three lads, and resolved to try if he would be accepted for an instructor of the world. He left his wife at Lichfield, and proceeded to the metropolis in company with Garrick, who was on his way to Mr. Colson, a school-master at Rochester. The Rabbins are reported to respect the smallest piece of paper, lest it should have written upon it words of wisdom. The instance of these two men is a lesson to extend the rule to human beings. 'That was the year,' Johnson once said at a dinner-party to Garrick, 'when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine.' Who that could have seen them entering the city moneyless and friendless could have suspected that the names of both were to be in everybody's mouth—that one was to be the greatest author and the other the greatest actor of his age? Johnson had spent some of his vacant hours at Edial in preparing for the venture. He there commenced '*Irene*;' and Mr. Walmesley, his Lichfield friend, states in a letter to Colson that his object in going to London was to try his fate with the play, and expresses an expectation 'that he will turn out a great tragedy-writer.' But as yet three acts only were composed, and in the meanwhile his intention was to seek employment in translating from the Latin or the French. He thought of the literary calling with juvenile enthusiasm; and when he first saw St. John's Gate, where the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' was printed, 'he beheld it with reverence.' Calling soon after on one Wilcox, a bookseller, he told him that he wished to obtain a livelihood as an author. Wilcox eyed attentively his powerful frame, and, with a significant look, said, 'You had better buy a porter's knot.' Such are the different colours in which objects appear to hope and experience. He had not long to wait before he too well understood the meaning of the bookseller's warning gesture and advice.

For the few authors whose names are familiar to the world, there are, as in every calling, myriads who are never heard of beyond their private circle. They have swarmed from the hour when printing and reading became common; but as Pope and his contemporaries were the first to drag the tribe of underlings into public view, many circumstances are often assumed to have been peculiar to that time which had long been the standing condition of things. Swift, in his '*Hospital for Incurables*,' calculates that provision must be made 'for at least forty thousand incurable scribblers,' and adds, with his usual savage satire, 'that, if there were not great reason to hope that many of that class would properly be admitted among the incurable fools, he should strenuously

strenuously intercede to have the number increased by ten or twenty thousand more.' Those who reflect upon the prodigious mass of printed matter, beyond all power of computation, which is daily issued to the world, must perceive how small a part of it can be the production of learning and talent. In the last century the 'authorlings,' as he terms them, are stated by Smollett to have been the refuse of the usual professions; and the accurate Johnson himself testifies 'that they had seldom any claim to their trade, except that they had tried some other without success.' Fielding gives evidence to the same effect. No other ability, he says, was required than that of the writing-master, no other stock in trade than a pen, a little ink, and a small quantity of paper. Ignorance, which would have been helpless if it had stood alone, was rendered marketable by impudence. In Smollett's description of some of the fraternity—characters which are known to have been taken from living representatives—the man who has been expelled from the University for atheism, and prosecuted for a blasphemer, writes a refutation of the infidelity of Bolingbroke; the Scotchman teaches pronunciation; the cockney who has never seen a field of wheat compiles a treatise on agriculture; and the debtor publishes travels in Europe and part of Asia without having set foot beyond the liberties of the King's Bench. 'The translators,' Lintot told Pope, 'were the saddest pack of rogues in the world, and in a hungry fit would swear they understood all the languages in the universe.' It was common for them, in fact, to make versions without comprehending one syllable of the original. The frauds were endless. Some of these impostors, when excluded from the world in prisons, invented news for the journals; some affixed to their trash the names of popular authors, or put forth second parts of popular books. An Irishman, mentioned by Smollett, wrote a pamphlet in vindication of the minister of the day, and then published an answer, in which he assumed that the writer of the first pamphlet was the minister himself, and addressed him throughout as 'your lordship' with such solemn assurance that the politicians were deceived, and devoured 'the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer' as a controversy between the Premier and the leader of the Opposition. Many of their practices were only modes of beggary. They sold tickets for prospective benefit-nights when a play should be performed which was not accepted, and often not composed. More frequently still, they eked out a subsistence by the aid of subscriptions to works of which they never intended to pen a line. Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, lived for twenty years upon a projected translation of Plautus.

These

These methods were too easy not to become universal; and to stop solicitation people of rank bound themselves to one another to forfeit a considerable sum if they ever purchased a ticket or subscribed to a book. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Fielding have all mentioned this strange defensive alliance of the rich against the clamorous importunity of the pauper portion of the literary republic. Their condition was indeed deplorable. Johnson in his prosperous days repeated to Boswell the lines in which Virgil describes the entrance to Hell, and bid him observe that all the horrors which the poet had accumulated to characterise the infernal regions were the concomitants of a printing-house—the toil, the grief, the revengeful cares, the apprehensions, the hunger, the poverty, the diseases, the sad old age, and the miserable death. Not a few of the most indefatigable writers for the press were in jails; many were without a roof to cover them. One of the reasons which Johnson assigns for Savage's habit of staying till unseasonable hours at the parties to which he was invited, and exhausting the kindness of his entertainers, was, that he had to spend the remainder of the night in the street. If he entered a house to sleep, it was a mean lodging frequented by the lowest of the rabble, who were vile in their language, profligate in their habits, and filthy in their persons. Constantly his finances did not permit him to purchase this cheap and degrading accommodation, and his bed was in winter the ashes of a glasshouse, and in summer the projecting stall of a shop, or beneath the portico of a church. In appearance the author was hardly superior to the common paupers with whom he was compelled to consort. Until he got his pension, the dress of Johnson was literally that of a beggar. One of Smollett's geniuses, who writes novels for five pounds a volume, is reduced to the fragments of a pair of shoes, and displays his ingenuity in running away with his publisher's boots. It was with these publishers as with the authors. Only two or three, out of scores, had the feelings and education of gentlemen, and the rest were usually insolent and grasping. Mr. Wilson, in 'Joseph Andrews,' is represented as translating for a bookseller till he has contracted a distemper by his sedentary life, in which no part of his body was exercised except his right arm, and when he is incapacitated by sickness his employer denounces him to the trade 'for an idle fellow.' But it must be admitted that the wrongs were not all on one side, though in the contest between sharper and sharper the bookseller could commonly exercise the greater injustice, because he had the power of the purse.

As if it was not sufficient to be scouted and derided by the rest

rest of mankind, the world of authorlings was torn to pieces by intestine factions, and each man did his best to bring his brethren into contempt.

‘Beasts of all kinds their fellows spare—
Bear lives at amity with bear.’

But the literary bear saw rivals in his brother bears instead of allies. A painter once confessed to Johnson that no professor of the art ever loved a person who pursued the same craft. Envy is a common concomitant of vanity, even where there is no direct emulation; and people are found base enough to hate rising merit for no other reason than because it is rising. The passion was sure therefore to operate with great intensity among a class the nature of whose calling made them candidates both for bread and praise, and who believed that every crumb of either which was bestowed upon their brethren of the quill was so much subtracted from themselves. Swift, Johnson, Smollett—all the geniuses who were familiar with the scribbling race—were thus led to regard envy as among the most corrupting and widespread of vices, and in the opinion of Fielding it was the reason why there were no worse men than bad writers. ‘The malice I bore this fellow,’ the great novelist makes a poet say of a contemporary poet, ‘is inconceivable to any but an author, and an unsuccessful one. I never could bear to hear him well spoken of, and I writ anonymous satires against him, though I had received obligations from him.’ The whole clan of underlings who fed at the table of Smollett and existed by his patronage traduced his character and abused his works, and, as they were no less treacherous to one another than to their benefactor, each was eager to betray the rest to him. Some even of those who had attained to fame are reported by Johnson to have employed the meanest artifices to degrade their superiors and keep down their followers. The jealousy which troubled Goldsmith was in a great degree due to his having been trained in this unhappy school. If a distinction was to be made where almost all were malignant, the critic was entitled to the bad pre-eminence. Swift had defined him to be ‘a discoverer and collector of faults’—one who made it his business ‘to drag out lurking errors like Cacus from his den, to multiply them like Hydra’s heads, and rake them together like Augeas’s dung.’ These detractors swarmed, he said, most about the noblest writers, as a rat was attracted to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit; and he pronounced that to follow the craft would cost a man all the good qualities of his mind. The race had not improved when Johnson began his literary career. He described them as a class of beings who
stood

stood sentinels in the avenues of Fame for the purpose of 'hindering the reception of every work of learning or genius,' and whose acrimony was excited by the mere pain of hearing others praised. There was not the same severity in their virtue that there was in their pens. Johnson relates that some had been pacified by claret and a supper, and others with praise; and Lintot a few years earlier had told Pope that his mode of disarming them was to invite them to eat a slice of beef and pudding. The authors themselves were those who exulted most in the defamation of authors, just as Fielding says that the rabble took such immense pleasure in seeing men hanged, that they forgot while they were enjoying the spectacle that it was in all probability to be their own fate.

Few of those who rose to permanent eminence in the eighteenth century had been compelled to join the mob of writers. Men like Addison found patrons, and, if they had not, were in a position to keep clear of the haunts of pauperism. Swift had his livings, Young had his fellowship, Akenside his practice, Gray his patrimony and his professorship. Pope lived with his family, and wrote his works in the comfortable ease of a domestic circle. Smollett, whose independent means were small, yet managed to have a good house and a plentiful table, and was attacked by Goldsmith for despising authorship and valuing riches. Collins for a short time starved with the authors, but was soon released by a legacy. The peculiarity of the case of Johnson and of Goldsmith is, that, until they had worked their own way unaided to fame, they were mingled undistinguishably with the herd of despised drudges—with scribes whose ordinary effusions, according to Fielding, were blasphemy, treason, and indecency—with men who were ready to write anything for hire, and who took care by their conduct to justify their abject condition. The greatness of Johnson can only be fully understood by considering the circumstances under which it was displayed. He was like a piece of gold hid among a pile of half-pence, and he came out unsoiled by the contact.

What money Johnson earned, or how he earned it, when he first visited London, is not known. He arrived at the beginning of March, 1757. He afterwards withdrew to Greenwich, where he continued 'Irene.' In the latter part of the summer he went back to Mrs. Johnson at Lichfield, and there completed his tragedy. At the close of the year he returned to the metropolis, taking his wife with him. His expectations were doubtless centered in his play, to which he had devoted an amount of toil which was contrary to his usual habits, and which he never bestowed on any other production. He may be supposed

posed to have expressed his feelings on the occasion in one of his Letters in the 'Rambler':—'I delayed my departure for a time, to finish the performance by which I was to draw the first notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed I hurried to London, and considered every moment that passed before its publication as lost in a kind of neutral existence, and cut off from the golden hours of happiness and fame.' He offered the precious manuscript to Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, who not only rejected it, but, as we may conclude from the language of the author in his 'Life of Savage' a few years later, accompanied his refusal with some gratuitous indignities, such as a vulgar and ignorant manager would be likely to inflict upon unknown genius in distress. Hence Johnson speaks of the getting a play brought upon the stage 'as an undertaking in a very high degree vexatious and disgusting to an ingenuous mind,' and the reason he assigns is, that it is necessary to submit to the dictation of actors—a class of persons whom he characterises as being all but universally 'contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.' In his own case he appears to have resolved not to expose himself to a second insult from a second manager. He turned away from the theatre with irritated dignity, and, putting back his tragedy into his desk, bent his steps to the bookseller. His months of labour had been thrown away, and there was nothing in the fictitious distresses of his tragedy half so pathetic as the condition of its author.

The person to whom he had recourse was Cave, the publisher of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' He addressed to him a complimentary Latin ode, and was enrolled among the regular contributors to his periodical. What was of far greater importance, Johnson, in March, 1738, had completed one of his immortal productions. This was his 'London, in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.' He sent it to Cave without telling him from whose pen it proceeded, and asked for generous treatment, because the author, he said, 'lies at present under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune.' The poem was shown to Dodsley, that his consent might be got to have his name put as one of the publishers on the title-page. Dodsley saw its merit, declared 'it was a creditable thing to be concerned in,' and ultimately bought the copyright for ten guineas, to the exclusion of Cave, whose judgment in literature is shown, by this indifference, to have been nothing at all. 'I might perhaps,' says Johnson, 'have accepted of less, but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead.' 'I knew,' Johnson writes, under an assumed character, in the 'Rambler,' 'that no performance is so favourably

ably read as that of a writer who suppresses his name, and therefore resolved to remain concealed till those by whom literary reputation is established had given their suffrages too publicly to retract them.' This may be presumed to be the reason why 'London' appeared anonymously. The event justified his calculation. His poem came out the same morning with Pope's satire entitled '1738;' and, though no just comparison can be drawn between writers by contrasting a single production of each, it was a grand triumph for the new author that he had eclipsed a piece which ranks among the better works of the old. Accordingly the language of literary circles was,—'Here is an unknown poet greater even than Pope!' and a second edition was called for before the end of a week. The curiosity of Pope himself was excited. He inquired after the writer, and, being told that he was an obscure person of the name of Johnson, he replied, 'He will soon be *déterré*.' The many circumstances in the Satire of Juvenal which were applicable to his own situation and prospects had, there can be no question, suggested the undertaking to him, and he marked one point of resemblance in particular by printing in capital letters the line,—

'SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESSED.'

Viewed in connexion with Johnson's history, what pathos there is in this emphasis of type! 'Hark ye, Clinker,' says Matthew Bramble, after listening to the allegations against the outcast parish lad, 'you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want.'

Humble as were Johnson's notions, they exceeded his earnings. An Irish painter whom he met at Birmingham told him he could live very well for thirty pounds a-year. He was to rent a garret for eighteenpence a-week, to breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, dine for sixpence, spend threepence at a coffee-house for the sake of good company, and do without supper. Ten pounds were allowed for clothes and linen, and visits were to be paid on clean-shirt days. Johnson dined at first, much to his own satisfaction, for eightpence. But, like the Thales of his 'London,' 'every moment left his little less,' and for a long time he was reduced to subsist upon fourpence-halfpenny a-day. His poem, which increased his fame, did not improve his circumstances. It appeared in the month of May, and in September he signs himself to Cave, 'Yours, *Impransus*.' At a later period of his literary life he was sometimes without food for forty-eight hours, and his abstinence could not have been much less at a time when he intimated by his signature that he had eaten no dinner for want of the money to procure it. He had relinquished

quished school-keeping for literature, and now in the extremity of his distress was eager to get from literature back to school-keeping, preferring anything, as he said, to being 'starved to death in translating for booksellers.' The mastership of the school at Appleby, in Leicestershire, was vacant. The trustees resided in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, and had made up their minds to nominate him to the post. But the statutes required that he should be a Master of Arts, and a common friend solicited the University of Oxford, through Dr. Adams, to confer the degree upon him. The request was refused. Johnson said proudly in later days, in allusion to the number of poets his college had produced, 'Sir, we are a nest of singing-birds!' If this had been the case in 1738 with the University at large, they would not have refused an honorary degree to the author of 'London'—a man who, while he resided among them, had shown his scholarship by the published translation of the 'Messiah,' who had never tasted their endowments, and who had been prevented by poverty alone from attaining in the regular course what he now asked to deliver him from a poverty as great as that indigence which cut short his college career and which was the sole cause of his being compelled to prefer the request. The Universities have seldom been backward to encourage talent, but the extreme privations to which struggling merit is often exposed make it proper to mark with censure even a rare departure from justice, that the authorities may never again be betrayed into a careless rejection of such imperative claims as those of Johnson. Oxford having declined to qualify him for his office, an attempt was made, through Lord Gower, to induce Swift to ask the favour of the University of Dublin. But with Dublin Johnson had no connexion, and it is not surprising that nothing should have come of the application. The sixty pounds a-year endowment, which Lord Gower said in his letter 'would make the poor man happy for life,' was for ever lost to him, and his next idea was to become an advocate at Doctors' Commons. 'I am,' he said, 'a total stranger to these studies, but whatever is a profession and maintains numbers must be within the reach of common abilities and some amount of industry.' Here again he was stopped by want of a degree, which was an indispensable qualification, and he was thrown back upon his starving work of translation. He was in the same dilemma with Macbeth,—
'There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here;' but, like Macbeth, he tarried because he could not fly. He made no more efforts to escape from his destiny. His lot henceforth was that of an author; and, having seen how his mind was formed, and

by what concurrence of circumstances he was forced upon his painful profession, we must leave him for the present, and reserve for another opportunity the discussion of the literary portion of his history and the enumeration of the traits of his noble character.

ART. II.—1. *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. Par Henry Münger. Paris, 1854.

2. *Les Buveurs d'Eau*. Par Henry Münger. Paris, 1855.

3. *Les Aventures de Mademoiselle Mariette*. Par Champfleury. Paris, 1857.

4. *Friends of Bohemia; or Phases of London Life*. 2 vols. By E. M. Whitty. London, 1857.

THE Bohemia of which we are about to treat is not that rich and pleasant province that lies between the Moravian and the Giant Mountains, and which, even in these its days of dependency, still retains as its metropolis the third city of continental Europe. Neither are the Bohemians of these pages the inhabitants of that border-land of the Slavonic and Teutonic peoples whose energetic ancestors grasped and lost the prize of Protestant liberty, nor even that strange nomad race, the refuse of some oriental migration or invasion, that has been invested with this among other pseudo-historic names by the more western nations, who have desired to connect these mysterious intruders with some locality from which it was supposed they had wandered.

The metaphor has since been taken a step further: the appellation of that singular remnant of a distant world which has now remained for centuries an alien spot in the midst of our most advanced communities, has been transferred to the men of every race and age who, by affinity of temperament and similar eccentricity of habits, are led to exhibit the same moral characteristics or to adopt an analogous mode of life. The history of this Bohemia, if properly written, would be as long, and ought to be as learned, as Mr. Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' for the one is the inevitable reverse of the other; and although in earlier times the territory is less distinct and the population less definite, yet, as mankind leave the tent and the kettle and imprison themselves in houses and kitchens, the Bohemian, under one title or other, will always be found outside. Multiple, indeed, are the forms of the out-of-door resistance of mankind to the unceasing development of the wants and the satisfactions of their species; various

various as the physical energies that have sustained the children of Nature in health and delight, from the days of the Satyrs, the country-gentlemen of ancient Greece, to the British deer-stalker on the Highland hills; various as the powers of genius and the faculties of art, that have kept gay and glorious the minds of men under all privations and through all the chances of fortune,—the Homeric rhapsodist, the vagrant troubadour, the 'poor scholar,' the free-mason, the strolling player,—Blake at his easel and Burns at the plough; various as the basest and the loftiest affections of the human heart,—the love of license and antipathy to order that make the robber and the rebel, and the aspiration after a purer law and a higher order that drives the prophet into the desert.

As might be expected from the curious satisfaction with which even the honest follow the intricacies of fraud, and even the gentle the violences of crime, the details of the hostility of this people against the elementary ordinances of society, as exhibited in the filibuster whose life is ever on the hazard, or in the rogue whose repose is the prison, have been in all times especially attractive. It is difficult, in truth, to make the adventures of the most virtuous mariner as interesting as those of the buccaneer, or the pecuniary ventures of the most fortunate merchant as amusing as the tricks of Guzman de Alfarache or the raids of Rob Roy. It is not the first French novel we read that reveals to us this disposition of our minds, but the first story book in which we look out for the mishaps of the naughty boy. No prince of Abyssinia, however wise, can compete with the solitary prince of Bohemia—Robinson Crusoe, and even the ruffians of Alsatia have acquired a romantic esteem and taken rank as belonging to a Bohemian dependency.

But there is another district of Bohemia, the interest in which is less readily acknowledged, but which assuredly deserves it still more. If our imaginations are touched and our sympathies affected by the dark faces that come upon us under the secluded hedgerow, and the waggon-tents that startle the rider across the open moor, what shall we say to the fate of the Gipsy, dissociated from all the requirements of his nature,—the free air, the clear light, the liberty of movement, and earning his daily bread in the factory or the mine? Surely the romance and pathos of his destiny must increase in proportion as he is encumbered and closed in by the demands and powers of an antagonistic society, and yearns towards some distant and unknown Peshawur, the cradle, and it may be yet the habitation, of his race. And this is the condition of the intellectual Bohemian, the Artist, or the Man of Letters, to whom a certain moral freedom seems a necessity of existence, who instinctively rebels against the established rules of society, more because they are established than for any other

reason, who conceives little comfort in the elaborate luxuries which other men spend their lives in toiling to possess, who claims a large field for the exercise of his talents and affections, and feels nothing but trammels in the ordinary methods of cultivating the one and regulating the other. If such natural inclinations—and they are common to genius in all places and periods—are combined with a happy physical temperament and a humouristic perception of common things, their possessor may find in some 'port of Bohemia,' not only a refuge from his own isolation and from the contempt of the world which would tread him down to the dull level or drive him into the outer darkness of insanity or crime, but a community of feelings and an identity of interests far above all his expectations. No wonder, therefore, that the relations of Bohemia afford continual aspects not only of amusing contrast with the external social state, but of true and independent interest. Without a daily exercise of courage and endurance—without a consciousness of some intrinsic dignity—without some ideal of a higher being—the Bohemian existence can suggest little else but comic situations and ludicrous incidents; and thus it is well not to overlook such representations of the better characteristics of this portion of mankind as are agreeably portrayed by the hand of Henry Mürger in the volumes now before us, which profess to describe the manners and sentiments of this community as it appears in Paris within the first half of the present century.

If instead of the hyperbole that 'Bohemia is only possible at Paris,' our author had said that the French character was peculiarly adapted to receive and develop the Bohemian nationality, and especially so in Paris, the concentration of France, no one could have doubted the correctness of the assertion. The vagrant professors of the *gaie science* and the mendicant composers of the *pieuses et dévotes soties*, were the fathers of the best French poetry and the proper ancestors not only of Clément Marot (the favourite of that royal Bohemian, Margaret de Valois), but of Ronsard, Regnier, and Molière. The rough reality of Rabelais holds its own beside the gentlemanlike nicety of Montaigne, and, above all the courtly and accomplished literature of later times sounds the wail of Rousseau, the pitiful and terrible cry of the ill-conditioned outcast against the society which he hated quite as much for its artificial graces as for its inherent vices. That society, indeed, had been and then was more of a fixed institution, strictly regulated and formally defined, than existed in any other part of the globe. It was a *beau monde*, enlightened by *belles lettres*, protected against intrusion by lofty and time-honoured barriers, outside of which everything was deemed vulgar and uncouth. Between
this

this dominion and Bohemia the relations for a long period were those of civil wars, varied by occasional truces, during which the familiar intercourse was more dangerous than the customary hostility: the *roués* of the Regent were no better than the desperadoes of misery, and the sham classicalities of Bohemia were sometimes as unnatural as the wigs of Corneille or the 'Garden' of Delille; and so it went on till at last Bohemia, in the fury of poverty and envy, took Marat for its hero and the Père Duchesne for its literature, and so completely guillotined Society, that it has never since appeared in the integrity of its power. Society in its turn was soon avenged by the great renegade of Bohemia, who mercilessly drove back his countrymen within their natural borders, and appropriated to himself and his own the advantages of their extravagance.

The Bohemian is too much of a cosmopolitan to be an earnest politician in any country; but he participated in the advantages which all classes derived from the exercise of constitutional liberty under the two branches of the Bourbon dynasty, and found his intelligence stimulated by the contests of important interests and the rivalries of able men. The rise and growth of the romantic school was the triumphant proof of this development, for not only did Bohemia become the legitimate field of poetry and fiction, but with her wildest eccentricities and most sordid accidents she all but monopolised the press and the stage; a fact which should not be forgotten in our estimation of the honest and healthy feeling in Mürger's works.

Neither will any one deny the appropriateness of the locality of Paris for all the phases of Bohemian nature. Take, for instance, its stronghold in the Quartier Latin, notorious for centuries for its lax academic discipline and its frequent defiance of the Police, the Court, and even the Church. Those lofty and massive edifices, caravanserais of real or professing students, secluded even from the inquisition of that paternal care which the railroad now brings to bear with invidious speed on the alleged sickness or pleaded poverty of its offspring, stood almost the same as when Ramus fell, the victim of his introduction of the free competitive system and a warning to Mr. Gladstone, or when the battle of the Gallican liberties was fought with Bohemian vigour and license against the Jesuit army of absolutism and Rome. That was a nursery of every open thought and every happy promise—a scene of

'First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart'—

and which in truth verse can describe so much more becomingly than prose, as Gustave Nadand has shown us:—

'There

' There stands behind St. Geneviève,
A city where no fancy paves
With gold the narrow streets,
But jovial Youth, the landlady,
On gloomy stairs, in attic high,
Gay Hope, her tenant, meets.

There Love and Labour, hand in hand,
Create a modest fairy-land,
And pleasures rarely pall ;
Each chamber has its own romance,
And young Ambition's frenzies dance
Along the plastered wall.

Enchanted cells of solid stone,
Where hermit never lives alone,
Or beats the moody breast ;
Where each one shares his bed and board,
And all can gaily spend the hoard
That never is possess.

Delightful battle-fields of strife
Between the hot redundant life
And boyhood's tender awe ;
Between the lecture and the dance,
The lasses and the lore of France,
The pipe and Roman Law.

But taste improves and Mammon gains,
And the old city wastes and wanes,
And, each succeeding year,
Must some warm nest of young desire,
Some hearth-stone of the sacred fire,
Crumble and disappear.

Until some ancient demoiselle
The stripling of her choice will tell,
With tears and faltering tongue,
'Twas there the Pays Latin stood,
'Twas there the world was really good,
'Twas there that she was young.'

Yes, the Quartier Latin may fall, Paris may be improved, till not a trace of its ancient self remains—the monotony of Munich may replace the streets, where every house was a history, but Bohemia will survive, perhaps all the more vigorous and the more dangerous for the loss of its cloisters and its castles.

A chronicler of Bohemia should assuredly be a Bohemian, and Henry Mürger has a fair claim to that nationality. His parents were *concierges* of some great family, and were turned into the street by the proprietor whom they had served thirty-five years—a strong anti-social lesson to the child who accom-

panied

panied them. The father set up as a tailor at the top of a large house, in which Garcia the father of Malibran, and afterwards Lablache, occupied apartments. His mother, from some odd fancy, dressed him in blue from head to foot. Malibran fondled and Pauline Garcia played with the little *bluet*. From an elementary school he passed to an attorney's office, from which he was rescued by his old neighbour Monsieur de Jouy, who built a temple to Voltaire in his garden, and who kept on his table, in a glass case, the toga and the wig in which Talma had performed the doleful tragedy of 'Scylla.' By his influence Mürger became the private secretary of Count Tolstoy, the confidential correspondent not only of the government but of the Emperor of Russia, the effect of which employment was to make him a very decided democrat, and his first literary essays were in that direction.

The veteran diplomatist, however, seems to have borne no grudge against the young man on account of his free opinions, but to have liberally assisted him, even after he had left his service and started in literature by some radical verses, entitled 'Via Dolorosa.' The name of the poem was emblematic of its course, and it went the round of Paris without getting a publisher. The author, in desperation, took to painting, in which he was equally unsuccessful, and was diverted into writing vaudevilles for the 'Théâtre de Luxembourg' by his friend Champfleury. How the literary adventurers lived together at this time will best be shown by a pleasant letter in Champfleury's *Nuits d'Automne* :—

'It is now nine years since we were living together, and between us were in possession of seventy francs a month. Full of confidence in the future, we had hired in the Rue de Beau Girard a small apartment at three hundred francs. Youth is no arithmetician. You gave the *portière* such a magnificent notion of our furniture, that she let it us on the strength of your good countenance, without a word about references or character.

'You brought there six plates (three of them china), a Shakespeare, the works of Victor Hugo, a superannuated chest of drawers, and a Phrygian cap. By the strangest chance I had two mattresses, a hundred and fifty volumes, a sofa, two chairs and a table, and a skull besides.

'The first week we passed most delightfully. We never went out; we worked hard, and smoked hard. I find amongst some old papers a scrap, on which these words are written, "Beatrix, Drama in five acts, by Henry Mürger, acted at the — Theatre, the = 18 = ." This was a page torn out of a large blank book, for you had a bad habit of wasting all our paper in writing out the titles of plays. You always seriously added the important word "acted," to see how the title looked.

'Then

' Then came the days of great scarcity.

' After a long discussion, each heaping reproaches on the other for our insane prodigality, it was agreed that as soon as the income of seventy francs came in we should keep a strict account of the outgoings. Now this account-book I have also found among my papers: it is simple, laconic, affecting, rich in memories. Nothing could exceed our exactitude the First day of every month. I read on the first November, 1843, "Paid to Madame Bastion for tobacco supplied, two francs." We also paid the grocer, the restaurant (a real restaurant), the coal-merchant, &c. The First is quite a holiday. I read, "spent in coffee thirty-five centimes," an extravagance which brought down upon me a string of remonstrances during the evening; but that very day you invested, to my horror, sixty-five centimes in pipes.

' The second of November we paid the washerwoman a large account, five francs. I walked across the *Pont des Arts* as if I were an Academician, and proudly entered the Café Momus. We had lately discovered that benevolent establishment which furnished a *demi-tasse* for twenty-five centimes.

' The third of November you decided that as long as our seventy-five francs lasted we should cook for ourselves. In consequence you bought a *marmite* (fifteen sous), some thyme, and some bay-leaves. As might be expected from a poet, you did use too much bay; the soup tasted so strong of it. We also laid in a stock of potatoes.

' Tobacco, coffee, and sugar, as usual.

' It was with strong interjections and gnashing of teeth that we wrote down the expenses of the 4th of November.

' Why did you let me go out with my pockets so full of money? You went into Dagniau's and left twenty-five centimes there. What could you get for twenty-five centimes when the smallest pleasures are so dear? I went to Belleville to see a play gratis, and I took two omnibuses—one to go, the other to return; I was well punished for my prodigality—three francs seventy centimes dropped through a hole in my pocket. How did I dare go home and encounter your indignation? The two omnibuses of themselves deserved the severest reproach, but the 3, 70! If I had not begun with the plot at Belleville to disarm you, I was done for.

' And yet the next morning, without a thought on these terrible losses, we lent our friend G—, who always seemed to look upon us as his bankers (the house of Mürger and Co.), the enormous sum of thirty-five sous. I have thought over by what insidious means G— had succeeded in winning our confidence, and I can find none except our fresh and foolish youth. For, two days after, he coolly came again and asked for exactly the same sum.

' Up to November 8th we placed the sum-total correctly at the bottom of each page. It was then forty francs sixty-one centimes. There the addition stops. We could not bear to look the whole in the face any longer. On the 10th of November you bought a thimble.

' Now, without being a great observer, it is impossible not to suspect a momentary appearance of a female, although, no doubt, many

many men do know how to mend their own clothes in their leisure moments.

'On the morning of the 14th Monsieur Cr dit returned. Monsieur Cr dit pays a visit to the grocer, to the tobacconist, to the coal-chandler; he is fairly received, I may say well, by the daughter of the grocer, for you accompanied him. Did Monsieur Cr dit die about the 17th, for I find written under receipts "frock-coat three francs"? Those three francs came from the *Mont de Pi t *—the *Mont sans Pi t *, as I would call the brute, whose agents seem bent upon our humiliation. Yes, it was my only frock-coat that went, and that to lend half what I raised on it for the insatiable G—.

'On the 19th we sold some books—fortune favoured us, and we boiled the pot with a fine fowl and plenty of bay leaves.

'Monsieur Cr dit seems to continue his circuit in search of supplies with a dignified composure. He shows himself daily up to the 1st December, when, to the universal astonishment, he pays his debts. How I regret to see this little register limited to one month—only that one November! Why not more? If we had only continued, there might have been so many landmarks to survey the distances of our Youth.

'Happy time! when from our little balcony we could catch one tree of all the garden of the Luxembourg, and that by leaning over.'

The '*Sc nes de la Vie de Boh me*' and '*Les BuvEURs d'Eau*' are the fruits of this and similar experience. The first presents a group of Bohemians accidentally brought together and sharing in the happy brotherhood, the occasional luxury, and the habitual indigence; consoling each other's vanity in the frequent failures of their art, and exaggerating each rare success into fortune and fame. But the charm of the Society was an unfailing gaiety, making necessity a storehouse of ingenious mirth, looking upon life as a pantomime, in which the main object is to secure the part of Harlequin, and regarding their bitterest enemies in no worse light than Clown and Pantaloon. Within the class of antagonists to Bohemian happiness must be included all those respectable persons whose supply, sooner or later, is followed by demand, and though the right-minded reader will recognise the abstract justice of their claim, yet it is difficult for him not to rejoice in their frequent discomfiture.

The '*Sc nes de la Vie de Boh me*' open with Schaumard, a musician whose chief work is a symphony descriptive of 'the influence of the colour blue on art,' seated on the side of his bed, with a spangled pink petticoat for a dressing-gown, meditating on the means of paying his landlord seventy-five francs before twelve o'clock. He tries to compose a ballad, but the multiplication-table haunts him till he sets it to music. He looks over the register in which he has alphabetically noted down all his friends and acquaintances, with
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the sum that they might reasonably be required to lend to a brother in difficulty opposite each name: when the maximum of any one had been exceeded, he had always scrupulously borrowed from some other to pay off the excess. At this moment, alas! he finds only three persons who have not paid the full tax, and one of them lives far in the suburbs. But he starts on the hopeless crusade, and in the mean time, at noon, the 'propriétaire' arrives, and begins fuming at the departure of his lodger. In a few moments an orderly from the War-office rides up; the 'propriétaire,' in an agony of delight, exclaims to the porter that 'it is clearly his nomination to the Legion of Honour,' but instead it is the announcement from Schaumard 'that better times will come for France and for himself, and that at present it is impossible for him to pay one *sou*; and he takes the opportunity of writing this at the desk of a clerk of his acquaintance, and forwarding it by the soldier, who is going that way.' As the day advances Schaumard betakes himself to a café, where he has a small credit, and there cultivates an intimacy with the philosopher Colline, who teaches all the sciences and spends his pay in buying odd volumes on the quays, and with Rodolphe, the editor of the '*Castor, ou l'Echarpe d'Iris*.' After a jovial evening, Schaumard, forgetful of the circumstances of his domicile, invites his friends to supper, and finds to his astonishment his room let '*meublé*' to the painter Marcel, whose original picture of the 'Passage de la Mer Rouge' had been thrice rejected by the jury of the 'Salon,' before whom it had successively appeared as 'Passage du Rubicon' and 'Passage de la Bérésine' (by the transformation of Moses into Cæsar and Napoleon)—the indomitable artist declaring that the following season it should appear as the 'Passage des Panoramas'—but meanwhile it is purchased by a 'marchand de comestibles,' who inserts a steamer, and hangs it up before his shop as 'Port de Marseilles.' Schaumard claims the apartment; Marcel recognises his rights over the furniture, and proposes to pay the arrears and set up a united household, which arrangement is consecrated by a splendid orgie.

Can we compress, in this colourless fashion, the 'chasse' of Rodolphe, the man of letters, after five francs, absolutely necessary for him to treat to the 'Grands-Eaux de Versailles' a brilliant conquest he had just achieved? He has five hours to get them in—twenty sous per hour; and his first visit falls on an influential critic, who is in an agony for an article. 'You saw the new piece at the Odéon yesterday?' 'I am the public of the Odéon.'—'Do you remember the incidents?' 'Like a creditor.'—'Can you write me an analysis?' 'In a moment'—and he does it.

it. 'It is too short.' 'Put in some dashes and your criticism.'—'I have no time for any criticism, and it's too short if I had: put in an adjective every three words.'—'Would n't it be better for you to appreciate the piece?' 'You can have my opinions on Tragedy; but I have printed them three times.'—'What does that matter? there is nothing new but virtue; lend me forty lines.' 'Here goes,' says Rodolphe, adding to himself 'he must give me five francs for this.'—'Admirable,' says the critic; 'but I still want two columns; have you any paradoxes?' 'I've a few, but not my own: I paid a poor friend fifty *centimes* a piece for them;' soliloquising, 'that will be ten francs—they should be as dear as partridges.' They take up thirty lines, and, with the addition of the touching sentiment—'It is only at the galleys that one really tests the honesty of mankind,' the article is complete. But the critic has not a farthing in the house, and poor Rodolphe is glad to borrow two francs on a Bossuet and a bust of Odillon Barrot which he carries off. For the remaining three francs, consult the original.

The Bohemians have a club at a certain *restaurant*, where their conversation drives the *garçon* into idiocy in the flower of his youth. After some weeks the *maitre* presents a formal remonstrance of several articles against their proceedings, and demands redress. They have forced him to take in a paper which nobody reads, by always hallooing, 'Le Castor, le Castor!' There is only one trictrac, and when any one wants it they cry, 'Le trictrac est en lecture.' M. Marcel has brought his easel, and M. Schaumard his piano, into the *salon*, and placarded the window with '*Cours gratuit de Musique vocale et instrumentale, à l'usage des deux sexes.*' They bring a machine and make their own coffee, on the ridiculous pretext that they cannot countenance an immoral connexion between mocha and chicory, and thus discredit the establishment. Not content with having destroyed the intellect of the *garçon*, they have corrupted the unhappy boy to the extent that he has addressed some passionate verses to the impeccable matron who presides at the *comptoir*; and for these and other reasons the Society is requested to transfer its revolutionary manners to another locality. Apologies and promises heal the breach; and on Christmas Eve, being accidentally without any money whatever, they propose to have a banquet that shall cost a hundred thousand francs, and have just entered on that speculation when they meet a young man of property, whose sole object in life is to become a citizen of Bohemia, and who begs humbly to be permitted to pay their bill.

The more private arrangements are equally interesting. One of

of the friends is asked to dine with a *député*; the *habit noir* (it is blue), which belongs to one of the company, and serves for all, is gone to be mended. What is to be done? The scene is at Marcel's: a respectable citizen arrives to have his portrait taken; the Roman costume is recommended, and he is invested with a *robe-de-chambre*, while the invited guest offers to hang up the coat in an ante-room, but puts it on and goes off with it. The pretexts by which the *bourgeois* is detained till the guest returns are of the highest genius, and only paralleled by the contrivance recounted in another story, where two friends get wet out shooting, and the host they are visiting invites them to change their dress, and come to dinner; having no change of clothes, they dry what they have on, and then, each assuming the other's garments, they literally obey the injunction, and produce the impression that they are somehow different from what they were before, which is quite satisfactory.

The *grisette* naturally has her place in this volume. 'Moitié abeilles, moitié cigales,' as Mürger draws them—their merry industry, their facile pleasures, their personal devotion, and their endurance of everything but unkindness, has the additional value of an historical picture, now that Paris knows them no more, and that such a race of Bohemian womanhood is only to be found in Bordeaux and some other southern cities. Mimi urging Rodolphe to write her a gown, and tiring him out to add to it so many sentences of breadth and so many flourishes of peroration; and Francine confounding the cold of disease with the want of external warmth, and setting her heart on a muff, which the self-privation of her friend procures only in time for her to die and be buried in—are acquaintances that are not easily forgotten. But the 'Mademoiselle Mariette' of Champfleury remains the authentic chronicle of the Life and Fall of the *Grisette*, and may take rank in French fiction with *Manon Lescaut*.

It is in this story that Champfleury introduces the following account of a Bohemian journal, which must have been a formidable rival to the 'Castor,' and is a good specimen of the more serious occupations of the fraternity. We recommend this description of editorial management to the authorities of every similar enterprise:—

'This journal was in the hands of an old man, who had passed all his life in similar undertakings. Though sixty years of age, he contrived to surround himself with fresh and unused talent—to persuade others to spend their youth and their genius for his secret profit.

'The old "Saint-Charmay" had preserved the literary habits of the Restoration, but he admitted the new forms of intellectual activity which come up every ten years. And the body of young men who thus started

started in literature were able to give the paper an original colour that made it a *puissance* for the moment.

'Mons. de Saint-Charmay employed many means to hold in and master these fervent youths. One was, to pay them very low salaries, that they might not have time for idleness. Those who produced much were paid no more than those who produced little, the articles of both being mysteriously stored up in the red morocco portfolio with which the editor walked up and down the Boulevards, convinced he was taken for a Minister on his way to the Chambers.

'Another method was to detail the great deeds of the celebrities that had passed through the hands of Mons. de Saint-Charmay on their road to honours, office, and wealth. It was also his habit to seem entirely to despise his contributors, to treat them with insolence and brutality, and to make them believe that, once out of his magic circle, there was no hope for them with any other journal.

'Seldom had there been seen such an assemblage of youngsters, meeting there from the most opposite directions, with the most different and conflicting ideas. As they all agreed pretty well on the demolition of the present, they formed a new school for the demolition of the future. Each looked upon himself as the chief of a literary movement to come; some seasoning their literature with those political notions which ten years afterwards brought on the Revolution; others wrote on every subject with indiscriminating levity and ridicule. There were boys who, with a logical facility, anonymously attacked the greatest poets, stinging them with perfidious triplets and venomous stanzas. There were idolaters who only knew one man in the world, and never put their pen to paper except to talk of Him; there were the disappointed, who criticised everything; there were young intriguers, who made their way everywhere through the influence of the paper—acolytes of the painters, poets, and actors, whom they were never tired of incensing; there were the cleverest fellows, and some who could not spell. There were very many besides who did not know French, including Russians, Italians, Germans, and Poles, who brought useful material to the workshop, but difficult to make up, and more difficult to mend. There were Frenchmen who wrote worse than the Germans; there were men about town, lawyers, ladies of fashion, members of the jockey-club, little attachés who sent little notes that looked important, and were meant to increase the importance of the author.

'It was a notable part of Mons. de Saint-Charmay's system to allow no personal friendship to interfere in his journal. He admitted the most violent attacks on any celebrity, but he did not approve of enthusiasm. Each contributor was obliged to send in at least ten "crushing" articles before he could get inserted one agreeable to anybody; the writer, who anticipated some social advantage from the favourable article, impatiently awaited the day of its appearance, but the next morning his jealous colleagues generally contrived to get up something so insulting to the object of the laudation, that the previous panegyric only served to irritate him still more against his intentional benefactor. The same plan was acted upon with regard to the new social schools, which

which had their followers everywhere. If the adept had the indiscretion to write sometimes in favour of an Utopian philosopher — of Fourier, for instance — Fourierism became the butt of the whole paper for the next week. It may be imagined how animated was the conversation of the young men, who carried into their loves and hatreds all the fire of their twenty years. More than once all the staff came to blows, and the repaired chairs remained memorials of the ardour of the discussion. Mons. de Saint-Charmay, as an old Guardsman, encouraged this high tone, and contributed considerably to these literary hurricanes in spite of his sixty years.'

With all these shifts and troubles, the '*Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*' do not leave upon the reader any very gloomy impression of the pains of poverty. Often, indeed, we are reminded of the maxim, '*Il n'y a de nécessaire que le superflu*,' and the remembrance of the days when the Bohemians seem to be dining all day, almost compensates for those when there is a general '*relâche*' of the dishes. The most philosophic treatment we know of the question, 'What are really the necessities of man?' occurs in a little novel by Ludwig Tieck, translated by the accomplished Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, Sir Charles Macarthy, in '*Fraser's Magazine*,' for 1842, under the title of the '*Superfluities of Life*.' Two young people marry on nothing, and are determined to live on next to it. They take an apartment at the top of an old house, get a few common flowers for the window-sill, and an old woman to bring them bread and water every day; a store of potatoes and such luxuries is laid in, but soon exhausted. Winter sets in severely and enchants them by the study of the icicles on the glass, but annoys them by the suggestion that their stock of wood will soon be exhausted. They pass their days delightfully, reading, not books for they have sold all they had, but their thoughts, memories, and imaginations, to one another, and record immensely, without pen, ink, or paper. But the cold is an annoyance, and the fuel is all but gone:—

'Dear wife,' says Henry, 'we live in a civilised age, in a well-governed land, not among heathens and cannibals; ways and means must present themselves. If we were in a desert, I would, of course, like Robinson Crusoe, fell some trees. Who knows whether there are not woods where one least expects them? Birnam-wood came, after all, to Macbeth—to his own destruction, to be sure. Islands have often emerged on a sudden from the ocean; in the midst of cliffs and desert rocks there often grows a palm-tree; the thorn robs the sheep and lambs of their wool when they come too near it, but the linnet carries off these spoils to his nest to make a warm bed with them for its tender young ones.'

The next morning the young wife hears a noise as of workmen
about

about the place, and, on entering the room, finds her husband surrounded by the most beautiful logs of the driest wood. He had some time ago found an old saw, and now it has struck him that as nobody comes up their stairs but that one old woman and they never go down them, the massive oaken bannisters are indeed 'a superfluity of life.' There is warmth in the very process of destruction, and the household is again in a position that leaves nothing to be desired. Their nest is overlooked by no other house, and out of the window nothing is visible but the roofs and chimneys which their fancy transforms into rocks and ridges: for weeks one chimney-sweeper had alone disturbed the divine solitude. As the months wear on, Clara every day expects that the bannisters will be exhausted; but no, the store burns merrily; only the old servant comes in no longer: she sends the bread and water by some other hand. At length one morning a tremendous tumult is heard below; she rushes to the door; her husband follows, and catches her by the gown—'For God's sake, take care, or you will fall down!' She gazes from the open portal, and, instead of the wide oak staircase, she beholds an abyss with half a dozen stairs suspended in the air—the rest had followed the bannisters. The quondam staircase had been, in fact, a sort of coal-mine, which yielded up its treasures, not without toil; Henry descending into the shaft, and continually depositing the extracted stair on the one that remained. The only painful moment had been when, on breaking off the third stair, he had held out his hand to the faithful old woman, and had bidden her an eternal farewell, though she continued afterwards to attach the daily bread to a rope he let down to her. Some '*Deus ex machinâ*' appears to calm and compensate the indignant Philistine of a landlord, and to force back to the world of wealth and wants these happy eremites of this Bohemian solitude—this Egyptian 'Laura.'

There is a considerable and somewhat painful transition from this anecdote of German Bohemia, with its bright ideal illustrations, to the stern realities of the '*Buveurs d'Eau*' of Mürger. These are a small monastic community of the devotees of art, bound by a rule as strict and a discipline as severe as ever Carmelites or Franciscans. Each member must contribute out of his own scanty means to a common fund, from which the poorest may be supplied with all that is requisite for the natural or intellectual development of his Art—a passionate desire, for instance, for the sight or study of any particular object being considered just as requisite for the artist's production of his idea as the pencil or the paint. No member of the society is permitted to degrade his art into decoration or furniture, or to use
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it for the purposes of temporary excitement, whatever may be the inducement or the remuneration; every member must regard the fame or the profit of a colleague as his own, and as only subordinate to the absolute and ever-ruling principle of 'Art for Art's sake,' to which they are to sacrifice even their purest affections. The results of this association agree with our general experience of over-strained theories. Shut up in his own self-consciousness and excluded from all open criticism, the artist degenerates into conceit and mannerism, and the man into a selfishness reflected from many forms of self. The virtue of endurance is choked up with pride, and the dignity of independence is damaged by the very ostentation of penury. The passion of love itself becomes an instrument of art. Lazare, one of the brethren, who, at twenty-five, has so ripened his life that he looks on every hour given to love as stolen from the high purpose of existence, and who has kept off every sort of passion from his thoughts as he would the draught of wind that might scatter his papers over the room, falls at last under the influence he had so long resisted; but, unable from honourable motives to attempt to possess the original, he makes the execution of her portrait by memory the test of his affection, and, when his imagination fails to give the perfect representation, he resigns himself tranquilly to the extinction of his love. Antoine, the founder of the Order, remains uncontaminated by the moral disease engendered by this factitious mode of being, and continues worthy of the beautiful character of the grandmother, who, after a life of independence, accepts a servile position that she may earn for her artist-children enough to support them in their high ideal of existence, and of the girl who dries up her young blood in virile studies to screen the old age of her foolish father from the effects of the ruin his imprudence has brought upon his family.

Few readers, we believe, have laid down this volume without regret that the characters and incidents connected with this association have not been more fully produced to the public view. The principal characters of the '*Vie de Bohème*' are said to represent real personages, who took no affront at the witty travestie under which they appear; but the graver tone of the '*Buveurs d'Eau*' is rather that of fiction founded on general observation than on the study of any personal idiosyncracies, and so rich a mine of human nature would have well borne a further search when it had been once made accessible by so acute and judicious an explorer. At the same time it is impossible to deny the signal inferiority of a pale representation of Bohemian student-life, which came from the pen of Mürger, under the title
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of the 'Pays Latin,' and which, at any rate, should never be taken up after the two books we have noticed.

Our English literature abounds with veridical and fictitious narratives of all kinds of Bohemian adventure, and the interest in the highwayman has almost survived the highway; but in the Bohemia of literature and art it is rather the remarkable individual than any special association which is remembered. Otway choking with his crust—Savage and the biographer of Savage—the boy-clerk from Bristol poisoning himself in his smart clothes—Goldie cowering over his small modicum of coals—Hazlitt, 'living to himself,'* in his hut on Winterslow Heath—Haydon seeing the taste and opportunities for historical painting rising at the very time he was conscious of the decay and waste of his own powers—such are the associations of this nature which the past suggests to us, rather than the wits in the coffee-house gathering to hear Mr. Dryden talk, or any fraternity in Grub-street, or the famous club of which Bozzy was a member, and which 'was ruined by the admission of Adam Smith,' or even the Leigh-Huntian gatherings in the Vale of Health. The spirit of association is not rife even in Bohemian England: the independence of character, which isolates our countrymen in their pleasures and their sorrows, cannot be neutralized by any similarity of situation or even by any congeniality of pursuits. We have never had an Academy of Literature, and there have been always notable artists who have remained apart from the Academy of Arts. If Bohemia has its elements of attraction in the free sympathy and easy intercourse it encourages, it has also those of dissension in the supercilious temper it fosters and the self-consideration it enjoins. Our Pre-Raphaelites are perhaps nearer the 'Buyeurs d'Eau' than other artists; but they get prices for their pictures which would enable them to drink the best vintages if they chose so to do, and what becomes of Bohemian fellowship, when Mr. Ruskin himself turns against them?

Yet there was much to expect from the title of 'Friends of Bohemia' by the writer whose hard and vigorous portraits of what he calls 'the Governing Classes' had indeed caused the experienced reader to regret that they too often were founded on an imperfect knowledge of the conditions of the society he undertook to describe, but which were undeniably the freshest, and, in many ways, the justest of the political personalities of our time. But this book is disappointing, mainly because there are no 'Friends' in it, and very little 'Bohemia,' in any sense in which

* *Vide* his delightful essay 'On Living to Oneself,' written at Winterslow Hut, January 18th, 1821.

that word is more than a negative of what is established and respectable. There are but two scenes in the whole story in which the character of Bohemian conversation and manners is sustained; the rest is a mixture of dark improbable character and painful improbable fable. The hero is a spirited generous fellow, whose spirit gets him shot down in the fullness of his youth and prosperity by an unmitigated rascal, and whose generosity costs him nothing, because he is as monstrously and mysteriously wealthy as Monte Christo. He lives a roving sensual life, and acts as a sort of Wilhelm Meister to other personages, who abuse the present state of society, from the highest to the lowest, in a grim radical tone, betraying an anxiety for violent change, which is entirely at variance with the dignified indifference of true Bohemians to the rest of the world. By way of encouraging interest and care for the people, he objects to Sydenham and Hampton Court, and fresh air, because

‘The multitude, after tasting paradise, doesn’t like to go home to the lower regions, and John sees no resemblance to Jane in the statue of Venus Victrix, and Jane thinks of the flower-beds when she’s scrubbing the dirty floor. If there are always to be *masses*—that’s the phrase—always to be kept down, as a foundation for national greatness, why, better not give them a glimpse outwards. The masses always have toiled and been spent, and always will toil and be spent, and the aspiration that has sufficed to induce them to do this is that upwards—of another sphere, when the lunacy and horror of this have been done with. Education, indeed! If the whole adult male population could read and could understand the argument of an orator, do you think this sort of thing would go on?’

And the indignant Bohemian points to ‘a crowd of St. Giles’s flock’ warming their naked feet over a particular square yard of the pavement which covers a baker’s cellar and ovens—‘if they could not have bread, they could have the heat used in making bread,’—a view of the effects of intellectual enlightenment which much resembles what we remember having heard a distinguished popular writer assert, viz., that the peace and safety of this great city were due, not to the sense of law and order, not to the comparative well-being of the majority, but to the habitual intoxication of the hungry and the hopeless, to whom gin supplied both food for the body and dreams for the mind—a dreary theory, which we will not investigate further than to say, that, if this be true, the hostility between Bohemia and civilization is only a matter of time, and the former must reign triumphant over ruin, like the Last Men on each side of Behring’s Straits in Eugène Sue’s novel, or the New Zealander on London Bridge in Lord Macaulay’s Essay—a consummation which a little observation of the ways of Providence

dence is sufficient to refute. The prejudices of men and the intolerance of manners may do their worst to separate the interests and affections of mankind; but the intelligent Bohemian will hardly see the future destruction of society in the very attempts which some are making to mitigate the evil. We are reforming our predatory Arabs, and who knows but we may annex Bohemia at last, and not be the worse for the conquest.

We give Mr. Whitty's notions of a peculiar class of London Bohemians—the cabmen—as a happier specimen of his manner:—

‘What an injured race are the cabmen! They are the sailors of great cities; sailors in the uniformity of their reckless attire, and their countenances reddened and hardened by weather exposure, and in the peculiar slang with which, using professional terms, they speak of all mundane affairs. They are sailors in republican contempt for worldly dignities and dignitaries. As sailors have deep contempt for all who do not understand ships, cabmen despise every intellect unconcerned with horses. They are sailors in their intense acuteness and decided inclination to swindle. Yet sailors—dirty, improvident, dishonest—have a poetical position among men, and, except among shipowners and captains, Jack has the merit of a jolly dog, innocent as a puppy, prettily playful. Jarvy has no novelists and no defenders; for the street is not the sea, and we miss the sixpences extracted from ourselves. When we sit in the cab and look at the statue-like heap of old clothes on the box, steering us through the traffic of London, we feel towards him as if he were the inevitable foe—as Cape soldiers regard a Kaffir—as Christians once regarded the Jews. His affecting devotion to his horse, whom he drives slowly in conviction of the risks of a rapider pace, meets with no sympathy from us: we consider the quadruped as in league with the driver.’

It would explain very much the faults and the merits of this book if the author turned out to be an American. There are in it views of society which in an Englishman would suppose a very offensive cynicism, but which any one, not a native, might entertain, out of mere indiscriminating indignation at the strong contrasts of our social life, and express or imply, as he does, without a consciousness of their exaggeration. But if, instead of portraying scenes and characters which would be odious and repulsive anywhere, and holding up to observation sentiments and conduct which are just as destructive of happiness and unsatisfactory in their results in Bohemia itself as they would be in the inmost circles of respectability, the novelist had given us a true picture of the peculiar relations to general English society of literary men and artists, he would have done a good work. The difficulty in which a man of ability and sense is placed between the indignity of being ‘lionized’ by foolish and unsympathetic people,

people, and the injury to his own intellectual and moral nature from the habit of living with admiring friends and obsequious followers cannot be overrated. The problem how to retain his self-respect and to do justice to the motives and intentions of others who are really desirous to esteem and honour him, is one that every man in this position must solve as he best can, and we believe that a fair combination of genial Bohemian independence and of gentlemanly feeling is requisite to do it successfully. Genius will never find the path of life smooth, for it has to make the road it travels; but let every man in our day believe that if he has greatness within him, his time will not fail to arrive. We probe deeply—we test jealously—we reject cruelly; but we are hero-worshippers of all high faculties as well. Chatterton passed away in the agony of unrecognised power and unanswered demands on the interest of his fellow-men, and years afterwards multitudes of eager eyes and sympathetic hearts crowd for months together round the representation of that death-pallet in the Manchester Exhibition, while over the entrance of that palace of art were inscribed in gigantic letters the first words of the chief poem of John Keats, who prayed that on his tomb might be written, ‘Here lies one whose name is writ in water.’

ART. III.—*Six Months in Italy.* By George Stillman Hillard. London, 1853.

THE only countries, says Alfieri, that leave on the memory the impression of affectionate regret are Italy and England; and though we cannot expect the other members of the European commonwealth to subscribe to this limitation of the constitution-loving poet, few would dispute the pre-eminence he claims for Italy. No one has lived much in that land of beauty without feeling that it has spread over him the spell of a second home. Angelica Kauffmann declared that when she finally settled in Italy she felt her powers revive, and Winckelman, when he retired to Zurich, after a twelve years’ stay in Rome, was attacked by a fit of nostalgia, such as it is usually thought only Swiss mountains can cause, nor did he recover his health and spirits till he decided on returning to the country of his adoption.

No greater proof of the general homage paid to Italy can be adduced, than the large space she occupies in the literature of northern nations. In this country the works of fiction, narrative, and description, of which she is the theme, would form no inconsiderable department in the national library, and no wonder,

Italy

Italy is associated with our first lessons of history, our earliest admiration of genius, our awakening love of art. Unseen, she is the land of hope and promise—once seen, she is ever after the source of pleasant memories. The homestaying painter or poet, when he is weary of the trammels of reality, carries his imagination to a region of fairy-land, which he calls Italy, and here he summons before him the abstractions of ideal beauty and superhuman sensibility—men all fire, and women all love; a literature all poetry, a language all music; seas all blue, and skies without a cloud; palaces of marble, hedges of myrtle, orange groves studded with antique statues, peasants dancing in fancy ball dresses, under vine-covered trellices, and a youth with bare legs singing all day to a guitar. This is not Italy. But with this idea of it the untraveller public are so familiarised, that they will scarcely accept any other; and it is curious to observe how long in the tourist's mind this conventional type, which he has brought out with him, prevails over the reality which he sees spread before his eyes. And yet this gaudy image is greatly inferior to the real Italy. It is what we so often see in the productions of the portrait-painter, a likeness idealized till it has lost all character and greatly flattered in its ordinary features, but yet doing no justice to the higher beauties of feeling and expression.

The appearance of a new tour in Italy naturally suggests a comparison with its numerous predecessors. We do not say with the sagacious Fadladeen, whom the lively author of *Lalla Rookh* has set up as the type of all reviewers, that in order to estimate the volumes before us, we must pass judgment on all the tours that ever have been written. But this branch of literature has reached a point which invites a retrospective glance. The annual stream of tourists' publications flows with a languor which shows the demand has slackened. It is worth inquiring how they have treated their subject hitherto, and how far they may be accepted as guides by the future traveller.

But before we proceed, we beg at once to express our acknowledgments to Mr. Hillard for the pleasure his volumes have afforded us. His tour was short and hurried, such as perhaps would not in this country have led to a publication, except in the case of an author so popular, that his publisher is always eager to get him before the public; or a man so eminent, that the world is anxious to know not what he saw, but how he was impressed by it. But Mr. Hillard is a citizen of the United States, and in his country the taste for European travelling is only lately awakened. To American readers the subject appears less hackneyed, and to those who are pressed for time it is a matter
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of no small interest to know how an intelligent countryman thought he could economize six months to the best advantage. Mr. Hillard's work is that of a scholar and a gentleman, a man of sense as well as of taste and feeling, and well prepared by his previous reading to appreciate his subject. He writes without egotism, personal or patriotic, he has no systems to support nor prejudices to defend; his views are always liberal and benevolent, and if not always, in our opinion, right, he is always candid. His style is pointed, and is full of happy expressions and striking images; occasionally it is to our taste a little too ambitious, and his illustrations, though ingenious, seem to us fanciful and far-fetched; the anxiety (perhaps derived from his profession) to enforce a point, leads now and then to exaggeration, not indeed of fact, but of expression. These blemishes, however, are but slight, and our mention of them must be taken as a proof of the sincerity of our general praise.

A tour may be wholly subjective, and may be in fact a fragment of autobiography; or it may be wholly objective, and describe only visible objects. The writer may take as a model Sterne's '*Sentimental Journey*,' which no one ever consulted as a book of travels; or Marianne Starke's miscellaneous list of prices, sights, and inns—where the washerwoman and the Coliseum figure side by side—which no one ever took up as a book of amusement. Between these two extremes all tours must range, and in the intermediate space the author arranges his stores of criticism, narrative, history, sentiment, or science, or whatever else he can collect for display.

The tourist to whom, in his own eyes or those of the world, self is the most important object, naturally keeps nearest to the terminus of autobiography. Göthe's tour forms part of the narrative of his life; and therefore, without taking into calculation the enthusiasm of his admirers, he has a right to consider that the chief interest of all he sees is derived from the impression it makes on himself, and the effect it has on the culture and discipline of his own mind.

Mr. Beckford, in his well-known letters, treats every object with reference to his own individual sensations at the moment, and evidently conceives that to yield unresistingly to every fugitive impulse is the criterion of genius and susceptibility. Pages are devoted to plums and muscadine grapes, and the most romantic scenery is left unnoticed. At Venice, on a hot day, he rushes into the Adriatic, and, according to his own account, would have forgotten to return, if the incoming tide had not floated him back to shore. In the bleakest part of the Tuscan Apennines, and in a dark night, a host of '*thick-coming fancies*' oblige him 'to leave his

his chaise and plunge into the deepest shadows of the mountain.' At Rome he sees nothing but St. Peter's, and the use he wishes to make of it is to exclude all the rest of the world and to put up beds in it for himself and his correspondent. At Mantua the moustache of an Austrian sentinel prevents his contemplating the mediæval splendour of the Gonzagas; and at the gallery at Florence he is so sensitively alive to the various conflicting claims on his attention, that he would have seen nothing if fortunately his irritable susceptibility had not been lowered to the point of ordinary use by the sight of a very tasteless statue of Morpheus. How far he took the trouble of acting up to his conceptions of the mode in which a man of genius should travel is known only by tradition, but his lively and brilliant sketches unquestionably show us how a man of talent can write.

Tourists of his class, however lively their fancy and vigorous their style, are worse than useless as practical guides to ordinary travellers. Let 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson,' with whose adventures the lovers of caricature are so familiar, beware of the eccentricities and idiosyncracies of genius. We must especially protest against a piece of idleness or affectation, which is vaunted as a merit by numberless authors, and which it is most unwise, though often tempting, to imitate. Let the tourist be assured it is a want of curiosity, and not an excess of sensibility, which makes him 'hate all sights except such as he finds out for himself,' and refuse 'to be led about by a jabbering showman.' Now, the law on the subject is perfectly clear. No free-born traveller who pays his own expenses is obliged to see sights if he does not like it. Nay, so far as the difference of times and circumstances allows, he may imitate the contumacious prodigal of the last century, who being sent in the stately style of the day, in his 'post-chaise' and with his 'governor'—then denoting a travelling tutor, and not used as a slang word—to make the 'grand tour' and to see the world, defeated his anxious parent's calculations by sedulously keeping the blinds drawn. But if the tourist has engaged himself to write, or dimly foresees that the popularity of his letters and journals among his own circle will make publication inevitable, he is bound to qualify himself for the task by seeing and learning all he can. No doubt a 'laquais-de-place' may often be 'a bore,' especially when we do not understand his language. But there is no rational reason for rejecting his services except the dislike of paying for them. The possession of a great deal of inspiration may be allowed to the wayward children of genius, but there is no well-attested case where a knowledge of topography has been miraculously imparted. No well-informed reader can sympathise with a reluctance

ance to see sights, except where it is notorious they are not worth seeing. When Matthews passes by Vicenza with the expression of a hope that there is nothing to see, for if there is he has not seen it, he only provokes us by the carelessness with which he performs his task. It is not safe to assume that any town or even village of Italy possesses nothing worth a visit. We wish it were established as a literary canon that when the author's chief object is to exhibit the workings of his own mind he should choose for his subject some country possessing less claims of its own to interest. Italy is too beautiful to form the background to a fancy portrait.

To avoid the egotism of autobiography, Mrs. Jameson has introduced in her 'Diary of an Ennuyée' an imaginary character, whose feelings and ailments give variety and point to the incidents of travel. But, deservedly popular as this work is, we cannot think the 'frame' is happy. The supposed writer is no ennuyée, for she takes the keenest interest in all she sees; and though she is made to complain of fatigue in order to attest the reality of her sufferings, her superhuman activity would defy the imitation of the most robust travellers.

Very similar in plan, but very different in execution, are the French tours published under a 'pseudonyme.' In them the author avails himself of his mask to assume the possession of opportunities, pretensions, and accomplishments which it would be preposterous to claim in his own person, to attack whom and what he pleases, and to find shelter from every censure. If his anecdotes are proved false, he can retort they never were meant to be true; if his sentiments are reprobated, they are not his own; if his tone is offensive, it was assumed to support the consistency of a fictitious character. It is thus that M. Beyle dictates and vapours under the name of an omniscient, contemptuous young gentleman of aristocratic pretensions and democratic ideas, whom he calls the Comte de Stendhal. He was for some time French Consul at Cività Vecchia, and had seen a good deal of Italian society, though not perhaps of that portion of it of which he speaks most. But 'Rome, Naples, et Florence' is the result of an early and hurried tour, and though subsequently corrected it bears indelibly the stamp of carelessness and immaturity. His style is rapid and spirited, his observations are pointed and lively; but the supposed writer's assumption of superiority is provoking, and the prolonged mystification is wearisome. As a tour, a work thus written wants authority; as a novel, it lacks incident.

Madame de Staël has endeavoured to unite an instructive tour in Italy with a story of sentiment. The plan had at the time the

the merit of novelty, though perhaps the idea may have been remotely suggested by the travels of Anacharsis. But the accessory portion overpowers the principal, and the reader's attention is painfully distracted by two incompatible calls. The growing attachment of Corinne to Lord Nelvil, described, as it is, with all the truth and power of one who painted so well what she had herself so intensely felt, is but awkwardly interwoven with her long and imaginative disquisitions on antiquity and art. In spite of this defect, however, the book was enthusiastically admired. We well remember in early days how completely we were under the enchantress's spell, and how much we regretted that half our illusion was destroyed, when a cynical critic, at that time of undisputed authority, coldly remarked he could not fancy being in love with a woman who had been a 'laquais-de-place.' Here is the blot. With Corinne the laquais-de-place, and Corinne the heroine of romance, we cannot fully sympathise at one and the same time, and this is exactly what Mr. Hillard feels when he censures Lord Nelvil for admiring the 'inconceivable grace' with which Corinne lifts up the curtain at the entrance of St. Peter's. He cannot endure that the hero who is about to view this wonder of the world for the first time should have leisure to admire even the woman he loves. But the error is rather in attempting to divert the reader's attention at this moment of expectation than in supposing Lord Nelvil's admiration could be thus divided. Our younger readers will probably think not even Solomon's temple could engross the thoughts of a lover in all the intoxication of a new-born passion. For our own part, our objection to the incident is of the most matter-of-fact and commonplace character. The massive 'portière,' which is purposely made as heavy as possible, could not be lifted by any one with grace; and if Lord Nelvil, consumptive though he was, allowed Corinne to lift it at all, we must give him up as a monster of insular inattention. But in truth the task could not have devolved on either of the lovers. Corinne's footman would have forced back the massive barrier a couple of feet to enable them to squeeze through the interstice, as Madame de Staël's footman must have done, or she could not have so far forgotten its weight as to fancy it a curtain of gauze or silk which a fairy might remove. After all, Corinne must not be read as a guide book. Brilliant as are Madame de Staël's descriptions, and full as her pages are of remarks equally just and poetical, her memory is treacherous and her information often inaccurate. She had little perception of the beauties of nature, and of art she was wholly ignorant. She dismisses the frescoes of Raphael with a few sentences; while she devotes whole pages to the
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frigid extravagances of the modern French school with which the heroine's villa at Tivoli, *above the great cascade* (!), is decorated. 'Corinne,' however, is unrivalled as a storehouse of brilliant sayings, in which the point of the expression brightens into wit, and the poetry of the thought deepens into pathos, and it may be especially recommended to the study of those who do not disdain to shine in borrowed gems. Many years ago a foreign diplomatist at Naples established a reputation by the judicious application of one of these epigrammatic apophthegms, and it was not till some months afterwards that the malice of ill-fortune or of an envious colleague discovered the source of his inspiration.

In many of the older tours, especially of the French school, sentiment—not suggested by external objects but by the author's own circumstances—plays a prominent part; and passages of this kind, like Yorick's sermon, have the advantage of suiting equally well with every text. The President Dupaty, whose voluminous work is an amusing specimen of the taste of the last century, saves himself the trouble of describing the Villa Borghese by summoning in fancy his absent nursery round his knees, and detailing their imaginary gambols beneath the murmuring pines on the delicious turf. M. de Custine, having arrived at a seaport where he wished to avoid the trouble of sight-seeing or of writing a dull and perhaps difficult chapter on freights and exports, supposes himself wrought up to such a state of feverish anxiety at not receiving letters from the ideal correspondent to whom, by a literary fiction, his narrative is addressed, that all his curiosity respecting external objects is paralyzed.

At one time the presses of Paris and Brussels produced a variety of cleverly-written volumes which, for want of a better name, we must call philosophical tours. These rarely condescend to particulars; they might be produced by hasty travellers who guessed rather than gathered their information (M. de Custine tells us he guessed his four volumes on Russia), and after visiting the country found little to modify. Madame de Genlis, in her otherwise dull Memoirs, gives, as the production of a young friend, a lively caricature of this style of writing. It is a sketch by anticipation of the tour of a common literary acquaintance who was just leaving Paris for Rome. The burst of emotion on the first sight of the plains of Italy, accompanied by a marginal note to the effect that the author made the descent of the Alps in the dark and asleep, is very humorously conceived. The entrance into Rome over the desert of the Campagna brings forth a sentimental chapter, professing to combine Gibbon and Montesquieu, and 'fusing poetry, history, and philosophy

sophy in the glowing crucible of genius.' The succeeding chapter is intended to present a marked contrast: biting, satirical, and gay, it concludes with 'anecdotes un peu libres sur les dames Romaines,' all of which are to be collected at Paris. In the Holy Week the author is to hold a dialogue with an Indian chief in the Sistine Chapel—no doubt you will suppose, says Madame de Genlis' correspondent, in order that the enlightened author may instruct the savage. Quite the reverse. The savage's keen irony, withering sarcasm, and cogent logic are to lay prostrate all the author's feeble defences of Christianity.

In these days, indeed, a change has taken place, and so far for the better that the reaction has brought us to the least dangerous of two extremes. Instead of finding the opinions of Voltaire put into the mouth of a savage, we shall more probably find the language of Voltaire employed to give point to the sentiments of St. Dunstan. The covert insinuation of atheism has given way to the open, though often, we suspect, affected profession of a dreamy sentimental bigotry. And if the brilliant statesman and man of letters can obtain followers by promulgating theories of papal virtues and papal rights, which in the last century would have raised doubts of his sanity, it is not strange that bigotted, perhaps ambitious, ecclesiastics should profess a blind and omnivorous credulity which has no parallel since the invention of printing. In his four heavy 8vos. the Abbé Gaume notices every legend, however extravagant, every relic however absurd, which comes within his observation. He '*believes every iota.*' According to his view of passing events, the world is governed by a divinely-inspired delegate, who reigns on the seven hills, assisted by a hierarchy of sages and saints, and but feebly opposed by a malignant influence called heresy. As a sample of the true mode of reading the past with the eye of faith, he tells us that it is an heretical figment to represent Galileo as impeded in his physical researches by the Inquisition. The truth is, that the philosopher foolishly and arrogantly endeavoured to support his theories, some of which have been since confuted, and all of which were then doubtful, by proofs derived from Scripture. The Holy Office saw at once how dangerous to the authority of Scripture, and how injurious to the progress of science, this unphilosophical mode of arguing might prove, and firmly but mildly repressed this explosion of the mathematician's bigotry by requiring him to reside for a time under the roof of his particular friend the Archbishop of Siena.

But in truth, it is not one of the least curious subjects of speculation in looking back on the labours of successive generations of tourists, to observe with what differently coloured spectacles

spectacles the traveller provides himself at different periods. In the less important matters of literature and art public feeling has greatly changed of late. In the beginning of the century Eustace found 'a classical tour' the most attractive title he could take for his work, and he followed Addison in collecting all the passages of the classics which refer to the objects he visits. Forsyth takes credit for refusing to visit the tomb of an early pope at Grotta Ferrata, or to see anything at Tusculum but Cicero; Villa d'Este he treats as an object of ridicule. Göthe will not enter the magnificent convent at Assisi, and is persecuted (of course a philosopher in the year 1786 found it necessary to be persecuted) because he insists on preferring to visit the Temple of Minerva. Beckford compares Mecherino's pavement to 'hobgoblin tapestry,' and speaks of Siena Cathedral as being generally considered a 'piece of elaborate absurdity.' In these days the ancients can barely find toleration on their own peculiar ground, and their modern followers are proscribed. Palladio's architecture, once held to be the model of grace and beauty, makes the devotees of Gothic art positively sick; and painting, which is now supposed to be admirable only in its infancy, loses all its interest as it approaches the softness, the fullness, and the truth of nature. Where shall we be at the next oscillation of the pendulum? If we cannot make our taste comprehensive enough to discern beauty in all its forms, let us at least remember that our judgments will not be more respected by our successors than those of our predecessors are by us, and let us try to learn the lesson of toleration.

Of the statistical tour, containing information on all social and political matters, the professed specimens are few. The time, labour, and patience required for such researches are more than the amateur will choose or the professional author can afford to give. In French, the most considerable attempt of the kind with which we are acquainted is the '*Etudes Statistiques sur Rome*,' by the Comte de Tournon. His work was published only in 1831, though his design was conceived and much of his materials collected when Rome was a department of France and he governed it as its '*Préfet*.' The information he has gathered is most useful, and the skill with which he has mapped the country and divided his subject will considerably lighten the labours of future inquirers. In English, Mr. Whiteside's is the only work of the kind which we have seen of late years. But his stay in the country was too short, and he travelled at a time when Englishmen insisted on preferring the visions of a hopeful imagination to the evidence of their senses. He was obliged to collect his information from chance informants at coffee-houses

or tables-d'hôte, and in the heat of political excitement scared Truth had shrunk to the lowest depths of her well, from which she has never since emerged.

The generality of tours, however, are of too miscellaneous a character to be classed under any specific head. It was a glorious time for authors, when any lively and well informed man or woman could pay the expenses of a journey by recording the ordinary incidents of travel, interspersed with such reflections and criticisms as flowed spontaneously from the writer's pen. The public now requires more solid food; and this is all that is true of the complaint with which Mrs. Trollope prefaces her tour, that 'Italy is an exhausted subject.' She should rather have said the ordinary modes of treating it are hackneyed. Rope harness now-a-days calls forth no wonder, dirty inns no sympathy. The black eyes of the chambermaid inspire no interest, the elf-locks of the ostler no sinister forebodings. Her work is much what we should expect from her desponding exordium. She has since resided long in Italy, and has doubtless arrived at the conclusion, that no country has been so much described and is so little understood. It is to be regretted her publication was not deferred till she had formed a more adequate conception of her subject. So close an observer as she has proved herself in her early works, cannot fail to have collected materials not less interesting than new, nor can she lack the power to set them off with a style as clear and as pointed as of old.

But the cause which beyond all others has driven tours of this description out of the field is the superiority of the modern Guide-books. Mr. Hillard is full of gratitude to Mr. Murray's Handbooks, and with reason. They have rendered it pleasanter to make a tour and easier to write one, but they have also made it less profitable. The information which once could only be scantily gleaned from various tours, histories, and guide-books is here laboriously collected, carefully condensed, and methodically arranged for use. The accuracy of these Manuals is wonderful, when we consider the great variety of subjects which they embrace, and the great extent of country to which they refer. They are something much better than mere guide-books, and are quite as necessary to the scholar who stays at home, as to the tourist on his travels. Indeed we shall not be sorry to see the time when they are so far enriched and enlarged by successive additions, that they will be considered rather books of reference than pocket guides; and the lists of inns and other matters of a temporary and variable nature will be transferred to some new Travellers' Manual, of which a fresh edition will be needed every season.

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Still, however, the 'Tour in Italy,' under whatever name it attempts to assume an air of novelty, [is pleasant reading, nor is it fair to quarrel with it for not being what it does not profess to be. The writer in general disclaims all pretensions to superior knowledge or unusual research, and if he succeeds in beguiling a leisure hour the reader has no right to complain, because he thinks with Minim the critic, in the 'Rambler,' that 'the author could have written better if he had taken more pains.' Nevertheless the false impressions which these works, agreeably and cleverly written as they are, have contributed to propagate are many, nor is this strange when we consider how numerous are the peculiar delusions and temptations to which their authors are exposed.

Most tourists profess to record their first impressions, yet who can venture to do so with truth and simplicity! How few are sure what their first impressions were! How many have decided beforehand what their first impressions are to be! An old-fashioned tour, like a modern book of travels, was written for readers who, for the most part, had never visited, and never intended to visit, the country. A modern tourist addresses himself to those who are familiar with the scenes described, or who soon will have an opportunity of testing the fidelity of his descriptions. He has the labours of his predecessors before him in abundance to compare with his own observations. Can he do otherwise than make it his first care to ascertain, not what his first impressions were, but what they ought to have been and what emotions they ought to have excited? The inevitable consequence of all this is a certain amount of disingenuousness and affectation. The credulous novice who stuffs his travelling bag with 'tours' envies the happy sensibility of their authors, and is discouraged by finding himself unduly engrossed by fears of the custom-house, and doubts as to his lodgings. He is conscious that, on arriving at the goal he has so long and ardently desired, he has often got little to record but the vague disappointment which so often accompanies the accomplishment of long-cherished wishes. 'This is Venice, Naples, Rome!' but the spell which the name has hitherto exercised over his fancy will work no longer. He arrives at Ponte Molle, but by no effort can he realize to his imagination the conflict of two imperial armies, contending for the sceptre of the world. In the forum he cannot feel that 'the eloquent air breathes, burns, with Cicero,' or with Rienzi, or with any one else whom the quick sensibility of his literary guides can conjure up at any moment; but let him not be disheartened, let him go home in peace to ruminate on what he has seen, and let him be assured no
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an's imagination is so entirely at the command of his will as books would lead him to suppose. That faculty needs training like all others. How often must the want of time and the languor of fatigue damp even the most genuine enthusiasm! Mr. Hillard claims pity for the tourist, 'pursued by an inexorable Nemesis, with a watch in one hand and a guide-book in the other.' Is he to be blamed if, after satisfying his conscience with a hasty look, he returns to his books to ascertain what he has seen, and determine what he thought about it?

The source of all error, against which neither the tourist nor his reader is ever sufficiently on his guard, is his short acquaintance with the country he undertakes to describe. Why is it that so many, like Mrs. Trollope, have been in haste to give us the outpourings of their first surprise and pleasure, and so few have set down the corrected impressions of repeated experience? Can the full bottle never empty its contents? or does the subject so expand on a nearer view, that the author finds it impossible to satisfy himself? Of the condition of the country, social, moral, and political, the hasty traveller can know nothing, and the temptation to say something is great. Conscious of his want of information, he fancies himself safe when he finds anything to confirm his anticipated conclusions. In the absence of facts a hasty surmise will point a lively paragraph. Matthews, who, though we have noticed him only to find fault, is certainly one of the most spirited and agreeable of the superficial tourists, 'suspects that the papal soldiers put off their uniforms and turn brigands in the dark.' A French traveller in England might just as fairly accuse the detective police of joining the swell mob at the London theatres.

The little vexatious incidents of travel excite the diarist's petulance, and he pens his notes accordingly. A slow sergeant who keeps him waiting at the gate of a fortress is accepted as a proof of the tyranny and the incapacity of the government. Custom-house officers find no toleration: if they do their duty they are rude and insolent, if they take a fee for neglecting it, they bear witness to the national venality. The example of equanimity which Dr. Moore, the author of '*Zeluco*,' exhibits in his amusing and agreeably written tour, is rare. Poor Smollett, oppressed by illness and goaded by poverty, indulges his querulousness, till he makes his journal a mere register of inattention and extortion, of bad suppers and bad weather, and for this he is unmercifully and (had all the circumstances been known then as we know them now) unfeelingly ridiculed under the name of Smellfungus by Sterne. The path of the traveller is in these days much smoother than it used to be, but asperities enough remain to excuse his
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ill humour; and though he might not, as Mr. Hillard surmises, see with satisfaction the whole population of Civit  Vecchia carried into captivity, as an expiation of the wrongs he has received at their hands, he would not hesitate to record against them, without further inquiry, the summary judgment of the often quoted entry in the purser's logbook, 'They have got no manners, and their customs are beastly.' The rapid traveller has little opportunity of seeing the native society, and he has rarely much acquaintance with the language, which is an indispensable condition of intimacy. The Italians are too indolent to like conversing in foreign tongues, and too much a people of habit to endure a society which changes every year like the shades of a magic-lantern. If strangers are agreeable to us, say they, we are more sorry to lose them than will be compensated by the pleasure of having known them. If they are not, it is better we should not make their acquaintance at all. And from the horns of this dilemma we do not see how it is possible to escape. Thus there are few pictures of Italian social life on which it is safe to rely. A letter of Lord Byron's to the late Mr. Murray contains more truth on the subject than we ever remember to have seen in print. But it is dated forty years ago; and since then, in one of the most important points to which it refers, a gradual change has been operating. After all, it sums up with a conclusive reason why no faithful report can be given. If the author is familiar with what he proposes to describe, he cannot speak without a breach of confidence; if he is not, he is unworthy of credit.

The political reflections with which so many tours are highly flavoured are rarely more than the expression of the author's preconceived opinions. If, indeed, he is a person of note, he is sometimes sought out by the party with whom he is supposed to sympathise, and who desire to employ him as the instrument for communicating their views to the world; but the ordinary traveller for the most part derives his information from valets-de-place, or from second-class language-masters—men who are quick at discovering which way the prejudices of their employers lean, and who derive a certain amount of consequence from professing their discontent with the existing order of things. If tours were read with care, and weighed as evidence, it might be found that, in general, authors had not endeavoured to pass their testimony for more than it was worth; but such works are read carelessly—the impression is made, no matter how, and by frequent repetition is at last accepted as an established truth.

We have no analogy in the institutions of this country to
guide

guide us in our speculations on Italy. The ancient state of all its provinces was highly aristocratic. During the French occupation, feudality, the rights of primogeniture, and entails, were abolished; and, on the return of the restored governments, no uniform principle was adopted by them collectively, and little consistency or judgment was shown by each individually in fitting together the fragments of the two systems. To re-establish an aristocracy, without securing the rights of primogeniture, is a contradiction. To legalise the sale of fiefs, and to permit the title to be conveyed with the estate, is to make aristocracy ridiculous. In fact, for all practical purposes, an aristocracy, which is the first requisite for a constitutional government, in our meaning of the term, is nowhere to be found. But few have taken any trouble to procure exact information, and for years past the English public, including unfortunately our statesmen, have never suspected that a total ignorance of the manners and feelings of the different classes and countries of the peninsula, and a very imperfect knowledge of their history, their institutions, and their actual condition, is any hindrance to our prescribing with certainty for all their social ills. And thus the problem of 'regenerating Italy,' which the wisest of her own patriots view with perplexity, and approach with caution, may, according to our notions, be settled at a dinner at the Mansion-House, or a meeting at Birmingham.

But perhaps the most popular ingredient of 'tours' is criticism; and of this there is always abundance, with whatever protestations of ignorance the author may preface his narrative. Indeed a distinguished novelist, who begins his tour with the most contemptuous disclaimers of all knowledge of art, before the conclusion of it gathers confidence enough to pronounce that the man who admires the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican is either a fool or a knave. Of the many who have written on art, Forsyth is certainly the most able; his observations are generally just, and always brilliant, and are conveyed with a terseness and point of which we have no other example. Of painting and sculpture he disclaims all accurate knowledge, but on architecture his criticism is profound, and as he follows Milizia, it is usually correct, though severe. Mr. Hillard complains it is couched in language too technical; but none other would have been sufficiently precise, and by endeavouring to make his remarks more intelligible to the amateur he would have made them less useful to the artist. Considering his opportunities, his knowledge is truly extraordinary. Fresh from the grammar-school of Elgin, and the University of Glasgow, he came to London and set up a school at Newington Butts, and there, in the scanty

leisure of his spirit-cramping profession, he found time to study the language and literature of Italy, and to pore over every print he could procure of its treasures of ancient and modern art. Yet the thorough mastery of his subjects which his book displays must, we think, be attributed mainly to the length of time during which he ruminated on what he had seen before he published his remarks. Arrested on his way back to England, after the peace of Amiens, he had few agreeable subjects of contemplation in the solitude of a French prison except his recollections of Italy, and he finally committed them to paper, in the hopes of attracting the benevolent consideration of a Government that affected to patronise literature. No tourist that we are acquainted with can compete with Forsyth in clearness of observation and vigour of expression, and although many have made clever remarks and ingenious criticisms on the fine arts, yet as a body they have contributed largely to propagate a delusion in which undoubtedly they share in all sincerity, but which, more than any other cause, we believe, has thwarted that progress in art on which the English public is bent.

It is generally assumed by them that complete ignorance of art is compatible with exquisite appreciation of its beauties, and even that knowledge, in some unexplained way, is destructive to feeling. Connoisseurs, or, as they are called in the older books, the 'cognoscenti,' are sneered at, as having by misdirected study sophisticated their natural sensibility; and the tourist is assured that, in order to be infallible, he has only to trust his instincts, and not to allow himself to be swayed by the time-sanctioned opinions of the world. In reading and in conversation the candid traveller finds everywhere the same profession of ignorance, and the same assertion of exquisite enjoyment; and in comparing what he hears from others with his own sensations, he is perplexed by his own insensibility. If he has already attained distinction in any way, or enjoys a high reputation for talent, his embarrassment is augmented; his fellow-travellers press to hear his first impressions, and beset him in his visits to the galleries. Sganerelle was at last obliged to admit himself to be the physician which every one persisted in believing he was; and our tourist, in assuming the part thus forced upon him, generally begins by making a violent effort to impose on himself. Many years ago, at Florence, the loiterers in the Tribune were startled by the sudden rush into the room of a little man, whose literary fame gave him high claims to intuitive taste. He placed himself, with clasped hands, before the chief attraction in that room of treasures, and, '*There,*' he murmured, '*is the Venus de' Medici, and here I must stay—for ever and for ever!*'

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He had scarcely uttered these words, each more deeply and solemnly than the preceding, when an acquaintance entered, and the enthusiast, making a hasty inquiry if Lady —— had arrived, left the room, not to return again that morning. Before the same statue, another distinguished countryman, whose reputation for taste was better founded, and whose sensibility old age had not blunted, used to pass an hour daily. His acquaintance respected his raptures, and kept aloof; but a young lady, whose attention was attracted by sounds that did not seem expressive of admiration, ventured to approach, and found the poet sunk in profound but not silent slumber. We have been assured that an eminent actor, now no more, thought it necessary to be positively deprived of his breath by the first sight of the Apollo Belvidere, and panting to regain it, he convulsively clutched the arm of his companion, with difficulty articulating — ‘I breathe!’

Sir Walter Scott is one of the few men of eminence who have shown themselves entirely free from affectation and embarrassment in visiting the galleries of Italy. When the wonders of art were pointed out to him, more especially those that require a deeper knowledge to appreciate, he would ask, ‘Is that thought fine? Will you tell an ignorant body why it is fine?’ Perhaps (the answer might be) what you will see most readily is the grandeur of the dramatic effect—the depth of the expression—the way in which the story is told—‘Ah, I can see that;’ and as each point of excellence was explained in succession—the skill in grouping, the correctness of drawing, the beauty of form, or the harmony of colour—he would reply, ‘Ah, I could fancy that,’ or ‘I could look at that till I thought I saw it.’

No one states the popular fallacy so broadly as Mr. Hillard, who holds that ‘some understand art and some feel it, but few do both.’ In that case ignorance were indeed bliss; but to dispel this general illusion, it ought to be enough to point out that, in the first place, it is a mere confusion of language to suppose that ignorance of art and a correct judgment of its products can co-exist. If we could, for the sake of argument, suppose their union for a time, the fortunate possessor of this instinctive taste would soon learn, by comparison, to classify and arrange his ideas, and reading and conversation would supply him with the terms he needs to express them. His ignorance would melt before the glow of his sensibility like snow before the sun; he would soon become the most accomplished of critics; and if he persisted in calling himself ignorant, he could only mean that he was unacquainted with the practical methods employed by the artist. In the next place, it should be broadly laid down, not merely as

a theoretical truth which, thus stated, few would deny, but as a practical fact, of constant application, that our perceptions of the beauty of natural objects are indefinitely improved by cultivation; nature herself therefore must be studied to be properly felt, and that as art at best is but an approximation to nature, a compromise by which a part is sacrificed to secure what is most striking in the remainder, it must need require a further and still more careful study. There is no doubt that when men first turn their attention seriously to the fine arts, there is great difference in the degrees of aptitude and sensibility which they severally display; nor is it worth while to inquire whether this difference is to be attributed to the gift of nature or to the unconscious education afforded by the accidents and opportunities of youth. Whatever the aptitude of the most advanced of such beginners may be, he has still to learn what *Milizia* calls the art of seeing; and he would do well to remember what considerable progress *Sir J. Reynolds* had made in the practice of painting when he describes his disappointment at being unable to appreciate *Michael Angelo*, whom he lived to admire as the model of excellence. *Sir W. Scott's* candour and manly sense pointed out to him at once that ignorance is the defect, and the remedy is to seek information. The theory of self-reliance, which teaches the learner to trust to his own inspiration, shuts the door of knowledge, and opens the floodgates of affectation.

Never was there a time when the bewildered novice had more need of all the lights which his predecessors can throw on his path, to guide him through the clouds with which modern criticism has obscured it. He is assured he has only to cast away his staff in order to cease to be blind—that he may boldly begin to teach although, or rather because, he has never learnt. Instead of beginning with the study of those excellencies which are most perceptible to his unpractised eye, he must regard them as blemishes, and his inability to appreciate beauty is to be accounted a sensitive impatience of defect. Without knowing anything of the merits of a picture, he is called on to establish some fanciful harmony between them and the imaginary feelings and moral qualities of the artist, of which he knows, if possible, less; and when he has observed nature so carelessly as not to perceive whether the shadow is correct and the colour true, and whether the outline has more than a general resemblance to the anatomy of the human figure, he is required to pronounce on the ‘earnestness’ of the work, its ‘purity,’ and other qualities, of which he can form no distinct notion, and further to decide whether its relation is to ‘sense,’ to ‘intellect,’ or to ‘spirit.’ Alas! who will tell him that painting, like all other arts, has its days of apprenticeship, and

and that patience and humility will open the door of the temple in due time!—Whereas he may for ever talk æsthetic fustian in the outer portico in vain.

On the remains of antiquity many works have been written in a popular style, such as 'Burton's Antiquities of Rome,' and 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' which may be consulted with pleasure as well as profit. But the hasty tourist feels himself weak on the subject, and is tempted to treat antiquaries with something like contempt. They are, he urges, and with some show of reason, a tasteless, provoking race—in their zeal to preserve they care not how much they disfigure; they shave, restore, and enclose a picturesque ruin to keep it a fit subject for a lecture, and forget that the result of their labours is to deprive it of all that gave it interest.

'Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'

Mediaeval remains they have recklessly and wantonly destroyed, and in mediæval history they take no interest. For centuries the Colonna Pine (now, alas! shattered by lightning) formed one of the principal objects in the views of Rome. At its foot, half covered by the bays and laurels of the Colonna Garden, lay the colossal fragments of what is supposed, though without reason, to have been the Temple of the Sun. Yet often as this spot has been visited by antiquaries, it was reserved for an English young lady and her governess to remark on the frieze a rude inscription, to the effect that the tree was planted by the Colonna family, in commemoration of Rienzi's fall and the revenge they had taken for their kinsman's death. The antiquary, instead of making repeated examinations on the spot, retreats to his library to frame his theories and wrangle with his rivals. The disputes about Phocas's column have taught him neither caution nor diffidence. For years no theory of its purpose or origin was too extravagant to find supporters; but no one surmised that it might be the work of a good period of art, which had been applied by an age of decadence to its own purposes, till the inscription was excavated, and it was found to have been raised by the exarch Smaragdus to the Emperor Phocas.

Nevertheless the antiquary has collected a vast mass of useful information, and has discovered much of important truth, and the most hasty tourist would find the pleasure of his researches greatly enhanced and his labour lightened by acquiring enough of archæology to distinguish the different modes of construction and the varying styles of decoration which mark the rise and the decadence of Roman grandeur. The facility which he would thus acquire would be like that obtained by the use of grammar

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in the acquisition of a new language. By this discipline of the eye his taste could not fail to be improved, and he would be able to read for himself the greater part of the tale which each ruin has to tell. Nor would his gain be less if he would take some pains to acquire knowledge enough of architecture to assign a probable date to its various specimens. With a tolerable eye, and methodical instruction, this might be attained much more readily than is ordinarily supposed. But few 'Tours' contain any such salutary advice. Indeed, as their writers naturally desire to make the most of their actual stock of information by holding cheap all that they do not possess, they have contributed unintentionally to lower the young traveller's estimate of what is needed to make the most of his time. We do not go so far as the Abbé Gaume, who, at the head of a long list of works to be carefully studied as an indispensable preliminary to an Italian trip, places the forty folios of Baronius; but we agree with Mr. Hillard, that no information comes amiss; and nothing gives us a higher idea of his general cultivation, and of his thorough appreciation of his subject, than his modest regrets at his imperfect preparation.

Mr. Hillard complains that few tourists see Italy except in winter, and that winter is not the time for seeing it to advantage. But in summer the hours of enjoyment are limited to the morning and evening: at other times the sun is too nearly vertical to diversify the landscape with shadow—form is undistinguishable, and colour is lost in a palpitating haze of white and yellow heat. In autumn and spring the tints are richest, the effects are broadest, and the atmospheric phenomena are most diversified and striking. Winter has occasionally days of great brilliancy, but it certainly is not the time for long excursions, and in vain our author casts a wistful eye at Vallombrosa and the Casentino, in whose names, he truly says, there is music, and that music is Dante's and Milton's. This excursion should certainly be made in summer. In November the tourist would find all the rigour of a mountain climate, and nothing to remind him of Milton but the 'autumnal leaves'; he would be chilled by a cold reception from hosts unprepared at that season to receive strangers, and a cheerless cell in an untenanted corridor. Vallombrosa stands in a rich glade surrounded with woods on the slope of one of the highest Apennines to the south of Florence; and from the heights above it, far beyond the countless undulations of intermediate hills, are seen the bright villas of Florence dimly gleaming through the summer air. If the artist comes with the hope of finding subjects of romantic beauty for his pencil he will be disappointed, but his eye will
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be refreshed with turf of emerald-green, contrasting deliciously with the sun-burnt plains he has left below; he will find sparkling rills and lofty woods, varied with black masses of the spruce and the pine,* the proof of a cooler climate, and the cause of a denser shade. But Vallombrosa has seen its best days. It is shorn of its wealth—its treasures of art are removed to Florence—and it no longer strikes the stranger by the contrast of its stately hospitality with its deep seclusion.

Within an easy ride is Camaldoli, with its Eremo or village of hermitages, the second of the Tuscan sanctuaries. But its buildings and its situation are less striking than those of Vallombrosa, and the form of monachism which it exhibits in the solitude and ascetic discipline of the eremo is that which it is most painful to contemplate. The ascent to the hermitages commands a fine view, and winds through woods consisting wholly of the fir-tribe: the fir in Tuscany is an exotic rarely seen, and it is agreeable to pass in a short day's journey from the dusty heat of Florence to the black-greens and the turpentine-smelling freshness of Switzerland.

On a hill commanding the valley of the Casentino stands the lonely osteria, which still bears the name 'dell' uomo morto:' and a little higher up is a cairn, to which that ill-omened name more properly belongs. To this spot, since rendered famous by the immortal verse of Dante, and then the boundary of their territory, the Florentine signory brought Maestro Adamo, who so pathetically recounts his sufferings to the poet, to expiate at the stake the guilt of having tampered with their far-famed coinage. From hence is seen the valley through which the Arno winds, and is fed by those sparkling streamlets, the recollection of which so aggravated the hapless coiner's penal thirst in hell.† From this spot, too, rising on a lower eminence, could be seen the castle of Romena, the stronghold of his guilty suborners, and therefore it was chosen as the place of doom where his body was consigned to the flames,

'With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale,'
and strike horror and dismay into the hearts of his patrons,

* Not the *stone pine*. The *Pinus pinea* is found only in the warmer regions of the plains. It is a common mistake of artists to place the stone pine in situations where it never could be found.

† 'Li ruscelletti che dei verdi colli
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno,
Chè l' imagine lor vie più m' asciuga
Che il male ond' io nel volto mi discarno.'—*Inf. canto xxx.*

'Di Guido e di Alessandro e di lor frate.' To this day the peasant never passes the spot without throwing a stone on the cairn 'per l'uomo morto;' but all tradition of the dead man's story has faded away. A bandit, a sbirro, a custom-house officer, or a smuggler, is the guessing answer which the traveller receives to his inquiries.

At the other extremity of the valley beyond Bibbiena is the far-famed sanctuary of La Verna, the favourite retreat of St. Francis, where he is said to have received the stigmata, which play so important a part in the hagiology of Rome. On the summit of a bald lumpish mountain, the 'crudo sasso intra Tevere ed Arno,' there springs up a bold pile of perpendicular crags, on the crest and in the clefts of which is constructed the convent. Behind it waves a majestic mass of wood which crowns the summit of the platform, and below the rock is the gate of entrance and the forestieria, or hospitium for the reception of female pilgrims who cannot be lodged within the holy precincts. Every niche and cleft in the stone has been hallowed by the saint's austerities, or is recorded as the scene of his celestial visions, or of his conflicts with the evil one. On the spot where he received the crowning mark of Christ's favour, the impress of the five wounds of the passion, is built the chapel which every night, according to the rules of the order, must be visited by the whole fraternity.

Pulchra Laverna, da mihi fallere, is irresistibly suggested to every classical scholar by the name of this mythic region. But St. Francis was no deceiver. He never spoke of his wounds during his life; and his followers remembered after his death that by the length of his robes he had seemed studiously to conceal his hands and feet. It is highly likely that the five wounds were really discovered on his person when he was no more. Towards the close of his life, in an access of ascetic fervour, it is very possible that he might have made the attempt, which so many other enthusiasts have made, to realize to himself the pains of the passion, and that in his debilitated state the wounds never closed. The dates of time and place and other particulars were divulged subsequently by special revelations; every member of the community who held sufficient rank in it to claim such a distinction was favoured with a dream or vision, till the legend in all its details was complete. St. Francis died at the Porziuncula, in Umbria, where is now the church of St. Maria degli Angioli, and he desired to be buried at the place of execution for malefactors, without the walls of the neighbouring town of Assisi. To comply with his request and not to do the dishonour which he intended to his remains, a stately convent was built which abuts on the hitherto inauspicious cliff. The long basement of arcades and buttresses

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on which it is raised makes it one of the most imposing of ecclesiastical structures; and the upper and lower churches, placed one above the other to accommodate the design to the site, are full of the treasures of mediæval art. Alas, that the pressure of bad inns or bad weather should prevent so many tourists from turning out of their way only one short post to survey so many objects of interest. Below the second church a third has recently been added. Such secrecy had been observed in committing the saint's body to the grave, and such unusual precautions taken to prevent the fraudulent or forcible abstraction of it from its resting-place, that all certain tradition of the precise spot had been lost. In the latter days of Pius VII. a papal commission was issued to search for it, where some lately-discovered papers of the convent asserted it to be, beneath the high altar of the lower church. At that time a strong expectation was seriously entertained in devout Roman Catholic circles, that a miracle was at hand which would convert the most heretical. It was fondly expected that the mortal remains would be found exempted from the lot of mortality—entire, and emitting that fragrance which the mythology of the Vatican has established as the seal of sanctity. It is creditable to Rome in the nineteenth century that no attempt was made to realise this expectation. The body found so carefully fortified in the grave was undoubtedly that of St. Francis, and around it a subterranean chapel has been constructed; it is adorned with gay-coloured marbles and lighted with silver lamps, the gift of the Emperor Francis of Austria, who styles himself 'humilis cliens;' but the effect is theatrical and tawdry, and suits ill with the gloomy grandeur of the sacred buildings above.

No traveller can do justice to the landscape of Italy who has not leisure to dwell on it and study it. A love for scenery is now so common, and seems to come so naturally, that few, except those who have watched their own progress, are aware how gradually their taste has been formed, or how susceptible it is of further improvement. It is common to mistake a keen enjoyment of the country, or a lively admiration of all the phenomena of nature, for a knowledge of landscape. Many a poet in prose and verse, who heartily despises Peter Bell for seeing in the 'Primrose by the river's brim' an ordinary wild flower and nothing more, is himself so enraptured with the primrose and all it suggests, that he is as indifferent as Peter to the graceful reach of the stream, the woods that diversify its banks, the soft undulating distance, and the group of cattle which complete a picture of the highest pastoral beauty; and he has less suspicion than even Peter himself that any sense of enjoyment possessed

possessed by others is denied to him. In Italy the taste for landscape is quickly improved, for the scenery constantly solicits the traveller's attention, and the type of beauty which it presents is for the most part of the highest order. Nor let the student fear that he shall pay for his progress by losing his relish for humbler beauties afterwards. On the contrary, let him make the expansion of his taste the test of its improvement. He has travelled to little purpose if he does not, on his return, discover beauty in combinations which before he would have passed unheeded.

It is not, however, till he reaches the southern side of the Apennines that the tourist first discovers those forms which he recognises as the elements of which the ancient masters wrought out their compositions, but unfortunately the increased facilities of transport offered by steamboats tempt him to miss the roads whose beauty vies with the marvels to which they lead. What moving panorama ever presented such successive images of beauty as the romantic grandeur of Spoleto, the grace and loveliness of Terni, that baffle all description; Narni, with its massive substructions, striking deep into its rocky ridge, and overlooking its ruined marble bridge; Civit  Castellana, with its romantic ravines; and Nepi, almost unknown from its want of accommodation and the badness of its air.

Tivoli, at all events, and Mont' Albano, should be visited by the traveller on his first arrival at Rome, before he is entangled in those engagements which hamper even the most enthusiastic admirers of scenery. If he has hitherto travelled by sea, he will find himself at once transported to those scenes of ideal beauty or unearthly grandeur which he has, from the days of childhood, associated with the name of Italy. There he will find those graceful ruins and those fairy waterfalls so familiar to him in the compositions of the old masters. There is that lake which Claude so loved to look down upon—there are those stately villas, with their groves of stone-pine, which are associated in our minds with all that is grand and beautiful in the rising civilization of Europe.

Mr. Hillard admires as he ought the vast expanse of the Campagna, its rich and varied colour, its noble ruins, and the graceful lines of its bounding mountains—though he had no time to explore the beauties which can be seen only on a near approach—its soft valleys watered by a limpid brook, and bold rocky ravines traversed by the ruin of some gigantic aqueduct. In following the course of the Anio, we light upon the old quarries of Travertine, from which ancient Rome was built. In the towers and fortified 'masserie' of the old Roman barons, still used

used as farmhouses, we trace the picturesque combinations of building with which Poussin and Domenichino have made us so familiar. Towards the sea the undulating downs are studded with myrtles, cistus, and the garden-growth of less-favoured climes; and abutting against the cliffs, or glittering beneath the waves, are the substructions belonging to the villas, the '*Jactis in altum molibus*,' raised by the luxurious Romans as a refuge against the summer heats. The plains of flat sand are shaded by magnificent forests of oak and cork, and in spring are carpeted with the most brilliant wild flowers. Here and there are raised picturesque mediæval towers, accessible only by a drawbridge, till lately used to defend the coast against the corsairs of Algiers, and now tenanted by a few revenue-officers. Sometimes the scenery assumes a sterner character, and, as at Palo, between Ostia and Cività Vecchia, an old feudal castle projects into the waves, and frowns over a gloomy level—

‘Where the forest skirts the moor,
By the inhospitable sea.’

The great impediment to a satisfactory examination of the Campagna is its bad air. Little progress has as yet been made towards any intelligible explanation of this devastating scourge of hot climates; but, in contradiction to Mr. Hillard, we will venture to protest that in the Campagna, over-fertility is not the cause of the mephitic exhalations. The soil has been poor and the air bad since the days of Romulus, and we deny that a denser population is a practicable remedy. If the stroke of an enchanter's wand could suddenly transport the furnaces, the engines, and the population of Birmingham or Dudley to the Campagna, it is possible that some impression might be made on the noxious vapours; but any number of inhabitants, which, by any supposable means, could be attracted to the spot, would be thinned by disease much faster than it could be recruited by births or immigration. That there is a great deal of beauty in the Pontine marshes will hardly be believed by the traveller who hurries through its infected air, as if the goddess of fever (for the Romans deified her) were driving him. It is little visited by our countrymen, except in the depth of winter by young sportsmen, who go out with as great preparation as Gargilius to kill a wild boar, but with more honesty if not with more success; at least we do not remember to have heard any well-attested case of purchased trophies—

‘Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum.’

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It is singular that the atmosphere, which is so deadly to man, is so salubrious to the brute creation. Nowhere do flocks and herds, horses and buffaloes, thrive so well as in the vast tracts redeemed from the floods by the enlightened beneficence of Pius VI. This drainage was expected to purify the air, not only of the Pontine plains, but of every portion of the state to which the miasma of the marshes could be wafted. But for the first three years after it was completed, the fresh mass of decaying vegetable matter, which was exposed to the action of the sun, caused a pestilence which reduced the population within reach of its influence by more than one-third, nor has this loss since been compensated. In some cases whole villages were depopulated. Ninfa, once defended by a baronial tower, and adorned by a stately palace of the Caëtani family, is a wilderness overgrown with weeds. The houses are all standing, but half ruined—

‘ And the grass that chokes the portal,
Bends not to the tread of mortal.’

Amongst the tangled mass of wild shrubs are seen struggling for headroom the oranges and myrtles of the once stately gardens, and over the gate of entrance a pompous Latin inscription boasting their amenity, contrasts mournfully with the howling desolation around. There is only one exception to the general solitude. At the outskirts of the village is a considerable water power, and hither every morning the miller comes from Segni, six miles distant, on the neighbouring mountain, to ply his daily work, but woe betides him if he sleeps on the fatal spot.

The mountainous regions are for the most part free from the dangers of mephitic air, and when the weather is settled, there can be no greater enjoyment than a visit to their romantic scenery. To give the hasty traveller some idea of the beauties which he loses by confining himself to the beaten track, we may refer him to Mr. Lear's two pretty volumes of ‘*Illustrated Excursions in Italy* ;’ but no pencil can convey the charm which these wild regions derive from the memories of the past. The power of historical associations to embellish the landscape is forcibly described by Mr. Hillard, who feels the sentiment of a ruin as only a man can feel it in whose country everything is new. No western prairie, he exclaims, shines with the light of Runnymede or Marathon (vol. ii. p. 158). He compares the soil of Italy, covered as it is with the relics of different epochs, to a palimpsest on which time has effaced one set of characters to write another. The phrase is ingenious, but time has repeated the operation oftener than man has ever attempted to do on the same surface. Among the Cyclopean remains of the Samnites and the Etruscans

Etruscans are the ruins of cities, which were at the height of their prosperity when Rome, according to its own historians, was a mere asylum of refuge for the outcasts of other states. At Arpinum there is a pointed arch which it would have puzzled Cicero (who was but a sorry antiquary) to explain. Let us take the Via Valeria from Tivoli, by the pass of Tagliacozzo to the lake of Fucino. On the heights to the right are the ruins of that Angitia, whose tears Virgil * tells us flowed for heroes slain in the quarrel

‘Of Turnus for Lavinia dispossessed.’

In a valley to the left, embedded in the central chain of the Apennines, above which tower the summits of the Lionessa and the Gran Sasso d’Italia, covered with almost perpetual snows, are still to be traced the walls and the five gates of Alba; and here in this solitude Perseus, the last king of Macedon, after adorning the conqueror’s triumph, fretted away the remnant of his inglorious captivity.

In the reign of the Emperor Claudius, on a brilliant summer morning, the glassy lake before us exhibited a scene of unusual festivity. The surrounding heights were crowded with countless spectators of every age and rank, arranged as in some vast natural amphitheatre. On a promontory overhanging the lake, the Emperor, in military array, and the Empress Agrippina in a gold embroidered dress, were seated in state. One of the greatest works of imperial Rome had just been completed. A tunnel of great length had been bored through the mountains which separate the lake from the valley of the Liris, in order to reduce its waters to a lower and more convenient level (a purpose which it answers at the present moment), and the sluices were now to be opened for the first time. It was a sight well worth seeing, but it was not for this that the master of the world and so many of his slaves were assembled. Two imperial fleets of triremes and quadriremes, supplied with all the munitions of war and ranged in hostile array, floated proudly on the surface of the lake. The galleys were manned with slaves, gladiators, and malefactors, to the number of 11,000, doomed to mutual slaughter ‘to make imperial Rome a holiday.’ At a signal given from the trumpet of a silver Triton, the armaments began to move, and the multitudes on the banks were hushed in breathless expectation. Previously to the action the vessels passed in review before the imperial pavilion, and as they majestically swept by, the crews

* ‘Te nemus Angitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevêre lacus.’—*Æn.* vii.

shouted,

shouted, in melancholy cadence, 'Ave Imperator, morituri te salutant!' (Hail! Emperor; the doomed to die salute thee). Perhaps the thrilling solemnity of the moment may have unstrung the nerves of these fierce men, or the gaiety and brilliancy of the scene may have predisposed them to a sudden revulsion of feeling, but the commonplace return of their salutation by the Emperor, 'Avete et vos,' awoke in them the hope and desire of life. They could not—they would not—believe that even in *his* lips those words of grace could mean the confirmation of a sentence of death. They were pardoned, they said; they *would* not fight.' Claudius was transported with rage. In his want of dignity and in his ungainly weakness of carriage ('*foeda vacillatione*') he seems to have resembled our James I. He rushed down to the beach, which was defended by guards and fortified with stakes to prevent the escape of the condemned crews, and by mingled threats of total extermination and promises of pardon to the victors he induced them to begin the battle; but though much blood was shed, the carnage was spiritless and without interest. The day from which so much had been anticipated was a failure. When the waters were let off, the sluices were opened without due precaution, and many accidents occurred, nor was the expected effect produced. The levels had not been correctly taken, and the work was still incomplete. The court retired in vexation and ill-humour, and the day ended in a scolding-match between the favourite Narcissus and the Empress Agrippina: each too proud to truckle to a rival, and neither as yet powerful enough to subvert the other.*

Yet some centuries more, and those shores were the theatre of another combat of far deeper interest and attended with more memorable results; the chivalry of continental Europe were the combatants and a kingdom was the stake. It was here that was enacted the last scene of the tragedy which terminated in the triumph of the Vatican and the extinction of the House of Swabia. The struggle had lasted long. On the death of Frederick II., his successor, Manfred, became the object of papal vengeance, and persecution. The reigning Pontiff, Urban IV., consecrated Charles of Anjou as the chosen champion of the Church, and to those who joined his standard he granted the privileges and merits of a crusade. Manfred, betrayed by the cowardice or treachery of his followers, was worsted and slain. The traveller who visits Benevento, and there are many attractions to draw him thither, will look with interest at the

* This story is given both by Suetonius and by Tacitus. There are some slight variations as to the number of combatants, but they agree in all the principal points.

bridge over the Calore, where ('à cò del ponte') the fallen king's body was interred after the battle, with such maimed rites as the invaders permitted. But this poor tribute to a vanquished foe was beheld with jealousy by the Church, and, by order of the Legate Pignatelli, the body was disinterred and ignominiously cast into the river.

'Biondo era e bello e di gentile aspetto.'

An accomplished knight, learned beyond the measure of his day, a poet, a musician, an orator; an enlightened ruler, generous and humane in an iron age, he left no equal behind him. Dante, like Shakespeare, throws a charm over the sternest times and the most savage events. No portion of his wonderful poem is more beautiful or more pathetic than the account of the meeting of the poet with the warrior king at the gates of Purgatory, where he relates his wrongs, his repentance, and his hopes, and recommends his soul to the prayers of his daughter Cortanza, whom he fears the priests may have misled as to his final doom.

But now there lay in Charles's path of ambition another crime, which Hugh Capet denounces to Dante as so heinous that it will surely be visited on his latest posterity.*

The people of Naples, weary in one short year of the yoke of Charles, sent urgent invitations to the rightful heir Conradin, the grandson of the Emperor Frederick II., and the last of his illustrious line. He was scarcely sixteen years old, but he inherited all the spirit of his chivalrous race, and his mother wept and prayed to detain her only child in vain. Encouraged and accompanied by his cousin the Duke of Austria, he obeyed the call, and on crossing the Alps was joined by all the Ghibelline powers of Italy. He was received with royal honours at Rome, where, of all places in Europe, the Pope's authority was then least respected, and, in defiance of the papal interdict, entered the kingdom of Naples by the Abruzzi, sweeping down the narrow gorge of Tagliacozzo at the head of 10,000 men-at-arms. His adversary advanced to meet him with a far inferior force, but in his train he brought a veteran knight, the Baron of St. Valery,† who had spent the flower of his age in what was then

* Purg., c. xx. 'Carlo venne in Italia . . . Vittima fe di Corradino,' &c.

† Giannone, 'Storia di Napoli,' lib. xix. cap. 4. There is some dispute among historians as to the name and country of this worthy; he is called by Giannone Alardo di S. Valeri Francese; others call him a Savoyard or Provençal; but all agree he had served long under St. Louis. Dante says—

'Ove senz' arme vinse il buon Alardo.'—*Inf.* c. xxxiii.

considered

considered the exercise of the most heroic virtue. For twenty years in the Holy Land he had

‘Fought

For Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagan, Turk, and Saracen,’

and now, ‘o’ertoiled with works of war,’ he was returning home to rest under the shade of his laurels, and pass the remnant of his days in peace and prayer. When urged by the King to join his standard, he pleaded that, having so long fought only against the enemies of the Cross, he had made a vow never to draw his sword on Christian man again; but the Pope’s nuncio declared he might keep his vow and gratify the brother of his old commander the sainted King Louis, for Conradin and his Ghibelline host were cut off by the Pope’s censures from the communion of the faithful. This was decisive. By St. Valery’s advice, the army was marshalled in three divisions. One of them, commanded by the King and St. Valery himself, was posted in reserve behind the hill of La Scurcola, which rises so gracefully on the east side of the plain of Avezzano. The two first divisions were sent to oppose the enemy, and were defeated, as it was expected they would be. Then the reserve, suddenly bursting forth on the Ghibelline army, which was dispersed in all directions in pursuit of plunder, turned the rout into a complete victory. Far and wide the slaughter spread along the plain, and the passes were choked with fugitives. So fearful was the havoc, and so deep the impression it had made on the Italian mind, that Dante, when he wishes to give an idea of the hideous spectacle which the mutilations inflicted on schismatics presented in the ninth ‘*Borgia*,’ compares it to the sanguinary field of Tagliacozzo (‘*Inferno*,’ c. xxviii.). Conradin escaped to Astura, and there was betrayed by the Frangipani, and carried captive to Naples. His youth, his bravery, his beauty, which was remarkable even among his handsome race, pleaded for him in vain. Had Charles murdered him on the spot posterity would have been grateful for the comparative humanity of the deed. After the insulting mockery of a trial, the young prince, together with his cousin the Duke of Austria, an independent prince, was sent to die by the hand of the common executioner on a public scaffold. He fell with the dignity of a sovereign and the composure of a martyr, protesting against the jurisdiction of his enemy and casting his gauntlet among the crowd, to be carried to his cousin Costanza, the Queen of Arragon, as the token which conveyed the investiture of his rights and the legacy of his revenge.

Alas !

Alas! how seldom was the Italian peasant allowed to eat his hard-earned bread in peace. For centuries the restless desire of the Popes to aggrandize their families or to augment the domains of the Church brought on successive wars—*plus quam civilia bella*—wars to which the abuse of their spiritual censures gave something more than the horror of civil conflict. Machiavelli,* who measures the happiness and stability of a state by the respect it displays for religion (a sentiment which those who know him rather by reputation than by his works would hardly expect to find in his pages), accuses the Court of Rome of being the sole cause of the weakness and miseries of Italy. The solemnity with which he puts on record his bill of indictment is very remarkable. In the first place, he says, the corruptions of the Court of Rome are such that they have destroyed all religion in those who are within the reach of its influence, and would in the shortest space of time corrupt the virtue of the purest and most primitive of republics. In the next, the ambition of Rome has prevented in Italy the process of aggregation by which France and Spain, once as much subdivided, have become compact and powerful monarchies. Too weak to seize the whole peninsula for themselves, and too jealous to tolerate a rival, the Popes have ever sought to depress those who were advancing to power, and cared not what means they employed for the purpose. The house of Swabia might perhaps have realised the poet's dream, and restored the Roman empire in Italy. Hence the alarm of the Vatican, and the fatal summons to Charles, which left so long a legacy of hatred and revenge behind when his own feverish career was closed. Julius II. was the truest patriot who ever wore the tiara; for, next to the success of his own selfish schemes, he prized the independence of Italy; yet, as Machiavelli complains, he called the barbarians across the Alps: he humbled the Venetians by means of the French, the French by the Swiss, till at last all ultimately gave way to Spain, and something like a settled order of things was established. In Rome the feudal system prevailed exclusively; every village was a fief, and was commanded by its *rocca* or castle, sometimes a mere eagle's nest perched on the summit of a romantic crag, sometimes a commodious residence, combining the security of a fortress with the splendour of a palace. But in the tranquil days which succeeded the establishment of the Popes as temporal sovereigns, when the wealth of the Roman Catholic world was poured into the lap of the Church, a magnificent

* 'Discorsi sopra la prima deca di T. Livii,' lib. i. cap. xii. The chapter is a very remarkable one.

'palazzo baronale' was often substituted for the ancient stronghold, especially in those situations which, from the beauty of the scenery or the proximity to the capital, were agreeable as summer residences. It was thus that was erected the palace at Aricia by the Chigi family; Bagnaja, near Viterbo, by the Lantes or Caprarola, near Monterosi, which Vignola built for Cardinal Farnese, with no more precise directions than simply to plan a villa 'for a thousand persons.' And as the site of the baronial residence was usually an eminence selected for its greater security, the palace in that case is often connected by a noble viaduct with the gardens, which, in those days of security and luxury, became necessary in its new character of villa. Nothing surprises the tourist more in his excursions than the multitude of these princely mansions, of which he had previously heard nothing; some few kept up, though negligently, as occasional residences; the greater number tenanted only by the 'vice-prince,' or factor, and left in various stages of dilapidation and decay, exhibiting stately rooms filled with heaps of grain or potatoes; the rich decorations dropping off the walls, and shutters closed to assist the broken windows in keeping out the inclemencies of the weather. But though in those days the nobles and the government were wealthy, the yoke of society was heavy on the people, and the protection it afforded was small. The supreme government was partial and corrupt; the rule of the nobles in their fiefs was arbitrary and capricious, and often worse. At Bracciano, a noble specimen of the palace-castle, there is still shown a trap* (trabocchetta), by which persons obnoxious to the Orsini of the day, on being dismissed from his presence, were, on a preconcerted signal, precipitated into a deep well, set with ploughshares of iron; and on the top of the towers, which are not of very ancient construction, dungeons are contrived the extreme discomfort of which amounts to what in these days would be called torture.

A still more perfect specimen of the mediæval palace-fortress is Sermoneta, because less modernised than Bracciano, with its casemates, fortifications, and drawbridges, complete, frowning over a town that once numbered 10,000 inhabitants; and here for centuries the lords and dukes of the house of Caëtani have borne sway, not certainly as the present chief of the family would have ruled, one of the most amiable and philanthropic as well as the most able of the Roman nobility; the first lay minister appointed

* It was only certain important fiefs that had the power of life and death; but the difficulty of obtaining redress against a feudal superior was insuperable unless the vassal had some 'protection' more powerful than any his lord could obtain.

by Pius IX. ; and one who might have saved the sinking state, if virtue and ability had availed for the purpose.

Of the manners and social life of the Italians since the pacification of the peninsula in the sixteenth century, few old writers give more than brief and scattered notices. The modern tourist has rarely time or opportunity to investigate such questions and to search among the contemporary records which are kept in the archives of the great families, especially at Rome.

Mr. Hillard is fascinated with the story of the Cenci, and recurs to it frequently. In its general outline it is familiar to all. It is the minute details, which are less known, that are so curious ; and they are, moreover, so illustrative of the jurisprudence of the age and of the strange misgovernment to which the peculiar constitution of the Papacy gave rise, that we are tempted to give a slight sketch of them as they may be collected from the original sources.* Lord Byron truly told Shelley that this tale of horror is 'essentially undramatic:' none of the actors command our full sympathy. There are outrages which degrade their victims so as to disqualify them for exciting poetical interest ; there are crimes which not even the instinct of self-preservation does more than palliate. Shelley has done all that is possible for the plot of his tragedy by supposing that the daughter commits parricide to prevent the crime which the father meditated ; but this is contrary to fact, and her excuse must be sought in the loathing and horror his guilt inspired.

Francesco Cenci, a man of noble family and immense wealth, seems to have been one of those whose incipient insanity spares the intellect and depraves the moral sense. His natural affections were turned to antipathies, his devotion to evil resembled demoniacal possession. It is impossible to particularize his enormities ; it is enough to say that the principal victims of them were his wretched family. It is one of those anomalous cases which can best be dealt with by a paternal despotism. In France a timely 'lettre-de-cachet' would have saved the life and the honour of a whole family.† But the Pope (Clement VIII.)

* The original process is preserved in the library of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva.

† The Papal government, both then and since, jealous in all that related both to temporal and spiritual authority, was careless, indifferent, and timid in the administration of justice. The Popes, usually strangers in Rome, and natives of other states, felt little interest in the welfare of the people ; anxious too, to enrich or create a family, they were willing to propitiate the body of nobility to which they desired to aggregate their kinsmen, by conniving at their irregularities. The Papal states were remarkable for their bad government in an age of abuses. No country exhibited so many acts of unrequited oppression—nowhere did wealth and privilege so certainly command impunity. Without this explanation the sad history of the Cenci is hardly intelligible.

interfered only once, to marry the eldest daughter to a provincial noble, and to order an allowance for the eldest sons; on all other occasions he was deaf to the prayers and memorials of the Cenci family and their friends. Old Cenci, being constantly entangled by his crimes in the meshes of the law, was obliged to extricate himself by the payment of enormous fines, and the 'Fisco' was in no hurry to get rid of so lucrative an old villain.

In the year 1598 he had the happiness (so he considered it) to see his once numerous family of sons reduced by disease and assassination to two, Giacomo and Bernardo, neither of whom, though the latter was then a mere child of fourteen, he permitted to enter the house where he resided with his second wife Madonna Lucrezia, and his daughter, the heroine of this tragedy. Beatrice had now reached her twentieth year, and, that she might not escape from his tyranny by marriage, was jealously guarded. Nevertheless, in spite of all the father's precautions, Monsignor Guerra, one of the handsomest men of his time, found means to introduce himself into the house, to declare his passion, to offer his sympathy and aid, and to plan a rescue for all. Having concerted his scheme with the wife and daughter, and communicated it to the sons, he engaged Martino and Olympio, two vassals of La Petrella (a fief within the Neapolitan frontier, to which the family used to repair in the summer), to hire some bravos, and, under colour of a common robbery, to murder old Cenci on the road. This plot failed, and Beatrice was reduced to despair when the party arrived in safety at the place of their destination. She sent for Martino and Olympio, and, as the old man never left the castle, she proposed to admit the assassins to his chamber by night, and covenanted with them for 1000 dollars each, of which one-third was paid down, to murder the tyrant whom she had long ceased to look on as a father. The 8th September was fixed for the execution of the project; but Madonna Lucrezia remonstrated that this was a day of high festival—the nativity of the Virgin; and to pacify her scruples, the deed was deferred for twenty-four hours. On the night of the 9th the bravos were introduced into the chamber of the old man, who was sleeping soundly under the influence of an opiate administered to him by his daughter. They abruptly returned to the room where the women were anxiously awaiting them. 'He looked so venerable as he slept—two to one—an old and unarmed man—they could not do it.' Fire flashed in Beatrice's eyes. 'Vile braggarts!' she exclaimed, 'is this the way you rob people of their money? Since your cowardice will have it so, I myself will kill my own father! But do not hope to escape for long.' The trembling assassins returned and completed the murder,

murder, much as Jael slew Sisera. The body was thrown from a balcony at the end of the corridor, which overlooked an elder-tree; and from hence it was to be supposed the old man had fallen accidentally, and the boughs of the tree had penetrated his skull.

Nothing occurred to excite the alarm of the family; and, after the funeral, they returned to Rome. But the Neapolitan Government would not believe that such a man as old Cenci could die a violent and yet purely accidental death. By examination of the inhabitants of the fief, a suspicious account of some bloody sheets was elicited from a washerwoman; and Martino and Olympio, who had repaired to Naples to spend their ill-gotten gains, excited suspicion by the imprudence of their conduct. Monsignor Guerra immediately despatched a bravo to assassinate them. His emissary arrived in time to make away with Olimpio, but Martino was already in prison, and, when put to the torture, had confessed everything. Meantime the Cenci family had been arrested at Rome, and thither Martino was sent; for, in order to make a confession obtained by torture available as evidence, it must be confirmed in the presence of the accused. But, when confronted with Beatrice Cenci, he revoked all he had said; and so wonderful was the influence of her beauty and energy of character, that, rather than criminate her, he expired on the rack. By his death the case against the Cenci broke down completely, and they were remanded to St. Angelo.*

But now occurred one of those wonderful instances of 'God's revenge against murder,' where the means taken to conceal the crime prove the chief cause of its detection. In the course of a few months the bravo who had murdered Olimpio was apprehended for some other offence, and, without hesitation, confessed all he knew, and all he suspected. Orders were instantly given to arrest Monsignor Guerra. His escape seemed impossible; his tall figure, his fair complexion, and his light luxuriant curls, made him the most conspicuous man in Rome. But he cut off his hair, begrimed his face with soot, and bought the clothes, the donkey, and the sacks of a burley charcoal-burner (*carbonaro*). Thus disguised, and acting to the life his assumed character, his mouth stuffed with bread, and his hands filled with onions, he passed unsuspected through the *sbirri* who were in pur-

* Mr. de Tournon is mistaken in saying that Beatrice Cenci was confined in St. Angelo up to the time of her execution, and the mistake is not quite unimportant, for he is describing the different prisons of Rome and the purposes to which they were applied. St. Angelo was a state prison—the Cenci family were all sent thither, for safe custody, when the criminal procedure against them was stopped for want of evidence; when it was resumed, they were transferred to the criminal prisons, the men to Tor di Nona, the women to Corte Savella.

suit of him, and escaped to the frontier. Had he remained he might perhaps have only shared the fate of the Cenci family; but his flight caused their immediate ruin. The presumption against them was now so strong that the Pope ordered the torture to be applied. Madonna Lucrezia was quite unable to endure the fiery trial; Giacomo, the eldest son, yielded at once. But the fortitude of Beatrice defied the extremity of bodily pain. Her presence of mind disconcerted all interrogators, her beauty captivated all beholders. The Pope, in anger, changed the judge to whom the conduct of the inquiry was committed. But all in vain; and at last, that she might be moved by the distress of others, if she was insensible to her own sufferings, it was ordered that her family might be brought in to witness the infliction of the question. On being introduced into this horrible chamber, her eldest brother addressed her with an exhortation to confess. She had not before known, or had not believed, his weakness. All was lost, and her patience and fortitude gave way. 'You, the head of our house,' she exclaimed, 'wish for its dishonour! It is your will; then be it so,' and she no longer hesitated to make a full confession.

Justice had now secured her victims, and could afford to relax in her rigour. For the first time since their arrest, and for the last time on earth, the unhappy family were allowed to sup together. And such is the strange elasticity of the human soul, and so sudden and violent its revulsions of feeling, that (as it is recorded) in this depth of their calamity, they passed the evening in great cheerfulness together.

The Pope, who seems to have been determined on the destruction of the family, felt or affected the most violent indignation at their crime; but their fate excited a degree of interest in all classes of his subjects which was very embarrassing, and he was unable to refuse the importunate petitions which were presented to him for a delay of twenty-one days to reconsider all the circumstances of the case. But during this interval the news was brought that one of the Sta. Croce family had murdered his mother in a distant 'feudo,' and had fled. The Pope, to whom it was convenient to escape from all further intercession, by a sudden burst of impetuous feeling protested that parricide was become an epidemic in his states; and, sending for the governor of Rome, ordered him to proceed instantly to the sentence and execution of the Cenci. At eleven o'clock at night it was announced to the women they must die next morning. Beatrice ordered dresses to be prepared for herself and her stepmother; and the description of them, and of the headdress in which she walked to execution, exactly resembles the costume of the celebrated

brated portrait by Guido, though it is impossible that, in the few hours which elapsed between her condemnation and execution, she could have sat to the painter. All that night, says the MS., carriages-and-six (implying owners of princely rank in the church or state) ceased not to drive about the town to obtain at least the favour of a private execution for the women, and pardon for Messer Bernardo, the youngest brother; but in vain. We hurry over the details that follow. The women walked from Corte Savella, through the whole length of Rome, to the Piazza of St. Angelo, where a rude sort of guillotine was erected. It was one of the hottest days of September, and the whole length of the passage was crowded with spectators. The delays were interminable. It is recorded that the accidents occasioned by the crowd, and the fevers brought on by the heat, were fatal to many. Beatrice's firmness was unshaken to the last, and she died devoutly and penitently, praying aloud without the assistance of a priest, and in language so eloquent as to melt the bystanders to tears.

Messer Bernardo was spared; but it would have been mercy to have brained him on the spot, like his unhappy brother.* He was condemned to witness the death of his kindred, and for that purpose was placed first on the scaffold. He looked so delicate, and was so like his sister, that at first he was taken for her. He fainted repeatedly. He was then removed to a convent, and oriental precautions were taken that he should never cause disturbance to the possessors of the confiscated property of his family.

The suburban villa was subsequently granted to the Cardinal nephew, and, to make the spoliation less odious, he received it on condition of making a garden, in which the Roman public might be free to enjoy itself for ever. However the property was acquired, it has been nobly used; villa Borghese is the most perfect model of the beauty and magnificence of which the Italian garden is susceptible, and the compact was faithfully and cheerfully kept till the disastrous year 1849, since which the gates have been closed.

The law in the middle ages was a tyrant, and so it has been long

* Giacomo Cenci was 'mazzolato'—knocked on the head with a mace. This punishment was inflicted in modern days (in the reign of Leo XII.) on a youth who was convicted, on the evidence which was fatal to Duncan's grooms of having murdered his master, a prelate in the employment of government. In the course of the following summer another prelate, an inmate of the same house, who was lying on his death-bed, admitted in his last confession that he had coveted the place of the deceased, and had been the real murderer. The unhappy man died of the remorse produced by his double murder.

since;

since; but let not governments and institutions bear the sole blame of this. Law and public opinion must keep together; they mutually act and react on each other;* and if the law is barbarous, the public must share the blame. Violent punishments, it is true, were inflicted for trifling offences, and their measure was determined by the rank of the offender, or the power of the offended party, rather than the quality of the offence. But if the law was cruel, and its administrators inclined to be partial and corrupt, society at large, by its perverted notions and low standard of morality, prevented a reform. For centuries assassination was held in esteem as the dignified mode of resenting an insult; and in the last age the more innocent but less reasonable expedient of waylaying and beating the servants was employed. An 'insult to the livery,' it was held, was a brand of shame to the master. Goldoni's comedies are full of satirical reflections on the cruelty and absurdity of this vicarious mode of inflicting chastisement. Above all, the vanity of the great, and the immunities claimed by the clergy, conspired to secure impunity for crime: every church was a sanctuary; the palace of every prince or noble entitled to put a chain on the posts before his door, was free from the intrusion of the officers of justice. In Rome foreign ambassadors deemed it a part of their state to secure for the quarter in which they resided, such privileges as made it the haunt of the worst scoundrels of the papal states; and Astræa must have fled the capital of Christendom in despair.

In later times the efforts of distinguished reformers, such as Peter Leopold in Tuscany, and the milder manners of the age, had wrought considerable improvement, when the revolutions which the French occupation brought with it swept away ancient institutions and whatever abuses they sanctioned; but the country remained in a highly disorganised state. The passage of armies is never conducive to the cause of morality; and the only principle of government, the only bond which kept society together, was force. There is no record of a war between a government and the lawless spirit of the population so sanguinary as that waged by the French against the brigand population of Calabria, and in the great towns the laws for repressing assassination were characterized by an arbitrary severity which could be justified only by their absolute necessity and their success.

On the partial restoration of the ancient order of things at the

* Our own constitutional history affords a curious instance of this. The use of torture to obtain confession was always contrary to the common law of England, but so entirely was it in accordance with the public opinion of the middle ages, that its introduction in state prosecutions occasioned no resistance.

termination

termination of the great European war, the curse of Italy, more especially of the south, was a state of brigandage, which materially interfered with the enjoyment of social life. Those who are old enough to have visited the Peninsula during the first ten years after the peace, must remember that a journey from Rome to Naples was a service of danger, and when Mrs. Graham (Lady Callcot) wrote her *Three Months' Residence in the Mountains near Rome*, her book had all the interest of travels through a theatre of war. From early times brigandage has been the curse of Italy. In the middle ages disbanded condottieri leagued together to plunder the State that no longer paid them. Sixtus V., to restore tranquillity, exercised a severity that amounted to ferocity, but he only diminished the evil; and though at various periods this state of things has been much amended, it has never to this day been wholly corrected. Public opinion again is in fault; the brigand is looked up to as an hero, he inspires in the peasant as much respect as dread, and popular sympathy is always against the law and its officers. A murderer leaves the body of his victim in a crowded thoroughfare, and none will stop his retreat. It is common to speak of a young man as 'having had a misfortune.' What was it?—a stab (*colpo di coltello*)—Which he received?—No; which he gave—and so he flies to the mountains, and there he must join the professional bandits and gradually inure himself to the commission of whatever atrocities his new profession requires at his hands. In the year 1818 the brigands came to the Villa Rufinella, at Frascati, and carried off a French painter, Chatillon, under the belief that they had got possession of the owner himself, the Prince of Canino. In the kingdom of Naples they had the folly and audacity to kidnap an Austrian colonel, not foreseeing that his regiment would not leave the vindication of their honour to the slow and inefficient operations of the civil government. On one occasion they stopped the *procaccio** (a sort of diligence), and finding in it the robes destined for the judges of one of the provincial courts, they amused themselves with representing a burlesque trial, and having sentenced to death the first traveller who should fall into their hands, they actually carried into practice this piece of savage buffoonery before the close of the day. A melancholy volume might be filled of the strange and wanton enormities committed by Massaroni and other 'capo-briganti;' perhaps for the purpose of striking terror into the peaceful inhabitants, or of imbruing the hands of their followers as deeply in blood as their own, but

* Keppel Craven's 'Tour in the Provinces South of Naples.'

more probably in the wantonness of cruelty indulged till it became a passion.

The restored governments were too weak to vindicate their insulted authority, and in many instances were obliged to temporize. The band of the Vardarelli brothers, who had established themselves in Apulia with the audacity of our border freebooters before the union of the crowns, and levied 'blackmail' on all the proprietors of the district, were taken into the pay of the Neapolitan government on condition of keeping the province clear of all other malefactors. In this equivocal position between brigands and policemen, they continued to act with the local authorities, in reciprocal distrust and jealousy, till one day a quarrel with the regular troops brought on a battle in the streets of Foggia, to the infinite terror of the inhabitants, and the dismay of our countryman, the late Mr. Keppel Craven, who happened to be riding into the town, and who relates the story. The Vardarelli, who were not more than forty in number, were overpowered, and retreated to a dark cellar. Thither two or three of their band, who had been taken prisoners, were successively sent in to summon them to surrender, and to warn them of the consequences of refusal. The messengers never returned, and after a brief interval the threatened extremities were resorted to, and they were all smoked to death with wet straw, which was lighted for the purpose at the entrance. Mr. Craven was the bearer of a letter to one of the band, from a friend who thought it might be useful to him in case he was attacked. Believing this man to be a prisoner, he desired to see him, and was shown into a room where the bodies were stretched on the floor side by side. They had not waited for the slow process of suffocation, but had slain themselves or each other with repeated stabs; every countenance breathed sternness, resolution, and defiance. And all this happened in the year 1817, and one of our own countrymen was an eye-witness!

Cardinal Consalvi, it is said, condescended to seek an interview with some of the chiefs, who, from the heights of Sezze and Sonnino, commanded the road to Naples. It was his object to break up the bands by sowing mutual jealousy and distrust, and he published a full pardon to all who would betray their comrades and return to civilized life. This measure, it is said, was attended with considerable success. Many years ago, an English party who were visiting at the castle of a Roman prince in the neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes were attended in their excursions by his Castaldo, or head Forester. This man had once belonged to one of these gangs or 'comitive' of outlaws,
and

and even among the ruthless he had been remarkable for his violence. But he suddenly resolved to accept the terms of the Government, and to secure something more than his pardon he performed his part of the contract with gratuitous prodigality. The redoubted chiefs of the gang were his brother and cousin, with whom he had hitherto lived on friendly terms. Early one morning this candidate for mercy rode to the door of the Delegate at Terracina with the heads of his two kinsmen at his saddle-bow, and was received again into the pale of society. His demeanour and appearance bore no traces of his previous history. His countenance was dull and heavy, rather than ferocious, and, contrary to all melodramatic propriety, his eyes were light and his hair reddish. In his gay livery and silver badge he looked like the smart 'chasseur' of an ambassador rather than the reformed brigand, defending the country he had once plundered against the associates he had so signally betrayed. Our countrymen endeavoured to engage him in conversation, but without success; he had no facility in expressing himself, and his silence was determined, if not sulky. He did not, however, seem to be labouring under any humiliating consciousness of the feelings his presence must excite. He appeared to be rather one of those—

‘ whose conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of their deeds.’

And yet—strange anomaly!—his honesty in his new capacity had been unsuspected, and his conduct in other respects irreproachable.

For years a method of warfare was adopted, too cruel to be excused even by the weakness and perplexity of the government. The peasants, as they left their villages to go to their work, were searched, and those on whom was found a double ration of bread were summarily hanged. It is true their sympathies were all with the brigands, to whom many of them were related, and whom on the slightest provocation they were ready to join. But nothing can be conceived more cruel than the position in which these poor people were placed between two fires,—hanged by the police if the prohibited bread was discovered, starved or beaten by the brigands as traitors if they ventured to proceed with only a single ration.

It was by this system of starvation that Gasparone was captured many years ago. He and his followers had taken refuge on a conical hill, covered with wood, near Frosinone. The troops dared not penetrate his fastness; but every avenue of escape was guarded. A Capuchin, who enjoyed the confidence of these desperadoes,

desperadoes, was employed as mediator, and so formidable was the possible energy of their despair, that, though they were known to be starving, Government accepted their surrender on condition of sparing all punishment but confinement. Gasparone was sent to the prison at Cività Vecchia; and there this monster, stained with every atrocity which can disgrace humanity, 'unfit to live or die,' for years dragged out his torpid existence in the enjoyment of such sensual gratifications as the ill-judged liberality of travellers, who made him the object of a morbid curiosity, enabled him to procure. Mr. Hillard, when it was proposed to him to visit this ruffian, very properly declined, and he is rewarded by having escaped imposition. The real Gasparone is long since dead. But the sbirri, unwilling to lose such a source of income, were in the habit of pointing out another convict as the celebrated brigand chief. They thus secured their fees, gratified the strangers, and probably did no great injustice to the character of Gasparone's substitute.

There is no doubt that since Machiavelli preferred his famous accusation the Church is greatly 'reformed in its head and in its members;' and to what extent the religion of Rome, as it is exhibited and administered at the seat of its empire, is still chargeable with the social ills of the country, is a grave question which we can barely touch upon at present. We do not understand Mr. Hillard's professed horror for Protestant cant, and 'Protestant prejudices.' Cant and prejudice, on whatever side they are employed, are always objectionable, and all crude speculations founded on imperfect knowledge as to the working of the Roman Catholic religion, whether made in the spirit of indiscriminate condemnation or (what seems to us much more common in the present day) of mawkish and affected admiration, are equally calculated to mislead; but nothing is gained by exchanging one set of prejudices for another. In describing some of the superstitious ceremonies which he witnessed, Mr. Hillard protests that the 'Italian peasant's devotion is not all formalism.' No; God be thanked! it is not. The practical working of the Romish discipline, both in the upper and the lower classes of society, when a fair specimen of it is exhibited without any disturbing causes to pervert it, is simply this:—To keep the people as morally good as they will bear to be kept, and where their obedience to the moral law stops, formalism steps in to do the rest. A good parish priest rules his flock much as a judicious schoolmaster manages his boys—working the willing and pressing hard on the conscientious, on one hand; on the other, making the best he can of the turbulent and unruly, but especially avoiding an open rupture and such severity as
may

may drive them into actual rebellion. He will lead them to obey the law of Christ if he can, and if not, at least to submit to the Church, and work out the balance of their account in purgatory. On this subject the Protestant and the Romanist are for ever disputing without ever joining issue or even understanding each other. The Romanist appeals triumphantly to the efforts which are made by the Church and its teachers in favour of morality, and he speaks the truth. The Protestant points out the many devices for keeping the sinner within the pale of the Church, and saving him in his sins if he will not be saved from them, and he too speaks nothing but the truth. In the last century, when the system of 'cavalieri serventi' prevailed throughout the Peninsula (we speak not of the present time, when a great change is observable in the feelings of society on that point), what was the conduct of the Church? We know that confession must be made every Easter, and we know that absolution cannot be given except on bonâ fide promises to discontinue the sin; by what ecclesiastical fiction was it managed that the unsanctioned tie should be maintained unbroken for years, perhaps for life, by persons who lived decorously and even devoutly in the communion of the Church? It matters not how the question is answered. Yet it would be unfair to question that the Church does exert herself to maintain the morality of her flock. In fact, she struggles where she can, and where the world is too strong for her, she commits the grievous sin of accommodating herself to its laxity. During the present weakness of the state, it is chiefly the influence of the clergy that keeps the rural population industrious and peaceable. For in Italy the authority of the priest is exerted in aid of the law. The cold-blooded assassin there does not confide to his spiritual director all the steps by which he means to entrap his victims. If he did we are convinced some remedy would be found without appealing to the Pope's dispensing power. We do not see how every communication made to the priest can be invested with the sanctity of the sacrament, nor how it is possible to make an intended crime the subject of confession. To intend a crime is a sin, and may be confessed, and must be renounced before absolution is given, but if the non-penitent refuses to renounce it, we are confident, without wandering further into the labyrinth of casuistry, that the theologians of Rome would soon find some way of stopping the intended mischief, and of saving the confessor from the horror of seeing day after day the intended victims without daring to give a warning, and of watching for the moment of execution in all the oppressive impotence of a nightmare; and so too would the hierarchy of Ireland if they did

did not hold their influence over their unruly flocks more dear than every other consideration.

In fact, the parroco has no power, except in *articulo mortis*, to absolve for murder and other crimes of the deepest dye; all these must be referred to the consideration of the penitentiaries. The sin which in rural districts he is most constantly called on to combat or forced to yield to is dishonesty, to which the metayer system holds out a constantly recurring temptation. The cultivator being bound to divide the produce with the proprietor in certain proportions, is for ever attempting to deceive the factor or agent, and the struggle often ends in a collusion between both to cheat the owner. The factor grows rich, and the absent noble sinks every year deeper into debt. With the exception of this plague-spot, the peasantry are a moral, frugal, and self-denying people. Their faith is unbounded. With noble impulses they unite fierce passions, which when roused may lead to deeds of wild extravagance, but which in the course of their toilsome, uneventful lives, often leave their owner at peace, and never warn him by their uneasy throes of the volcano which is slumbering in his breast.

In the education of the upper classes the influence of the clergy is disadvantageously felt; but the remedy is neither ready nor safe. To place education at the present moment into other hands would be (not as a logical but as a practical consequence) to make it professedly irreligious. In most provinces of Italy the young man of rank is consigned from the nursery to a priest, who teaches him little, but dogs him as his shadow. He is never permitted to think or act for himself: he is kept from all contact, as far as may be, with the world, and then at twenty-one years of age is plunged at once into its dangers and temptations. The public education, speaking generally, is better, but it is marred by the same fault which infects all systems conducted by the Romish priesthood—that of a too jealous inspection, a too constant interference. A system of espionage is established; tale-bearing and delation are encouraged, and no independence of character can be developed. From the over-care to root up weeds, the good seed is not allowed to grow; weeds, however, will spring up, and under such a system of culture they are apt to be of the meanest and most creeping kind. Happily there is a certain degree of the *vis medicatrix* in the mind as well as the body, else it would be difficult to understand how, with such a plan of education, the Italian character could possess those qualities which we are happy to recognise in it, or how Italian society could boast so many well qualified to adorn and elevate it.

In material improvement the progress has of late years been prodigious, though it must often cause a pang to the lovers of the picturesque. Naples is now blazing with gas, though some may be still living who admired the extreme ingenuity with which Padre Rocco,* in order to illuminate the darkest and most dangerous corners, put up images to the Virgin, and persuaded the faithful to burn candles before them. Omnibuses have superseded the *corricoli* and other characteristic carriages of the country. Railways and suspension-bridges have defaced some of the most beautiful and romantic spots of Europe. Mr. Hillard's sympathies are all in favour of progress; but on whichever side the traveller pleases to turn sentences, the Italians will not sacrifice their comfort to our notions of beauty; and, unluckily for us, those relics of ancient forms and manners which we view with so much interest, they associate with the humiliating idea of backwardness in the race of civilisation.

Mr. Hillard gives a chapter on the English in Italy, and while we accept his praise with thanks it may seem unreasonable to carp at his mild censure, but there is a point on which we should like to set our countrymen right with so candid a critic. There are, we acknowledge it, two faults, or rather misfortunes, which pursue the generality of our travellers wherever they go. Shyness, and want of animal spirits—and these not being recognised for what they are, are made the ground of heavier accusations. The want of animal spirits prevents an Englishman exhibiting that air of enjoyment, that genial cheerfulness, which invites intercourse, and consequently it passes for pride or dullness. His shyness deprives him of presence of mind, and prevents him, though full of the best intentions, from saying or doing the right thing at the right moment. His diffidence torments him with a perpetual dread of being intrusive. 'Exclusive' is a word which applies to English society in a very different sense. Every society becomes exclusive when it is too numerous. But to call an Englishman exclusive, because he is sitting alone in the restaurant, or remains silent at the table d'hôte, is a mistake. If Mr. Hillard ever comes amongst us again, let him only try the experiment of addressing the first proud and exclusive-looking solitary whom he meets, and if he encounters a rebuff let him plead in his defence that he has been misled by the too partial nationality of the 'Quarterly Review.'

Mr. Hillard has the great merit of feeling the vast extent of his subject, and the inability of any one writer to grasp more

* A Dominican friar, whose popularity with the mob was unbounded. He was in the pay of the government; and in a popular tumult could restore order better than a whole regiment of guards.

than a part of it; and in this respect he shows himself superior to the great majority of tour-writers. The tendency of all his remarks is to refute the popular error, that, because much has been repeated over and over again, therefore all has been said which can be said of Italy. Let the travelled reader take his map or his handbook, and note the cities, each once the seat of government, and possessing a school of art of its own, which he has never visited, and of which he can obtain no detailed account, and let him calculate the vast tracts of the most romantic scenery—the most interesting ruins of antiquity and of the middle ages which are unknown to him, and he may form some idea of what remains to be done. In the places best known, if he desires to enter minutely into details, he will be surprised to find how little is ready prepared to his hands, how much he must search out for himself, and what tedious and laborious work it is to hunt for facts which he fancied must be notorious, in the lettered wilderness of libraries and archives. We wish that our remarks on the unavoidable shortcomings of ordinary tourists may induce such of our countrymen as have lived long in Italy, and have devoted themselves to the study of its history and antiquities, to give the result of their labours to the public. They would thus put on record information to which time will only give additional value, and every year makes it more difficult to obtain.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* Vols. I. to XVIII.
 2. *Gisborne's Essays on Agriculture.* London, 1854.
 3. *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique.* Paris, 1857.
 4. *The Smithfield Club: a Condensed History of its Origin and Progress.* By B. T. Brandreth Gibbs, Honorary Secretary of the Club. London, 1857.
 5. *Journal of the Society of Arts*, Vol. VI., No. 264: 'On the Progress of the Agricultural Implement Trade,' by S. Sidney.
 6. *Report on the Metropolitan Market, for the French Minister of Agriculture.* By Mr. Robert Morgan. (Unpublished.)

IN the year 1856 a few Englishmen accepted the invitation of the French Government, crossed the Channel with their best live-stock and implements, entered into competition with the picked agricultural and mechanical skill of continental Europe, and found themselves by a long interval first in the arts and sciences required for producing meat and corn in the most economical manner, under a climate not eminently favourable, and

and on land which has long lost its virgin fertility. This is the problem which modern cultivators have to solve.

The live-stock of the British islands are distinguished for three merits—the early period at which they become ripe for the butcher, the great amount of food they produce in return for the food they consume, and the large proportion of prime meat which they yield.

The agricultural implements of England are distinguished for solidity of construction, simplicity of details, and economy in price, as well as for the rapidity and completeness with which they execute their work—especially that class of work which in other countries is more imperfectly and expensively performed by the labour of men or cattle.

The best evidence of the superiority of British live-stock and agricultural machinery will be found, not in the premiums and medals awarded to them in Vienna or Paris, but in the constantly increasing exportation of both to every part of the world where scientific cultivation has superseded the rude expedients of earlier times. As to implements, said the Earl of Carlisle, in addressing an agricultural gathering of Yorkshiremen, ‘I saw on the plains of Troy the clodcrusher of Crosskill, the drills, the horse-hoes of Garrett, and the ploughs of Howard and Ransome.’ On the banks of the Danube, the Scheldt, and the Po, of the Mississippi and the Amazon, on the shores of the Baltic and the Black Sea, in the new continent of Australia, or in Flanders, the cradle of modern agriculture, English implements have the same preference as on the plains of Troy.

Farmers are prosperous, landlords are intent on improving their estates, labourers have ceased to hate the drill and the threshing machine; during the past harvest the reaping machine has come into working use; and competent judges are of opinion that an economical steam-cultivator has been almost perfected. The time seems propitious for reviewing the series of events which during the last hundred years have combined to place English agriculture in the position which it now by universal consent enjoys. Different men and different means have, in important particulars, founded the agricultural prosperity of Scotland, although the two kingdoms have more than once exchanged improvements. A Scotchman only can do justice to the unwritten history of Scotch agriculture.

There is rarely a great invention received by the world of which the germ is not to be found in some preceding age. This is the case with the system of artificial manures, which has recently worked such wonders in agriculture, and which is touched upon as follows in ‘The new and admirable Arte of

Setting Corne,' by H. Platte, Esquire, published in 1601 by 'Peter Shorte, dwelling at ye signe of ye Starne on Bred Street Hill :—

'Shanvings of horne, upon mine owne experience, I must of necessity commende, by means whereof I obtagned a more flourishing garden at Bishopshal, in a most barren and unfruitful plot of grounde, which none of my predecessors could ever grace or beautifie either with knots or flowers. I have had good experience, with singular good success, by strewing the waste sope ashes upon a border of summer barley. Malte duste may here also challenge his place, for foure or five quarters thereof are sufficient for an acre of ground. And sal armoniake, being a volatile salt first incorporated and rotted in common earth, is thought to bee a rich mould to plant or set in. Dogges and cattes and other beastes, and generally all carrion, buried under ye rootes of trees, in due time will make them flourish and bring forth in great abundance.'

Thus we find that so long as two hundred and fifty-seven years ago an Englishman 'had discovered the utility of ammonia in bones and flesh.' Even in agricultural implements great inventions were suggested, and forgotten, because the farmers of England were not prepared to receive them. The reaping-machine carries us back to the agriculture of the Gauls. The horse-hoe, the drill, and the water or wind driven threshing machines were employed in a few obscure localities, but it was not until necessity made farmers adventurous, and facilities of communication rendered one district conversant with the doings of another, that they grew into general use: Whatever, therefore, might have been effected on particular estates, the condition of English agriculture at the close of the eighteenth century nearly resembled that of the greater part of continental Europe at the present time. Wheat in many districts was rarely cultivated and rarely eaten by the labouring classes. Rye, oats, and barley were the prevailing crops: a naked fallow, that is to say, a year of barrenness, which was too often a year of exhausting weeds, was the ordinary expedient for restoring the fertility of soil. Farm-yard dung, exposed to the dissolving influence of rain, and carelessly applied, was almost the only manure. Artificial grasses, with beans, peas, and cabbages, were rarely grown, and turnips were confined to a few counties, where they were sown broadcast. Cultivation (except ploughing and harrowing) was performed almost entirely by manual labour; the rude implements were usually constructed on the farm, and often in a way to increase labour instead of to economise it. The cattle were chiefly valued for their dairy qualities or for their powers of draught, and were only fatted when they would milk or draw no longer. The greater number of breeds were large-boned and ill-shaped, greedy eaters, and slow in arriving at maturity: while as very little
winter

winter food, except hay, was raised, the meat laid on by grass in the summer was lost, or barely maintained, in winter. Fresh meat for six months of the year was a luxury only enjoyed by the wealthiest personages. Within the recollection of many now living, first-class farmers in Herefordshire salted down an old cow in the autumn, which, with flitches of fat bacon, supplied their families with meat until the spring. Esquire Bedel Gunning, in his '*Memorials of Cambridge*,' relates that, when Dr. Makepeace Thackeray settled in Chester about the beginning of the present century, he presented one of his tenants with a bull-calf of a superior breed. On his inquiring after it in the following spring, the farmer gratefully replied, 'Sir, he was a noble animal; we killed him at Christmas, and have lived upon him ever since.'

The reclaiming wild sheep-walks, an improvement in the breeds of live stock, an increase in the quantity of food grown on arable land for their support, and a better rotation of crops, are the events which distinguish the progress of English agriculture during the last century. The next step, after some advance had been made, was to break down the barriers which separated the farmers of that day, and which left them nearly as ignorant of what was going on in every district besides their own as of what was passing in China or Japan. The active agent in this work was the son of a prebendary of Canterbury—the well-known Arthur Young, one of the most useful and sagacious, if not one of the most brilliant of men. Within the last twenty years, railways, the penny postage, and a cloud of newspapers have rendered personal and written communication universal. Let a superior animal be bred, an ingenious machine invented, or a new kind of manure be discovered, and in a few days the particulars are circulated through the press round the whole kingdom, and bring visitors or letters of inquiry from every quarter. But in the time of Arthur Young the most advanced counties communicated with the metropolis and each other by thoroughfares which could hardly be traversed except by a well-mounted horseman or a broad-wheeled waggon drawn by twelve horses, while as 'not one farmer in five thousand read anything at all,' the printing-press could not supply the place of personal inspection. Norfolk, with a sub-soil which allowed the rain to filter through, boasted her natural roads, and the inhabitants quoted with pride a saying of Charles II., that the county ought to be cut up to make highways for the rest of the kingdom. But this only proved how deplorable was the condition of the other parts of the country, for when Young visited Norfolk he did not meet with a single mile of good road. In Essex he found lanes so narrow that not

a mouse could pass a carriage, ruts of an incredible depth, and chalk-waggon stuck fast till a line of them were in the same predicament, and it required twenty or thirty horses to be tacked to each to draw them out one by one. The thoroughfares in fact were ditches of thick mud cut up by secondary ditches of irregular depth. In attempting to traverse them, Young had sometimes to alight from his chaise, and get the rustics to assist him in lifting it over the hedge. Such was the state of things when, in 1767, he abandoned the farm in which he had experimented too much to be successful, and, availing himself of the frank hospitality which has in every age been the characteristic of our farmers and country gentlemen, made those celebrated 'Tours,' which are absolute photographs of agricultural England, and are models of what all such reports should be—graphic, faithful, picturesque, and philosophical! His work, however, affords numerous instances of the danger of any man pronouncing opinions upon subjects which he has never studied. His candid confession that he has no technical knowledge of the fine arts does not diminish the absurdity of the judgments he frequently passes upon the houses and paintings he met with in his journeys. He viewed the human form in much the same light that he regarded cattle for the butcher, for, after enumerating three pictures by Rubens at the seat of Sir Gregory Page on Blackheath, he adds, 'They are fine in his general style; the females *capitally plump*.' Of a poulterer's shop in the same collection he says, 'The exact imitation of the basket will make you smile with pleasure.' Nothing more can be required to show that he looked at paintings with the eye of an agriculturist.

About half a century after Young had published his principal English tours another celebrated man copied his example, and made his 'Rural Rides' through various counties between the years 1821 and 1832. It would be natural to refer to this entertaining work of Cobbett to discover the changes which had taken place in the interval, but scarce a notion can be gleaned from it of the condition of agriculture. Superior to Young in talent, in force of language, and in liveliness of style, though not surpassing him in lucidity, which was impossible, he is, beyond comparison, inferior to him in information and candour. The 'Rural Rides' are little better than a collection of reckless invectives, hardy assertions, and insolent bigotry. Clever as is Cobbett's abuse, it derives much of its amusement from its effrontery and its ludicrous disproportion to the occasions which excite it, like the fits of passion of Sir Anthony Absolute. His very prejudices raise a smile by their extravagance, and it is no paradox to assert that a large part of the merit of the book is in

in its faults, if there is merit in a piquancy which the reader relishes while he condemns. Beyond a certain perception of the beauties of Nature, there is an entire absence of elevating sentiment. His ideas for improving the condition of the peasantry, about which he talked so much and so furiously, usually centre in fat bacon and strong beer, the superiority of which to Christian instruction is one of his favourite vaunts. The ministers of religion of all sects had a determined opponent in him, and he classes them among the pests of society. 'Coming,' he says in his 'Rural Rides,' 'through the village of Benenden, I heard a man at my right talking very loud about *houses! houses! houses!* It was a Methodist parson in a house close by the road-side. I pulled up, and stood still, in the middle of the road, but looking, in silent soberness, into the window (which was open) of the room in which the preacher was at work. I believe my stopping rather disconcerted him, for he got into shocking repetition. Scarcely had I proceeded a hundred yards from the place where this fellow was bawling when I came to the very situation which he ought to have occupied—I mean the *stocks*.' And then he proceeds to bawl himself upon the uselessness of stocks unless the legs of Methodist parsons are seen peeping out of them. This was the toleration of a man who assumed to himself a greater licence in speaking and writing than any other person of his age, not even excepting O'Connell, and who was always demanding unbounded liberty to say anything, however extreme, in any language, however virulent. But his inconsistencies of opinion and conduct were endless. 'I got clear of Tunbridge Wells,' he relates in one part of his 'Rural Rides,' 'by making a great stir in rousing waiters and boots and maids, and by leaving behind me the name of a noisy, troublesome fellow.' This seems to have been his pride in his works as well as his travels, and, provided he could be noisy and troublesome, he cared not at all to be just or decent. Devoting a large portion of his life to agriculture, and having won by his talents and his pungency the ear of the public, he did nothing whatever to advance the science. His powerful and reckless pen was chiefly employed in maintaining errors; and while Young, by the accurate record of impartial observations, has left his footmark deeply printed upon the soil, the turbulent cleverness of Cobbett was like a wind which makes a great stir at the moment, and then is hushed for ever. The name of Arthur Young will always be mentioned with gratitude in every record of British farming; the name of Cobbett, if it is mentioned at all, will only be quoted as a warning. On recurring to his 'Rural Rides,' we have found them next to a blank upon the subject of which they profess

profess to treat; and though abuse, egotism, conceit, dogmatism, and prejudice, when set off by vivacity, may make amusing reading, they contribute nothing to the promotion of agriculture.

Foremost among the men whose merits Arthur Young helped to make known to his contemporaries and hand down to posterity, was Robert Bakewell of Dishley; a man of genius in his way, for he laid down the principles of a new art. He founded the admirable breed of Leicester sheep, which still maintains a high reputation throughout Europe and the United States of America; and although he failed in establishing his breed of 'Long-horn cattle' and of 'black cart-horses,' he taught others how to succeed. The yeoman farmer had not yet removed to a 'parlour,' and Bakewell sat in the huge chimney-corner of a long kitchen hung round with the dried joints of his finest oxen, preserved as specimens of proportion, 'a tall, stout, broad-shouldered man of brown-red complexion, clad in a brown loose coat and scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches, and top-boots. There he entertained Russian princes, French and German Royal dukes, British peers and farmers, and sight-seers of every degree.' Whoever were his guests, they were all obliged to conform to his rules. 'Breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner at one, supper at nine, bed at eleven o'clock; at half-past ten o'clock, let who would be there, he knocked out his last pipe.' There he talked on his favourite subject, breeding, 'with earnest yet playful enthusiasm;' there, 'utterly indifferent to vulgar traditional prejudices,' he enumerated those axioms which must ever be the cardinal rules of the improvers of live stock. 'He chose the animals of the form and temperament which showed signs of producing most fat and muscle,' declaring that in an ox 'all was useless that was not beef;' that he sought, 'by pairing the best specimens, to make the shoulders comparatively little, the hind-quarters large;' to produce a body 'truly circular, with as short legs as possible, upon the plain principle that the value lies in the barrel and not in the legs,' and to secure a 'small head, small neck, and small bones.' As few things escaped his acute eye, he remarked that quick fattening depended much upon amiability of disposition, and he brought his bulls by gentleness to be as docile as dogs. In sheep his 'object was mutton, not wool, disregarding mere size,' a vulgar test of merit. Dr. Parkinson told Paley that Bakewell had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, directing it to shoulder, leg, or neck as he thought proper, and this, continued Parkinson, 'is the great *problem* of his art.' 'It's a lie, sir,' replied Paley, 'and that's the *solution* of it.' The account of
Parkinson

Parkinson was, indeed, a mistake as to the mode by which Bakewell produced his fat stock, but it was no exaggeration as to the result.*

The great physiologist, John Hunter, confirmed in one essential particular the observations of Bakewell, for he asserted that in the human subjects he had examined he found small bones a usual concomitant of corpulence. Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon, who paid much attention to the breeding of cattle, also came to the conclusion that extremely large bones indicated a defect in the organs of nutrition. But 'fine-boned' animals were in fashion when Bakewell commenced his career, and to the majority of people it seemed a step backwards to prefer well-made dwarfs to uncouth giants. One or two enlightened persons having suggested at Ipswich fair that a piece of plate should be presented to Arthur Young for the public service he had rendered in introducing the Southdown sheep into Suffolk, a farmer determined to put forth the counter-proposition, 'that he was an enemy to the county for endeavouring to change the best breed in England for a race of rats.' The tenantry of that period were strong in the self-confidence of ignorance. 'To attempt to reason with such fellows,' said Young of some of those he met with in his tours, 'is an absurdity,' and he longed to seize a hedge-stake in order to break it about their backs. Even if they were persuaded to try some improvement to which they were not previously inclined, they reported that 'their experience' was unfavourable to it—their experience being in reality the foregone conclusion which was antecedent to experience, and which blinded them to the results of experience itself. The graziers who adhered to the old huge-skeletoned race of stock were accustomed to give as the reason for their preference that a beast could not get fat unless there 'was room to lay the fat on.' It would have been just as rational to argue that none but farmers of large stature could have felt Young's proposed application of the hedge-stake, because in smaller men there would not be room to lay it on. Numbers of short, round, tub-like agriculturists, who uttered the current excuse for breeding bones in preference to

* Archbishop Whately has adduced Bakewell's discovery to illustrate a position in his treatise on 'Logic,' and he puts in such a clear light one portion of the great cattle-breeder's mode of proceeding that we quote the passage: 'He observed in a great number of individual beasts a tendency to fatten readily; and in a great number of others the absence of this constitution: in every individual of the former he observed a certain peculiar make, though they differed widely in size, colour, etc. Those of the latter description differed no less in various points, but agreed in being of a different make from the others: these facts were his data. . . . His principal merit consisted in making the observations, and in so combining them as to abstract from each of a multitude of cases, differing widely in many respects, the circumstances in which they all agreed.'

flesh,

flesh, were living representatives of the fallacy of their assertion. But there were others who were not slow to see the truth. A Southdown ram belonging to Arthur Young got by accident to a few Norfolk ewes of a neighbouring farmer. When the butcher came in the summer to select some lambs, he drew every one of the Southdown breed, which, he said, were by much the fattest in the flock. The owner instantly took the hint. Upon the whole the principles of Bakewell were more favourably received than most innovations in that day, and some of the pupils succeeded in improving upon the stock of the master. The brothers Collinges in Durham established the Durham or Teeswater breed, now known as the 'Short-horn,' which soon superseded the Long-horn, and every other kind where both flesh and milk were required. It is this which furnishes the true meat for the million; and it appears from the account of Mr. Robert Morgan, the great cattle salesman, who sells about 400 beasts a-week, that, while other favourite breeds are on the decline, this, with its crosses, has increased upwards of 10 per cent. Quartley successfully applied himself to improving the curly coated North-Devon. Price took up the Hereford, and Ellman of Glynde the Southdown sheep, then little better than half-a-dozen other heathland kinds. The emulation gave rise to the forerunner of the modern fat cattle show, in single oxen of monstrous size, dragged round the country in vans, and with such success that in 1800 a Mr. Day refused 2000*l.* for the Durham ox he had purchased two months previously for 250*l.* Graziers who were not able to join the sheep-shearings of Holkham or Woburn, who did not read the agricultural works of Arthur Young, and would not have been convinced if they had, found their prejudices in favour of local breeds shaken by a personal interview with gigantic specimens of the Teeswater ox.

In 1798 the Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, and others, with Arthur Young as honorary secretary, established the 'Little Smithfield Club,' for exhibiting fat stock at Christmas time, in competition for prizes, with a specification of the food on which each animal had been kept. This society has rendered essential service by making known the best kinds of food, and by educating graziers and butchers in a knowledge of the best form of animal. We smile now on reading that in 1806, in defiance of Mr. Coke's toast, 'Small in size and great in value,' a 'prize was given to the tallest ox.' Length of leg has long been counted a serious fault; for it is the most unprofitable part of the beast. In 1856 a little Devon ox, of an egg-like shape, which is the modern beau-ideal, gained the Smithfield gold medal in competition with gigantic short-horns and Herefords of elephantine

phantine proportions; and in 1854 a large animal of Sir Harry Verney's was passed over without even the compliment of a 'commendation,' because he carried on his carcase too much offal and more threepenny than ninepenny beef.

But the fattening qualities and early maturity of the improved stock would have been of little value beyond the few rich grazing districts of the Midland counties, without an addition to the supply of food. The best arable land of the kingdom had been exhausted by long years of cultivation, and the barren fallow, which annually absorbed one-third of the soil, failed to restore its fertility. A new source of agricultural wealth was discovered in turnips, which, as their important qualities became known, excited in many of their early cultivators much the same sort of enthusiasm as they did in Lord Monboddo, who on returning home from a circuit went to look at a field of them by candle-light. Turnips answered the purpose of a fallow crop which cleaned and rested old arable land; turnips were food for fattening cattle in winter; turnips, grown on light land and afterwards eaten down by sheep which consolidated it by their feet, prepared the way for corn-crops on wastes that had previously been given up to the rabbits. By this means the heaths and wolds of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, with the help of marling in certain districts, the blowing sands of Norfolk, Nottinghamshire, and Bedfordshire, were gradually reclaimed and colonised by the race of farmers who have been foremost to adopt all the great improvements in English agriculture for the last century. This new system required a capital on the part of both landlord and tenant. It required from the landlord barns and yards, and houses fit for first-class farmers. Mr. Coke of Holkham laid out above a hundred thousand pounds in 20 years on dwellings and offices. It required the tenant to expend a considerable sum on flocks and herds, and, above all, in labour for the years before the wild land began to yield a profit. Mr. Rodwell, in Suffolk, sunk 5000*l.* in merely marling 820 acres, with a lease of only 28 years. Such spirited proceedings demanded no mean amount of intelligence to conduct them with discretion and profit. The value of Mr. Rodwell's produce during the 28 years of his occupancy was 30,000*l.* greater than in the 28 years which preceded his improvements. No needy race of peasant cultivators, no rack-rent absentee line of landowners, could have achieved this conquest over the English wilderness, then far from ports, manufacturing towns, and markets.

This great advance in arable farming took its rise in Norfolk. The king of Brobdingnag gave it as his opinion, 'that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot

a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.' This passage might have been written upon Lord Townshend, who retired in 1730 from public affairs, which went on none the worse without him, and devoted the remaining eight years of his life to improving his estate. He originated practices which increased the produce not only two, but a hundred fold, and of which the world continues to reap the benefit at this hour. To marl and clay farms was an old practice in England; for Harrison, in his '*Description of Britaine*,' in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says, 'Besides the compost that is carried out of the husbandmen's yards, ditches, and dove-houses, or out of great towns, we have with us a kind of white marl, which is of so great force, that, if it be cast over a piece of land but once in three-score years, it shall not need of any further composting.' The usage seems, however, to have died away, and its advantages were rediscovered by Lord Townshend and a Mr. Allen, who applied it to the sands of Norfolk, and converted boundless wilds of rabbit-warrens and sheep-walks into rich grain-bearing soil. Young estimated that before the close of the century 'three or four hundred thousand acres of wastes had been turned into gardens,' and rents rose from sums between sixpence and two shillings an acre to fifteen shillings and twenty. Many of the tenants realised a capital which amounted to more than the reputed worth of the property. A Mr. Mallet made a fortune in thirty years on a farm of 1500 acres, and bought land of his own of the value of 1700*l.* a-year—a more remarkable example even than that of the Scotch proprietor mentioned by Dr. Cartwright, who, being compelled to sell his estate, hired it on a lease, and afterwards repurchased it with the profits he derived from his tenancy.

But marling would not of itself have reclaimed the Norfolk deserts. Turnips, which are said by Young to have been brought into farm cultivation by the celebrated Jethro Tull, found such a zealous advocate in Lord Townshend, that he got the name of 'Turnip Townshend.' Pope speaks of 'all Townshend's turnips' in one of his Imitations of Horace, published in 1737. This crop he had the sagacity to see was the parent of all the future crops. Without winter-food little stock could be kept, without stock there could be little manure, and with little manure there could not be much of anything else. The turnips were, therefore, employed to secure a large dung-heap, and the dung-heap in turn was mainly appropriated to securing the largest possible store of turnips. This tillage in a circle was as productive as it was simple. The ground, cleaned and enriched by the

root-

root-crop, afterwards yielded abundant harvests of corn; and, as we have already stated, the treading of the sheep upon the loose soil, while they fed off a portion of the turnips, gave it the necessary firmness. Thus through the agency of turnips a full fold and a full bullock-yard made a full granary. Essex and Suffolk soon copied the method, but they did not carry it so far as in Norfolk; and in many places the turnips were never thinned or hoed, upon which their size and consequently nearly all their value depended.

The rotation of crops was, however, considered the especial characteristic of the Norfolk husbandry. Until past the middle of the century no just ideas prevailed upon the subject in any other portion of the kingdom. Sir John Sinclair says that all courses were thought to be alike, and deserving neither of praise nor censure. The grand rule of the Norfolk cultivators, to which they steadily adhered, was never to be tempted to take two corn-crops in succession. But, in truth, no one part of their system could be dispensed with, and its value was as a whole. They had not only learnt the importance of alternating grain with other products of the soil, but they had ascertained the particular advantage of having the barley follow the turnips, the clover the barley, and the wheat the clover; for the fibrous roots of the latter were the finest possible pabulum for the lucrative wheat, and nothing else would have been equally efficacious. Young found this four-course system widely prevalent in 1767. The principal variation, he says, was in the duration of the clover, which some persons allowed to remain for two or three seasons before breaking it up for wheat. All these changes were brought about in the thirty years from 1730 to 1760, but they were confined, with slight exceptions, to Norfolk itself; and it was not till after Young appeared upon the scene that they began to penetrate into other districts.

After a considerable interval, during part of which Francis, Duke of Bedford, was the agricultural leader, another great Norfolk landowner succeeded to the mantle of Lord Townshend. This was Mr. Coke, of Holkham, afterwards Earl of Leicester, who, towards the close of the last and throughout the first quarter of the present century, headed the movement. The reclaiming the wastes of Norfolk, the marling the light land, the extensive cultivation of turnips, and the introduction of the rotation of crops, have all been ascribed to him. But as Young, in the *Tours* he published several years before Mr. Coke possessed an acre in the county, states that every one of these practices were then in common use, and constituted the general features of the Norfolk husbandry, it is evident that this is another of the numerous cases

cases in which the last improver is credited with the accumulated merits of his predecessors. But though the precise nature of what Mr. Coke effected is often misunderstood, the amount of his services has not been overrated. He stands foremost among the class of whom Arthur Young wrote in 1770—'Let no one accuse me of the vanity of thinking that I shall ever, by writing, wean farmers of their prejudices: all improvements in agriculture must have their origin in landlords.' Five years afterwards Mr. Coke succeeded to the estates of the Leicester family. The fine house at Holkham, erected from the designs of Kent, about the middle of the last century, bears an inscription which imports that it was built in the midst of a desert tract, and its noble founder was accustomed to say, at once jocularly and sadly, that his nearest neighbour was the King of Denmark. There was still many a broad acre in its primitive state of sheep-walk, and Mr. Coke graphically described the condition of portions of the property surrounding this princely mansion by the remark 'that he found two rabbits quarrelling for one blade of grass.' His first care was to apply the existing methods to fertilising his barren wilds; his second was to improve on the prevailing practices; his third was to persuade his countrymen to follow his example. From the thirty years between 1760 and 1790 both landlords and tenants were content to follow in the track which Lord Townshend had marked out for them—a track which led to such wealth that it is no wonder they were not tempted to further experiments. Mr. Coke roused them from their lethargy, and what Young calls a 'second revolution' commenced. The great evil of the time was the isolation in which farmers lived. They were nearly as much fixtures as their houses, and what was done upon one side of a hedge was hardly known upon the other. The lord of Holkham instituted his annual sheep-shearing, at which he feasted crowds of guests from all parts and of all degree. Under the guise of a gigantic festival, it was an agricultural school of the most effective kind, for the social benevolence engendered by such magnificent hospitality disarmed prejudice, and many who would have looked with disdain upon new breeds of stock, newfangled implements, and new modes of tillage, regarded them with favour when they came recommended by their genial host. Hot politician as he was, according to the fashion of those days, his opponents forgot the partisan in the agriculturist; and when Cobbett, who had no leaning to him, rode through Norfolk in 1821, he acknowledged that every one 'made use of the expressions towards him that affectionate children use towards the best of parents.' 'I have not,' he adds, 'met with a single exception.' The distinguished visitors who came from other counties to the
sheep-

sheep-shearings carried home with them lessons which had an effect upon farming throughout the kingdom. Excluded by his political opinions from Court favour or office, Mr. Coke must have found abundant compensation in the feudal state of gatherings, at which, as a contemporary journalist records, 'hundreds assembled and were entertained—farming, hunting, or shooting in the mornings—after dinner discussing agricultural subjects, whether the Southdown or the new Leicester was the better sheep—whether the Devon or the old Norfolk ox was the more profitable.*' In dealing with those who farmed under him, he showed the same wisdom as in his own tillage. He formed an intimacy with Young, and acted on three of his maxims, on which agricultural progress may be said to depend—that 'a truly good tenant-farmer cannot be too much favoured, or a bad one have his rent raised too high'—that 'good culture is another name for much labour'—that 'great farmers are generally rich farmers.' By these methods he raised his rental to more *thousands* a-year than it was *hundreds* when he inherited the estate, and had enriched a numerous tenantry into the bargain. Swift, in his satirical 'Directions to Servants,' advises the steward 'to lend my lord his own money.' The bailiff of Lord Peterborough pulled down his master's house, sold the materials, and continued to charge him for repairs. The last case was peculiar; but for the steward to grow rich at the expense of an employer who neglected his own affairs was common enough. Mr. Coke was a conspicuous example of the benefit of the opposite practice, for he showed that no profession in the world was so lucrative as that of a landlord who devoted his life to the improvement of his property. The wealth, nevertheless, which accrued to himself was the smallest part of the gain. He was a national benefactor upon a mighty scale, and was the cause, directly and indirectly, of adding a countless mass of corn and cattle, of beef and mutton, bread and beer to the resources of the country.

No discovery, perhaps, in agriculture was made by Mr. Coke, but he showed a surprising sagacity in singling out what was good in ideas which were not received by the farming public at large, in combining them into a system, and persevering in them till they prevailed. Young states, in his 'Report on the Agriculture of Norfolk,'† which was published in 1804, that Mr. Coke had

* The Holkham sheep-shearings were evidently arranged by an eminently practical mind; and we have had nothing approaching them at the present day, unless it be an Easter week, a year ago, when Lord Berners, one of the pupils of Coke, entertained a party of farmers, with his tenants and friends, at Keythorpe Hall, where much-needed improvements have been transplanted from Norfolk.

† Kent's 'Survey of the Agriculture of Norfolk' was published in 1796; the admirable

had even then grown the invaluable Swedish turnip for several years with the greatest success, and used large quantities of purchased manure in the shape of rape-cake. Above all, he at that date drilled the whole of his crops, turnips included, and he was the prominent champion of this much opposed system, which is now universally adopted for the time and labour it saves, for the facility it affords for applying the manure directly to the seed, for keeping down weeds and stirring the soil by means of the horse-hoe, and for thinning out the crop with regularity and speed.

The Norfolk farmers, while attending to arable culture, had never turned their attention to improving their stock. One of Mr. Coke's most intelligent tenants said that 'bones and offal, rather than meat, were the production of the best grass-lands in the county.' A small number of Norfolk or Suffolk cows, good milkers but miserable graziers, were kept, and a flock of the black-faced, long-horned, Norfolk sheep—an active, bony, hardy animal, well suited to pick up a living on the wild bare heaths, and which gave a little wool every year, and a little mutton at the end of four or five. It is just fifty years since Mr. Coke said, in one of his annual Holkham speeches, 'that a Norfolk flock had hitherto been considered as little more, in point of profit, than a dung-cart.' He soon taught his tenants that, valuable as was manure, they had better keep animals which would at the same time make a return in flesh and fat. His own skill in the difficult art of judging of the qualities of stock was great, and he used to assist his neighbours in parcelling out the ewes to the rams according to the shapes of each, that the defects of one parent might, as much as possible, be remedied by the good points in the other. 'I have seen him and the late Duke of Bedford,' says Young, 'put on a shepherd's smock, work all day, and not quit the business till darkness forced them to dinner.'

A new system of fattening sheep, which has been attended with wonderful results, was commenced in 1824, on the suggestion of Mr. Coke's steward, Blaikie, by Mr. John Hudson, now known throughout England in connexion with his present farm of Castle Acre. He ventured to supply his young wethers with sliced turnips and purchased oil-cake. Such was the success of his experiment, 'that, to Mr. Coke's astonishment, when he asked to see the produce of his tup, he found

admirable work of Young appeared in 1804; and in 1844 an able and elaborate report by Mr. R. N. Bacon, the editor of the '*Norwich Mercury*,' gained the prize of the Royal Agricultural Society. These surveys, made at intervals, give an opportunity for comparing one period with another, and throw great light upon agricultural and social progress. They are to be classed among the best kinds of history.

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they had been sent fat to market twelve months before the usual time.' Yet all John Hudson's neighbours, including his father, a man of agricultural progress, prophesied his ruin from his extravagance in buying food for sheep, which was regarded in much the same light in farming as for a young spendthrift to go for money to the Jews. At the present day the purchase of linseed-cake, or meal, or foreign pulse, is one of the regular means by which an increased quantity of meat is manufactured. Wherever turnips are grown and sliced, there cake-troughs are to be seen, and the improved feeding, coupled with the natural tendency of the improved breeds to early maturity, has multiplied to an enormous extent the amount of mutton produced. Mr. Morgan states that twenty years ago the majority of the sheep brought to Smithfield Market were three and four years old, and it was difficult to find a score under two. Now a three-year old sheep is scarcely to be met with, and fat sheep only a twelvemonth old are plentiful. Besides the vast increase in the numbers kept, we have thus three generations got ready for our tables in the same space of time as we had one in 1838. Bought food would have been wasted on the former slow-growing species; but applied to the improved stock bred on Bakewell's principles, it created a demand not only for tups from Sussex, steers from the Quantock hills, and oilcake from Germany, but for improved implements and machinery—the turnip-slicer, the cake-crusher, the chaff-cutter, and the bone-mill, as well as the drill, horse-hoe, heavy roller, and better-contrived ploughs and harrows.

The Leicester breed was for some time adopted by Mr. Coke. He afterwards substituted the Southdowns as superior; and the perfecting of these in the present generation by Mr. Jonas Webb may be said to have been due to one of those trivial circumstances that are always influencing the events of the world. His grandfather was a breeder of Norfolk rams, and it was the amusement of the old gentleman at his annual sales to set his grandsons to ride on his tups, holding fast by their huge horns. It was during the races on these sharp-backed animals that Jonas determined, as soon as he was a man, to breed sheep with 'better saddles of mutton.' A lean, hurdle-backed, black-faced Norfolk ram, and the beautiful firkin-bodied Southdown for which Mr. Webb refused five hundred guineas at the Paris Exhibition of 1856, are the two extremes, the two mutton-marks between the boyhood and manhood of the same individual. Nothing but the Norfolk sheep could have found a living on the uncultivated Norfolk heaths; nothing but the 'roots,' artificial
grasses,

grasses, cake, and corn of modern days could have raised the Babraham 'Downs' to their marvellous perfection.

Another instance of a different kind, and one in which extremes meet, marks the contrast between the past and the present. Mr. Coke's first agricultural adviser was Mr. Overman, of Dutch descent, whose sons are still tenant-farmers on the Holkham estate, and prize winners at Royal Agricultural and Smithfield fat-stock shows. The heads of the covenants were drawn, at Mr. Coke's request, by Overman, and only restrained tenants, in obedience to the famous Norfolk rotation, from growing two consecutive corn crops. Now, after a lapse of eighty years, the second Earl of Leicester wisely encourages his tenants to return to the once justly condemned system of two white crops in succession; because the soil that in 1770 was exhausted, has, by a long course of high-farming, been rendered almost too fertile.

A complete history of English agriculture from 1750 would comprise names worthy of record from almost every county, and the name of George III. would worthily appear at the head of the list. He had a considerable practical knowledge of the science, and contributed, under the denomination of Ralph Robinson, to Young's monthly periodical, 'The Annals of Agriculture.' His devotion to the pursuit did much to recommend it to others; and he was often fondly and proudly spoken of as 'Farmer George.' But no sketch can do justice to so extensive a subject, and, for the sake of brevity and simplicity, we have purposely confined ourselves to the tillage of Norfolk, which long led the van in agricultural improvement, and where nearly all the methods which stood the test of time were early adopted. The very labourers seemed animated with the same spirit as their employers, for both Young and Marshall remarked that in no part of England did the workman display an equal activity. We now arrive at a period when Norfolk no longer occupies its old position, not because it has dropped behind in the race, but because other counties have pushed forward, and the course of events are tending to equalise the arts of cultivation throughout the kingdom. This last epoch is chiefly distinguished by the immense extension of drainage, by the discovery of artificial manures, by the increased purchase of food for cattle, by the improvement of implements, and still more by the improvement of those who use them. 'It is well known,' says Sir John Sinclair, 'that the best cultivated districts are those which possess the greatest facility of internal communication, without which agriculture languishes in the most fruitful soil, and with it the most ungrateful soil soon becomes fertile.' The effect which railroads have produced upon farming is a signal illustration

tion of the justice of this remark, for without their aid the larger portion of the recent progress would have been impossible. They furnish cheap and rapid conveyance for goods which were too bulky to admit of free interchange in the days of horse-power—for corn and cattle, coal, iron, and timber, implements and machinery, oil-cake and artificial manures—all that a farmer has to sell or wants to buy—and, above all, for the farmer himself, who brings home with him new ideas as well as new inventions. The railways practically converted distant rural parishes into the suburbs of towns, and thus inoculated them with a spirit of inquiry and commercial enterprise which could never have existed under packhorse or waggon communication. Wesley, who had a wide experience of the different classes in England, thought the tenantry the most ignorant, stupid, and unfeeling part of the community. 'In general,' he added, 'their life is supremely dull, and it is usually unhappy, too; for of all people in the kingdom they are the most discontented, seldom satisfied either with God or man.' Wilkes said that, reversing Pope's maxim, they held that '*Whatever is, is wrong.*' Wesley, however, was mistaken both in supposing that husbandry was a dull occupation, and in imagining that the grumbling of the husbandmen, which was chiefly designed to keep down rents, was the real measure of their discontent; but, taken as a body, they neither read nor thought, were sluggish in their minds, and the slaves of an antiquated routine. The suddenness with which they have started from their lethargy, and with which the many have displayed the aptitude which formerly was the prerogative of a few, is without a parallel in the annals of farming.

The starting-point of the new era may be dated from the years 1837 and 1838, which were signalised by the foundation of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. This now famous association was suggested in a pamphlet published in 1837 by the late Henry Handley, M.P., a fine specimen of a Lincolnshire squire—a good sportsman, an excellent judge of stock, and cultivating his own estate with more intelligence and success than was usual at that time among his class. The first annual encampment of the society took place at Oxford in 1839, and its first Journal was published in 1840 under the admirable editorship of the late Philip Pusey, a lively and forcible writer, and a most zealous farmer, who to the day of his death in 1854 devoted his time, his talents, and his fortune, to promoting the improvement and recording the progress of his favourite science. He was an example of that delightful combination of scholarship and practical energy which is so common

in England, and he exercised the double influence of an accomplished gentleman and an enlightened agriculturist.

In every institution which meets with distinguished success results are always produced which were not anticipated by its originators. Thus it happened that, when the Agricultural Society was founded, not one of the promoters foresaw the importance of the mechanical department. In the ten sections of the charter of incorporation defining the objects of the association, 'implements' are only incidentally referred to as one of the subjects to which men of science were to be encouraged to pay attention, in a miscellaneous paragraph, which includes 'the construction of farm-buildings,' 'the application of chemistry to the general purposes of agriculture,' 'the destruction of insects injurious to vegetable life,' 'and the eradication of weeds.' At Oxford a few manufacturers saw an opening for obtaining customers, and found their way to the show-yard in spite of the difficulties from the want of that cheap conveyance which is now common to the whole kingdom. One gold medal for a collection of implements, three silver medals, and five pounds for a 'paddle-plough for raising potatoes,' were all the rewards distributed in 1839 for what was destined to be the most attractive, as well as the most useful, feature of the Society's exhibitions. After the Cambridge meeting in 1840 the importance of the implements was acknowledged; and the number displayed, beginning with some 300 at Liverpool in 1841, increased at the rate of about 100 on every succeeding year, until, in 1853, at Gloucester, they reached their highest point in a total of 2000. The rise or fall of a few hundreds chiefly depends upon the importance and railway facilities of the town where the show is held, and the number of articles exhibited is less a test of the progress of mechanical invention than of the sales which are likely to be effected in any particular district. The annual show is only one of the numerous modes in which the makers advertise and display their productions. The true prize to the manufacturer is plenty of custom.

For several years past all the railway companies have agreed to convey live-stock free, and implements at half their usual charges, to and from the shows of the Royal Agricultural Society, the railway company at the towns where they are held generally providing accommodation for the mechanical compartment. This at Chelmsford cost the Eastern Counties upwards of 3000*l*. Railway fares and pace could alone bring the number of shilling-paying strangers who contribute to the enormous expense of these exhibitions. The population of the city of Salisbury, including men, women, and children, only amounts

amounts to 10,000, but the visitors to the show-yard in 1857 were over 35,000. This is of itself a striking proof of the wide and eager practical interest which is felt in agriculture, for there is little to gratify the eye of mere holiday gazers; and when in addition we consider the mountains of coal, iron, timber, artificial manure, lime, and chalk, conveyed in the one direction, and the quantity of live stock and corn in the other, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that George Stephenson's locomotive has been the great cultivator of the farmer's mind and the farmer's land—the great agent for the extraordinary advance which British agriculture has achieved in the last quarter of a century. Very significant were the figures given by the chairman of the Eastern Counties Railway at the Chelmsford dinner, when he told his farmer friends that, in the course of the preceding twelve months, the lines over which he presided had conveyed 24,000 tons of guano and other portable manures, 700,000 quarters of grain, 550 sacks of flour, 71,000 beasts, 380,000 sheep, 13,000 tons of meat and poultry, and 43,000,000 quarts of milk. Who can calculate the value of the money rewards held out to breeding, feeding, and corn-growing, in the shape of four thousand miles of railway? and how little are men who live in the midst of these changes conscious of their magnitude until the results are collected and put upon paper!

The benefit which has accrued from the Royal Agricultural Society has surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine promoters. The improvements in cultivation and implements, which had been effected by a few men in advance of the spirit of the age, have now, in great part by its exertions, ceased to be received by the majority of farmers with contemptuous incredulity, and by the labourers with stubborn opposition. In the old days distance operated as a barrier to imitation, and three-fourths of England only heard of what was done in the well-cultivated fourth to ridicule and despise it. When the father of Mr. George Turner, of Barton, Devon, the well-known breeder of Devon cattle and Leicester sheep, who had learned something in his visits with stock to Holkham, began to drill turnips, a well-to-do neighbour looked down from the dividing bank and said to the son, 'I suppose your father will be sowing pepper out of a cruet next.' Indeed the whole history of the turnip cultivation affords a characteristic contrast between the spirit of the past and the present. It took upwards of a century to establish the proper growth of this crop, notwithstanding that the wealth of meat and corn which proceeded from it was as plain to those who would open their eyes as that a guinea was worth one-and-twenty shillings. The first difficulty was to persuade farmers to

try it at all; and not one turnip was ever seen on a field in Northumberland till between 1760 and 1770. The second difficulty was to get them to be at the expense of hoeing, insomuch that Young said that he should be heard with incredulity in most counties when he bore testimony to the vast benefits which were derived in Norfolk from this indispensable portion of the process. The third difficulty was to induce them to replace broadcast sowing by drilling, which appeared, as we see, to novices no less ridiculous than peppering the land from a cruet. The bigotry of the farmer cramped the energies of the mechanics whom he now welcomes as among his best friends. The implements, even by the first manufacturers, from the absence of criticism and competition, from the limited extent of custom, and from the want of artisans skilled in working in iron, were, however excellent in idea, both clumsy and costly. The choicest specimens which existed in 1840 have been so altered in execution by cheaper materials and improved workmanship that they can scarcely be recognised.

The Royal Agricultural Society, with its council of peers, squires, tenants, and implement-makers—its professors of chemistry, botany, and veterinary art—its thousands of subscribers, spread over every county of England—its Journal of transactions and reports—and, above all, its annual encampments in the centres of successive districts—has done for farming what the great fairs of the middle ages did for commerce—concentrated and diffused knowledge, brought customers and producers into contact, and helped to extinguish prejudices in the excitement of social gatherings. They have carried to provincial cities the best live-stock, the best implements, and the best cultivators. The influence of example, of competition, and even of rank and fashion, has been brought to bear on local obstinacy. Squires have been encouraged to improve their estates by the speeches of even greater men than themselves, and young noblemen, in want of an object, have found it in agricultural duties. Implement-makers have had the advantage of the suggestions of their customers, and, thus taught and teaching at the same time, have every year become more dependent on tenant and less on fancy farmers. Men who went to Shows stanch champions of the flail have been vanquished by the mere sight of a steam-engine driving barn-machinery; as an old Homeric Greek, if he could revisit earth, would instantly recognise the inferiority of stones hurled by the hand to the iron balls projected from the cannon's mouth. The greatest landlords, wandering unknown in the show-yards, have had opportunities of learning wholesome truths from the tenants of other landlords. Self-satisfied

satisfied ignorance is abashed, and triumphant skill finds at once a large and eager audience. These agricultural exhibitions are, in fact, the Woburn and Holkham sheep-shearings, made national and expanded to the dimensions of an age of steam-driven threshing-machines. When the Royal Society started into life there were about four hundred local societies in existence, but they were rather associations for the promotion of eating and drinking than for the promotion of the arts by which the materials for eating and drinking are increased. The speeches were usually complimentary, and the members congratulated one another upon the pre-eminence to which their own enlightened district had attained. They were, in a word, societies for maintaining local darkness instead of for the acquisition of fresh light from enlarged experience.

Having described the important functions discharged by this central Society for the advancement of farming, we proceed to touch upon the particular improvements which have been effected during its career. Attempts to drain have been made from the earliest times. Specimens may be seen of very clever workmanship more than a hundred years old: but the when it should be done, and the why, and the how, had never been reduced to rule. Lord Bacon, who had a large collection of works upon agriculture, had them one day piled up in the court-yard and set on fire, for, said he, 'In all these books I find no *principles*; they can, therefore, be of no use to any man.' This was just the deficiency with respect to drainage, and it could not therefore progress until Josiah Parkes, in 1843, expounded the '*principles*,' and in 1845 made suggestions which led to the manufacture of the steel tools which were necessary for forming the deep cuttings, and the cheap pipes which were essential to carrying off the water from them when formed. Up to 1843 little was done beyond tapping springs, or endeavouring to convey away the rain which fell on the surface by drains so shallow that the plough frequently spoiled them, it being the popular belief that moisture would not penetrate through retentive clay beyond twenty or thirty inches. In 1833, when Mr. Parkes was engaged in draining a peat-bog near Bolton, in Lancashire, for Mr. Heathcoate, he had an opportunity of seeing the great effect produced by deep cuttings, and he was led to ponder on the advantage that would be derived from relieving the soil of a certain number of inches of the water, which is stagnant during a rainy season and remains until removed by evaporation in a dry season. By experiments continued for several years, he found that a deep drain began to run after wet weather, not from the water above, but from the water rising from the subterranean accumulations below, and that, by drawing away
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the stagnant moisture from the three or four feet of earth next the surface, it was rendered more friable, easier to work, more penetrable by the rain, which then carried down air and manure, and much warmer and more suitable for the nourishment of the roots of the crops. He came to the conclusion that the shallow draining, advocated by Smith, of Deanston, was a vital error, and that four feet, which left a sufficient layer of dry warm surface earth, after allowing for the rise of the moisture by capillary attraction above the water level of the drain, should be the minimum depth.

The first field drained on the four-feet plan was on a farm near Bolton, belonging to a celebrated Lancashire bone-setter. This was the small beginning of the subterranean net-work of pipes which has more than doubled the value of our retentive soils. In 1843 Mr. Parkes gave his evidence before the Agricultural Committee of the House of Lords, and was strongly supported by the Earl of Lonsdale, whose experience as a commissioner of highway trusts had proved to him the advantage of the system. But nothing could be done without tools and pipes. A Birmingham manufacturer, on Mr. Parkes' suggestion, produced in 1844 the set of drain-cutting implements which have by degrees been brought to perfection. A cheap conduit was still a difficulty. Stones choked up in many soils, and where they had to be broken and carted to the ground, often made the cost enormous. In 1843, at the Derby show of the Royal Agricultural Society, John Reade, a gardener by trade, a self-taught mechanic, well known as the inventor of the stomach-pump, exhibited cylindrical clay-pipes, with which he had been in the habit of draining the hotbeds of his master. His mode of constructing them was to wrap a lump of clay round a mandril, and rub it smooth with a piece of flannel. Mr. Parkes showed one of these pipes to Earl Spencer, saying, 'My Lord, with this pipe I will drain all England.' The Council, on his Lordship's motion, gave John Reade a silver medal for his idea, and in the year following offered a premium for a tile-making machine. A great deal of money was wasted in attempts, and many patents were taken out for the purpose with indifferent success; but in 1845, at Shrewsbury, Thomas Scragg received a prize for a machine which triumphed over the difficulties, and pipes can now be made quite as fast as kilns can take them.

The work from that hour went rapidly forward. In 1846 Sir Robert Peel, whose management of his own property had made him thoroughly alive to the national importance of the subject, passed the Act by which four millions sterling were appropriated toward assisting landowners with loans for draining their land, with leave to repay the advance by instalments extending over twenty-

two years. Nearly the whole of the first loan was absorbed by canny Scotch proprietors before Englishmen had made up their minds to take advantage of it. But the four millions of Government-money was small in comparison with the sums furnished by private enterprise for the execution of an improvement which on the worst class of wet land gave visible proofs of its value by immediate profits. Another circumstance stimulated the work. About the period that the system of deep draining was perfected, the great landowners were anxious to encourage their tenants, depressed by the approaching free trade in corn, and thorough draining became the most fashionable improvement. The sheepfolding Norfolk rotation had done great things for light land, brought the cultivation of roots to a high pitch, and proportionately increased the live-stock on every light-land farm. The owners of strong retentive soils were anxious to imitate their light-land neighbours, and to grow the roots which were seen to afford such profits in beef and mutton. Deep drainage enabled them to realize these aspirations.

For centuries the farmers of clay soils had been engaged in trying various expedients for saving their corn crops in wet seasons. The land was laid up in 'lands,' 'backs,' or 'steches,' that the rain might flow off into intervening surface-drains, a few inches deep, and which were formed of turf, bushes, and stones. Not unfrequently an anxious farmer would traverse his cornfields after heavy rains, spud in hand, and try to lead the stagnant little pools to the neighbouring ditches. In favourable seasons the clay usually gave excellent crops of corn, but a wet season destroyed the husbandman's hopes. These stiff soils had been preferred, until light heath-land had been brought by sheepfolding, marling, and root-growing into profitable culture. The introduction of thorough drainage restored them to their ancient pre-eminence. Hundreds of thousands of acres, formerly condemned to remain poor pasture, or to grow at long intervals uncertain crops of corn and beans, have been laid dry, rendered friable, and brought into a regular rotation, in which roots find their place. Sheep-stock thrive where previously a few dairy-cows starved; the produce has been trebled, the rental raised, and the demand for labour increased in proportion. In the neighbourhood of Yorkshire manufactories, moorland not worth a shilling an acre has been converted into dairy-farms worth two pounds. When it is remembered that the principle upon which these results depend was not enunciated till 1843, it will be seen how rapid and mighty has been the recent progress in agriculture. A second public loan of four millions was granted in 1856, and it has been estimated that in the ten previous years upwards of sixteen millions

millions had been invested by the nation, and by private companies and individuals, in thorough drainage. There is no longer truth in the saying that the capital and soil of the country have never been acquainted. All the branches of farming business felt the influence, for the improved stock originated by Bakewell, the artificial food raised to feed the improved stock, the scientifically constructed drills, horse-hoes, and other implements which the Norfolk rotation called into use, all met with an extended development in the retentive soils rendered kindly by the use of 'Parkes' clay pipes.' It will usually be found that an advance in one direction gives a corresponding impulse in every other.

The Royal Agricultural Society had an important share in the propagation of the principles of thorough drainage first propounded by their author in a complete shape in a lecture at one of their meetings at Newcastle. Another great change, by a fortunate coincidence, accompanied, or rather preceded, the conquest over the clay lands. This was the chemical revolution, which gave the farmer the use of concentrated portable manures, for stimulating the growth of crops in a degree unknown to the preceding generation. Previous to 1835, as nearly as we can fix the date, agriculturists, in addition to farmyard dung or night-soil, employed as manures lime, chalk, gypsum, marl, soot, salt, saltpetre, rape-cake, and bones. The discovery of the fertilising properties of bone was accidentally made at a Yorkshire foxhound kennel. Liberally used on the heaths and wolds of Lincolnshire, it was the philosopher's stone which turned rabbit-warrens and gorse fox-coverts into fields of golden grain. A Mr. Nelson, one of the late Lord Yarborough's tenants, used to say, that 'he did not care who knew that he had made 80,000*l.* out of his farm by employing bones before other people knew the use of them.' But what succeeded in one parish or even in one field often failed in the next, and sometimes the farm which had once yielded bountifully in return for a dressing of lime or gypsum stubbornly refused to respond to a second application. Worse than all, the root crop—the foundation of the famous Norfolk rotation, the wealth of half a dozen counties—began to fail, devoured in tender infancy by the fly; and, without the turnip, where was the food for sheep and winter-fed cattle? The philosopher came to the assistance of the farmer, and rescued him by timely aid from the difficulties which beset him. Nitrate of soda and guano were imported, superphosphate of lime from bones was invented; and agricultural chemistry, having earned the place of a practical, that is, a profitable science, the anomalies in connexion with the use of lime,

lime, chalk, gypsum, &c., were mastered and explained by the joint exertions of the farmer and his new ally the chemist.

Nitrate of soda was imported from Peru and sold in small quantities by an agricultural manure-dealer somewhere about 1835, and in the same year a cargo of guano was consigned to a Mr. Myers, a Liverpool merchant. Guano (of any agricultural value) is the dung of sea-fowl feeding on fish in a zone where rain rarely falls. The guano of the Peruvian islands was protected in the time of the Incas by special laws. In 1609 its properties were fully described in a work published in Lisbon by Garcilasso de la Vega, but this precious fertiliser was neglected in Europe until the date of Mr. Myers' importation, when investigations into the chemistry of agriculture, commenced by Sir Humphry Davy with very little practical effect during his lifetime, and carried on by continental philosophers, were beginning to bear fruit. Guano, although incredulously received by farmers in 1836, was eagerly accepted by the dealers in artificial manures, and sold, either in a pure state or under a special name, mixed with less active ingredients. In 1843, a store inferior to that of Peru having been discovered on the Ichaboe Islands, on the coast of Africa, 1100 feet long, 400 broad, and on an average 35 feet deep, the whole was removed before the close of 1844, and realised upwards of a million sterling. Three years previously, an article of forty-three pages, from the German of Dr. Charles Sprengel, appeared in the first volume of the '*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*,' in which, though every kind of animal manure was described, guano only received a passing mention as a curiosity, and no note to supply the deficiency was attached by the editor; so little was it then known to the most intelligent cultivators, and so speedily had the knowledge of its value spread in the interval. This single fact would alone show that we had reached a new era in the history of farming.

In 1840, before the farming public had become accustomed to these imported manures, Professor Liebig suggested that the fertilizing power of bone manure would be increased by the application of sulphuric acid, and the consequent production of superphosphate of lime. There have been periods in our history when a book like that of Liebig would never have travelled further than the libraries of our men of science; but in 1840 we had in our dealers in manures a commercial class keenly alive to the possible profits of a philosophical suggestion. A carboy of sulphuric acid was easily poured over a few bushels of ground bones, and soon Suffolk drills, charged with superphosphate and guano, were sent to teach farmers that if they wished to grow
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great root-crops there was something to be added to the invaluable 'muck.'

One of the first to experiment upon the new manure, and then to manufacture it on a large scale, was Mr. J. B. Lawes, a Hertfordshire squire and scientific chemist. He was followed by Mr. Purser, of London, who began, in 1843, with a single carboy of sulphuric acid, price 10s., and has since frequently purchased ten thousand carboys at one time. At Southampton, a few years later, Messrs. Dixon and Cardus made an excellent speculation by a contract with the Government of Buenos Ayres for the exclusive right of exporting the charred flesh and ashes of joints of meat burned for want of other fuel on the treeless Pampas, to boil down the tallow. This animal refuse, the accumulation of a quarter of a century, when treated with sulphuric acid, is converted into valuable superphosphate. But although every quarter of the globe, even battlefields, were ransacked for bones, the supply was insufficient, and some new resource was required in order to keep down the price.

The chemists having so far done their part, the next contribution to the progress of agriculture came from the geologists. Professor Henslow, whose great acquirements as a botanist had not prevented his attending to other branches of science, had noticed in 1842 some nodules at Felix Stowe, on the coast of Suffolk. In 1843, haunted with the idea that they were something of importance, he returned to Felix Stowe, collected a quantity of them, and placed them in the hands of a Mr. Potter for analysis. The analysis showed them to be fossils, commonly called coprolites, on the supposition that they consisted of animal excrement, and containing from 50 to 55 per cent. of phosphate of lime. From this discovery Professor Henslow might have realized a considerable fortune. The quarry of coprolites was to be had at a common rent, and there were manure manufacturers prepared to pay for the information, but he 'did not consider such a course consistent with his position as a man of science and a clergyman,' and after keeping silence on the subject for some months at the request of Mr. Potter, 'who wished to have the chance of availing himself of the discovery,' he gave the results of his investigation to Mr. J. B. Lawes, who made the superphosphate obtained from coprolites the subject of a patent, which he was not able to maintain. Subsequently beds of coprolites were discovered in Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire, and further investigations in Norway placed Mr. Lawes in the exclusive possession of great beds of a mineral, called *apatite*, rich in phosphates—of which he imports whole cargoes for his manufactory at Bow, near London. The superphosphate of lime, however,

ever, produced from fossils being much less soluble than that from fresh bones, can only be usefully applied when mixed in moderate proportions with the latter.

One other important addition to the portable manures was discovered about seven years ago by Mr. Odams in the blood and garbage of the London slaughter-houses, which, formerly thrown down sewers and upon dung-heaps, is now contracted for to the extent of nearly eight hundred thousand gallons a-year. Mixed with ground or calcined bones and sulphuric acid, it is converted into a powerful corn and root fertilizer, known to agriculturists as the 'Nitro-phosphate manure.' The mere fact that these products were articles of sale, and not of home manufacture by the farmer, had a powerful influence in extending their use. Those on whom the essays of Professors and the orations of landlords produced little effect were worried into inquiry by the agents of manure-vendors, and, as the new practice spread, were convinced almost against their will by great crops in the fields of enterprising neighbours. The vendor of artificial manures helped in another particular the general movement. He soon discovered that his fertilizing stimulants were robbed of half their value on wet or ill-cultivated land. Hence he became the eager advocate of thorough drainage, and that thorough preparation of the soil which can only be effected by the best class of ploughs, harrows, horse-hoes, and clod-crushers. His customers would have been customers no longer unless he could have convinced them that the fault was in themselves and not in the goods. He argued to ears which had at last been opened, and prevailed without the assistance of the hedge-stake. A man grudged growing weeds with the fertility for which he had paid in hard cash, nor could a manure that cost 10*l.* or 12*l.* a ton be refused the economy of a machine to distribute it carefully; and thus drill husbandry, which is identified with clean husbandry, spread, led by pipe-drains, from Norfolk, Suffolk, and Bedfordshire, into every county of England, and with it brought all the machines and implements required for 'clean, rapid, concentrated cultivation.'

It was between 1816 and 1836,—the twenty years in which the breaking up of poor pastures and the reclamation of waste lands were most vigorously carried on by means of turnip-drilling, sheep-folding, and the four-course rotation—that the crude form of the greater number of the agricultural implements which are now considered 'standard' were either invented or brought into use among the great light-land farmers. In general the ingenuity of the mechanic outstripped the wants of the cultivator, and many excellent contrivances had been forgotten because they were

were in advance of the requirements of the day. Under the new demand for mechanical aids, more than one ingenious blacksmith or wheelwright rose from a humble position, and has since expanded his small forge into a factory where steam-power and the best artisans are employed in the construction of agricultural implements. The opposition raised to the introduction of some of these machines, under the idea that they were injurious to the labourer, is known to every one. Between 1836 and the present time this prejudice has been almost entirely extinguished by a series of legislative and national changes. The commutation of tithes has unlocked the land; the new poor-law has, to a certain extent, emancipated labour, although the law of settlement still weighs heavily upon the improving farmer and the enterprising peasant; the Irish famine, and the enormous emigration during the last ten years to America and Australia, have removed a mass of floating, half-employed workmen, and made way for the introduction of the threshing-machine, the drill, the haymaking-machine, and the steam-engine, without producing a murmur of discontent. Experience, moreover, has convinced most persons that the use of agricultural machinery creates an increased demand for constant labour of a superior kind, although undoubtedly it relieves the farmer from his dependence on an itinerant army of reapers and haymakers. The true effect of the iron workman is not to displace the human, but to perfect cultivation, to multiply produce, to increase the means of subsistence, and to add to the prosperity of the entire community.

It may be taken for an axiom, that when a farmer has used even one good implement he derives so much advantage from its rapid and accurate work, that he returns again and again to the manufacturer's yard until he has, as far as possible, substituted horse for human power, and steam for horse-power. The flail, so long kept going by the pauper-creating Poor Law, could not have threshed out the breadth of corn which is now grown with the aid of stimulating manures. The picture which is given in Lisle's '*Husbandry*,' written in 1714, remained often true up to our own time, because, though there might be a difference arising from the greater or less quantity of grain in the ear, according to the season and the tillage, neither the flail nor the man who worked it varied from the flails and men of bygone generations. 'A good thresher,' he says, 'assured me that five or six bushels of wheat was a very good day's threshing, and, in case the corn was clung and yielded ill, sometimes three bushels was as much as could be threshed in a day.' In another place he tells us that 'iron-clouted shoes do not well to thresh wheat in, especially if it be new corn: a thresher's shoes should, by right, be

be soled with an old hat.' Horses, always the more fatal expense of a farm, were wanted for other purposes as cultivation expanded : and it was found in addition that it did not pay to wear out good animals in the circular drag of a threshing-machine. Thus a way was made for the steam-engine. So early as 1802, General Bulwer, the father of the novelist, erected, at his seat at Heydon in Norfolk, what Young believes to have been the first which was used in England for agricultural purposes. The cost of it was 600*l.*, and it was to thresh, dress, and grind the corn, and cut chaff and hay. The earliest experimenters usually pay, and their successors profit. As the practice was not followed, it is probable it did not answer. The rapidity with which it has spread in the last few years adds another to the particular characteristics of the agriculture of our time. The travelling steam-engine, constructed to be drawn by horses from barn to barn and parish to parish, first made its appearance in an unsuccessful shape at Liverpool in 1841, was formed into a working machine by Mr. Cambridge of Bristol in 1842, grew at once into favour, and in 1845 had become fully established. A new trade sprung up almost like mushrooms in a night, and the show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Salisbury in 1857 was attended by upwards of twenty manufacturers, from almost every district of England. One firm alone made upwards of five hundred engines of an average power of seven horses, in the twelvemonth ending December, 1856.

The threshing-machine which the steam-engine worked has advanced in an equal degree. It was originally a mere box for roughly beating out the corn from the straw, and beating the corn almost as much as the straw. Step by step it was improved, until at Lewes, in 1852, a machine was exhibited which winnowed as well as threshed the corn and delivered it ready for dredging. Since that date 'barn machinery' has been produced which 'threshes, raises the straw to the loft, winnows and dresses the corn, divides the wheat according to quality, and delivers it into sacks ready for market, while the tailings, also divided into first and seconds, remain for the pigs and poultry, and the cavings for litter in the boxes or pigsties.' These multiplied services it performs at the rate of 800 bushels a day and at a cost of 2*s.* 6*d.* a quarter. The same engine which puts in motion all this automaton work is often made available for pumping water, grinding corn, crushing cake, cutting chaff for cattle, and grinding bones for manure, while the steam from the boiler may be turned into an apparatus for cooking food for cattle.

The reaping machine lay dormant in this country after it had been devised by the Rev. Patrick Bell, because it was not called
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for by the state of the labour-market, and was re-invented in two different forms in the United States, because the scarcity of manual labour made it indispensable. It was brought into notice at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and answers the double object of relieving the farmer from his dependence on itinerant labour, and of economising that most valuable element, *time*, in garnering the harvest. It took more than fifty years to make the seed-drill a standard implement; within six years the far less valuable and less perfect reaping machine has grown into extensive use. One more gap remained to be filled up at the date of the Salisbury Meeting, in order to complete the mechanical requirements of a well-ordered farm, so that the stubble of the land, where the corn is sown by drill, reaped by horse-power, threshed out by steam, and sent in the shortest possible time by railway to market, should be at once broken up by the resistless force of a Steam Cultivator, instead of being left for the net-like twitch to spread and weeds to seed until the following spring. We almost believe, yet we dare not assert, that this crowning triumph of agricultural engineering has now been achieved. The retentive clays fertilized ten years back by deep drainage will then be brought to develop their full power of production by a gain of time often equal to a whole season.

But perhaps nothing illustrates better the change which has come over farming in the last few years than what has taken place with respect to so ancient and familiar an article of husbandry as the plough. Although an implement more than two thousand years old, it is only within the last sixteen years that it has been reduced to an uniform shape and material. In engravings, to the eye of the casual observer there is now no difference between the ploughs manufactured for the same purpose by every one of the eminent makers; and, in fact, in general construction, they are all alike, except where the 'turnwrests of Kent and Sussex' are used, although some have a marked superiority in the details and in durability. They are fashioned entirely of iron and steel, of long graceful wave-like form, provided with a pair of wheels of unequal size, and drawn by a chain attached to the body of the plough. Iron screws and levers have replaced wooden wedges. A few seconds are sufficient to attach the share or adjust the coulter. It was quite otherwise in 1840. Out of six ploughs engraved in the *Journal of Agriculture* for that year, two are swing, two have two wheels, two have one wheel each, all are of wood, except the shares and breasts, all are drawn from the extremity of the beam, and the awkward inferiority of their respective shapes is perceptible at a glance. In 1840, Lincoln, Rutland, Bedfordshire, Berks, and almost every other county, had

had its separate plough, and knew little of its form in the rest of the kingdom; the exceptions being among the customers of scientific makers, whose trade was restrained by the cost of conveyance, the want of publicity, and the want of intelligence. Mr. Pusey and Mr. Handley, who contributed articles on the Plough to the first volume of the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, were, as gentlemen farmers, far ahead of their time, but it is evident, from their observations, that they had everything to learn in the science and practice of agricultural mechanics. Mr. Handley's acuteness led him to conclude that wheel ploughs were of lighter draught, 'contrary to the opinions of the writers' whom he had consulted; but Mr. Pusey, in his general report on English agriculture, evidently prefers the Scotch swing plough, not aware that the old Bedford wheel plough, even in its unimproved state, was a better implement. After mentioning the instances in which the Scotch plough failed, he hesitatingly adds, 'It is even doubted whether one wheel might not be advantageously restored.' Another report on a trial of different kinds of ploughs in Berkshire showed how general was the ignorance of the simplest principles of mechanical knowledge, for he confesses that he had no idea that there would be any 'difference of draught between a smooth share and one covered with tar or paint.' These trials, valueless in themselves, were the commencement of investigations by well-informed persons under the auspices of Mr. Pusey, and of a series of public competitions, which have placed ploughs constructed on the best principles, and in the best manner, within the reach of every parish in England. The improvement is as great as the change from the old musket to the Minie rifle. Skilful manufacturers, each eager to command the market, study, with all the aids of mechanical knowledge and a wide experience, to secure excellence of design, durability of make, and economy of price, while the farmer in his turn has learnt that science is a better constructor than ignorance, and no longer prefers the clumsy efforts of a village artisan. The marvel is in the rapidity with which these changes have been effected, as if some magician of agriculture had waved his wand over our favoured island.

The farmers were too often worthy of their ploughs. In Leicestershire, where rich pastures made tenants indifferent to careful cultivation, the present president of the Royal Agricultural Society, Lord Berners, found the farmers, as late as 1825, intentionally ploughing crooked with a long string of horses; and the late Duke of Rutland, when in the chair at an agricultural meeting, was alarmed lest a storm of disapprobation should disturb the harmony of the day, because Lord Berners' brother ventured

ventured to suggest ploughing straight as a first step toward improvement, and exchanging the strings of slow hairy-legged horses for curriele pairs of lively steppers. Young calculated that at least one-half of the draught cattle might have been saved in Essex. The long file of men and beasts which were wasted upon the work provoked his indignation. He exhorted the farmers to raise less oats and more wheat, and to expend their summer provender in fattening bullocks, which were food for man, instead of maintaining superfluous horses, whose ultimate destiny was to furnish food for the kennel. Truths which to us seem truisms were heresies then, and such a simple suggestion as that of Young was distasteful to many a farmer of the olden time. There is no ground to triumph over them, for they were what their circumstances made them, but we may at least rejoice that the present system gives us an ox to eat where our ancestors had a horse to feed.

The pecuniary gains of agricultural progress are not to be estimated by the mere saving in wages, horse-labour, seed, or manure. Thorough draining not only diminishes the cost of ploughing, but it renders it possible to grow great crops of roots—of mangold-wurzel from thirty to thirty-five tons an acre, and of turnips from twenty to twenty-five tons. Ten times more live stock is thus fed on the land than it maintained before. The corn crop follows the roots in due course without further manuring, and is made certain in addition, even in wet seasons. The well-shaped modern plough saves in horse-labour, as compared with the clumsy old-fashioned swing-plough, a sum which can only be calculated in reference to the tenacity of each kind of soil, but which on an average exceeds the power of *one* horse, besides enabling youths, skilful but not strong, to act as ploughmen, and encouraging deep ploughing, the foundation on the best land of good root crops. The advantage of the drill over broadcasting is not only in the smaller quantity of seed and manure required, or in the power to sow seed and manure together, or in its permitting the use of the horse-hoe, though these effect a saving in money equal to one-fourth of the value of the crop; but its great saving in the moist uncertain climate of England is time. A day's delay in sowing by hand has lost many a season, whereas one horse-drill does the work of fifteen men. The clod-crusher, again, reduces lumps to tilth, that no wooden 'beetle,' no loaded 'sledge,' no army of clotters could have broken, while on light land it gives consistence to the soil, making thousands of acres of corn stand upright which would otherwise have been rotting on the ground.

Under high farming, the manual labour employed is both increased

increased and concentrated. A greater number of men are required per acre, and a lesser number in proportion to the produce. With mechanical assistance the crops are less dependent on the seasons, and each operation is more quickly performed. With improved breeding the stock is increased in quantity, more early matured, and bears finer and more profitable meat. Four-year-old horned sheep are replaced by mutton grown in thirteen months. The aged cows or worn-out oxen, which form the staple of the continental meat markets, lose from fifteen to twenty per cent. more in cooking than our well-fattened oxen and heifers, to say nothing of the difference in the quality of the flesh. At every stage the farmer who farms for money profits—not like the backwoodsman, the metayer or peasant proprietor, merely to feed his family—loses by rude implements, ignorant cultivation, and coarse-bred live-stock. At every stage of progress the modern English farm becomes more like a manufactory, producing on a limited surface enormous quantities of food for man, turning Peruvian guano into corn, bones from the Pampas into roots, Russian oil-cake, Egyptian beans, Syrian locust-pods, into beef and mutton. The gain to the farmer and the landlord is, we repeat, the most insignificant part of the benefit. The agriculturist is the manufacturer of food for the nation, and upon his skill, under Providence, it depends whether plenty or scarcity prevails in the land.

To give some idea of the modern system of English agriculture, we subjoin a brief description of three farms in three different districts of England—the first, a light land self-drained; the second, clay, sand, and good pasture; the third, stiff clay; and all cultivated by tenants who have not expended money to purchase glory, but who have invested capital in order to earn a profit.

Mr. John Hudson, whose name is familiar to all English, and many French and German, agriculturists, began farming half a century ago. In 1822 he entered upon his now celebrated farm of Castle Acre, which consists of self-drained land, and is a fair specimen of the Norfolk light soil. At that period the only portable manure was rape-cake, which cost 13*l.* a ton, and did not produce any visible effect upon the crops for a month. The whole live-stock consisted of 200 sheep and 40 cattle of the old Norfolk breed. He adopted what was then the new, now the old, and what is perhaps destined to become the obsolete four-course Norfolk system—that is to say, 250 acres pasture, 300 wheat, 300 barley; or in dear years, 600 wheat, 300 roots, and 300 seeds, the rest being gardens and coverts. On these 1200 acres he at present maintains 10 dairy cows, 36 cart-

horses, a flock of 400 breeding ewes, and fattens and sells 250 Short-horns, Herefords, Devons, or Scots, and 3000 Down sheep. The crops of swedes average from 25 to 30 tons; the mangold-wurzel from 30 to 35 tons per acre. His wheat had, in 1855, averaged, for the previous five years, 48 bushels per acre; the barley 56 bushels. Of the seeds, the clover is mowed for hay, the trefoil and white clover are fed down by sheep, and there are no bare fallows. The purchased food given to the cattle in the straw-yards and sheds, and to the sheep in the field, consisting of oilcake, meal, and beans, costs 2000*l.* a-year. The greater part of this oilcake is charged to manure, which it enriches in quality as well as increases in quantity; but the direct expenditure on artificial manures—guano, nitrate of soda, and superphosphate of lime—amounts in addition to 1000*l.* a-year. Wages absorb from 2600*l.* to 3000*l.* a-year. Seven or eight waggon-loads per acre of farmyard-manure are ploughed in on land intended for roots, beside above 30*s.* worth per acre of superphosphate of lime drilled in with the turnip-seed; while wheat has a top-dressing of 1 cwt. of guano, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of nitrate of soda, and 2 cwt. of salt, mixed with earth and ashes. No weeds are grown. The turnips are taken up in November, and a troop, called by the vile name of a 'gang,' consisting of 'boys and girls,' under the care of an experienced man, traverse the ground, forking out and burning every particle of twitch or thistle. The same 'troop' is called in during the progress of the root-crop whenever occasion requires, and immediately after harvest they go over the stubbles with their little three-pronged forks, exterminating the slightest vestige of a weed. The expenses of cleaning are thus kept down to 1*s.* an acre, a price which excited the admiration and doubts of that admirable agricultural essayist the late Mr. Thomas Gisborne, and which proves that, by stopping the evil at the source, and never allowing the enemy to get ahead, land may be kept wholly weeded more cheaply than half weeded. Lord Berners mentioned as recently as 1855 that he found in Leicestershire hundreds of acres netted over with twitch as thick as a Lifeguardsman's cane, and studded with clumps of thistles like bushes. Such neglected land required an expenditure of 5*l.* to 6*l.* an acre to put it in heart. The farmer who saw a thief daily stealing from his dung-heap would soon call in the aid of the policeman. The weeds are an army of scattered thieves, and, if the pilferings of each are small in amount, the aggregate is immense. The wise and thrifty farmer, therefore, keeps his constabulary to take up the offender, and consign him as quickly as possible to death. He who allows himself to be daily robbed of his crop, and the community to the same extent

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of food, and all the while looks helplessly on, is not only a bad farmer, but in effect, though not in design, a bad citizen also.

Mr. J. Thomas, of Lidlington Park, our second example, farms about 800 acres of a mixed character under the Duke of Bedford, of whom it is the highest praise to say that he is a landlord worthy of such tenants, consisting in part of clay, which has been rendered profitable for arable cultivation by deep drainage, and in part of what is locally called sand, which has been reduced from rabbit-warrens to corn-fields by the Norfolk system. This intelligent cultivator read a paper some time since to the Central Farmers' Club, in which he stated, with the assent of his tenant audience, that, under very high farming, it was not only possible but advisable to reduce the fertility of the soil by the more frequent growth of grain—as, for instance, by taking barley after wheat, and returning to the once fatal system of two white crops in succession. He said that, under the four or five-course he began to find his 'turnips subject to strange, inexplicable diseases; his barley (where a large crop of swedes had been fed on the ground by sheep, with the addition of cake or corn) laid flat on the ground by its own weight, and in a wet harvest sprouted, thus rendering the grain unfit for the maltster, the straw valueless as fodder, while the young clover was stifled and killed by the lodgment of the barley crop.' Thus, while Roman agriculturists, with all their garden-like care, were tormented by a decreasing produce on an exhausted soil, we, after ages of cropping, have arrived at the point of an over-abundant fertility—an evil to be cured, not by any fixed rule, but 'by permitting the diligent and intelligent tenant-farmer a freer exercise of judgment.' In this speaker we have another specimen of the invaluable class of men by whom, during the last ten years, on tens of thousands of acres, the produce of meat and corn has been doubled.

At Lidlington, where there is strong clay to deal with, and more good grass-land than exists at Castle Acre, it is not necessary to purchase so much food to keep live-stock for manure. But there are about one hundred and fifty beasts and one thousand sheep sold fat, beside a choice breeding-flock of four hundred Downs, the result of twenty years' care. By these sheep the light land is consolidated and enriched. If they are store sheep they are allowed to gnaw the turnips on the ground for part of the year; if they are young and to be fatted for market, the turnips are drawn, topped, tailed, and sliced by a boy with a portable machine. Thus feeding by day and penned successively over every part of the field at night, they fertilise and compress, as effectually as any roller, the light-blowing sand,

and prepare soil which would scarcely feed a family of rabbits for luxuriant corn-crops. The cattle, consisting of two-year-old Devons, Herefords, or short-horns, or three-year-old Scots or Anglesea runts, purchased at fairs according to the supply and market-price, in spring or summer, are run on the inferior pasture until winter, then taken into the yards or stalls, fed with hay, swedes, mangolds, ground cake, linseed or barley meal, and allowed an unlimited supply of clean water. When the spring comes round they are put on the best grass, and sent off to market as fast as they become ripe, having left behind them a store of manure, which is the capital from which everything else must spring.

Ten years ago four miles of rough bark fences were cleared away on the clay half of this farm, and replaced by single rows of blackthorn, dividing the fields into square lots of forty or fifty acres. Under the old system two hundred acres were poor pasture; now under the rotation system the strong clay feeds four times as much live-stock as before, and bears wheat at least twice in six years. According to the latest experience, the most profitable system in its present light condition would be, to devote the farmyard dung to growing clover, to eat down the clover with folded sheep, and then to use the ground fertilised by the roots of the clover, without home-made manure, for cereal crops, assisted by a top-dressing of guano, to be followed by roots nourished with superphosphate of lime. Good implements come in aid of good methods of cultivation. Mr. Thomas has eight or nine of Howard's iron ploughs—both light and heavy—iron harrows to match the ploughs, a cultivator to stir the earth, a grubber to gather weeds, half a dozen drills, manure distributors, and horse-hoes, a clod-crusher, a heavy stone roller, a haymaking-machine, and horse-rakes. Reaping-machines are to follow. To deal with the crops, a fixed steam-engine, under the care of a ploughboy, puts in motion the compendious barn machinery we have already described, which threshes, dresses, and divides the corn according to its quality, and raises the straw into the loft, and the grain into the granary, besides working a chaff-cutter, a bean-splitter, a cake-crusher, and stones for grinding corn or linseed. With machinery no large barn is required in the English climate; the corn can remain in the rick until required for market. About twenty men and thirty trained boys, under an aged chief, are constantly employed.

No land is here lost by unnecessary fences; no food is wasted on ill-bred live-stock; no fertility is consumed by weeds; no time or labour is thrown away. One crop prepares the way for another, and the wheeled plough, under the charge of a man or boy,

boy, follows quick upon the footsteps of the reaper. The sheep stock is kept up to perfection of form by retaining only the best-shaped ewe-lambs, and hiring or buying the best South-down rams. The profit of keeping first-class stock was proved at the Christmas market of 1856, when twenty-five pure Down shearlings, of twenty months old, which were sold by auction at Hitchin, made an average of 4*l.* 8*s.* each, being nearly double the usual weight. The large produce, whether in corn or meat, is the result of a system the very converse of that practised by the Belgian peasant proprietor, or French metayer, whose main object is to feed his family, and avoid every possible payment in cash. As for laying out sixpence on manure, or cattle food for making manure, no such notion ever crosses the minds of those industrious, hard-living peasants, and the diminution in the means of subsistence in consequence is almost past calculation. He who puts most into the land, and gets most out of it, is the true farmer. The bad cultivator gives little, and receives accordingly.

When the Central Farmers' Club discussed the advantage of returning to the plan of more frequent corn crops, which before the days of artificial manures was found to be utterly ruinous, the then chairman said that he 'had for several years taken a crop of wheat every other year; and that on such soil as that of his farm, as long as he manured accordingly, he considered that he was not using the land (one-half of which is his own freehold) unfairly.' This Weald of Sussex farm shall be our third example; and we adduce it to show what may be done with the most intractable class of retentive soils. A few years ago it was divided into enclosures of from four to eight acres each by broad hedges, many of them with ditches on both sides. It was among the evils of these small enclosures that they facilitated the old make-shift plan of draining by surface furrows to shallow sub-drains of bushes, because the water had not far to run. A partial cure postpones completer remedies. In the numerous hedges, according to the custom of the county, the landlord grew oak timber and the tenant underwood for fuel and for mending fences. Before railways had made coal cheaper than hedgerow cuttings, the labourers were employed in fine weather during the winter in trimming the hedges, and clearing out furrows and ditches; in wet weather they retreated to a large barn and threshed out wheat or oats with a flail, in a damp atmosphere the most unfavourable for the condition of the corn, and a time of the year most convenient for pilfering it. The usual course of cropping was—1, fallow; 2, wheat; 3, oats; 4, seeds. The seed crops were fed until the beginning of June with all the stock

stock of the farm, and then broken up for a bare fallow with a wooden turnwrest plough. The crops were about twenty bushels of wheat per acre once in four years, about forty-eight bushels of oats the year following, and hay and seeds in the third year. The stock consisted of about twenty-five cows, and ten young beasts, which were sold half-fat. The horses ploughed four at a time in a line, and were usually the plumpest animals on the farm. Sheep there were none, nor was it believed possible to keep them without Down feed. Lime was the only manure purchased, and hay the only winter food. The present owner and farmer of Ockley Manor, after travelling through England to study the best specimen of modern tenant-farming, began by reducing a hundred enclosures to twenty, and by borrowing enough money from the public loan to drain the whole of his clays, the stiffest imaginable, three feet six inches deep. He would have preferred four feet deep, but the expense lopped off six inches. This indispensable preliminary process enables him to grow roots and to keep a large stock of Southdown sheep on his clovers and seeds, with plenty of cake, running them on the land almost all the year round. To assist in disintegrating the drained clay he avails himself of 'Warne's box-feeding' system, manufacturing a large quantity of long straw-dung, which, when ploughed in, exercises a mechanical as well as a fertilising effect.

There are three modes of feeding cattle in use—open yards, stalls, and boxes. Well-built yards are surrounded by sheds for shelter, the open space is dish-shaped, thinly sprinkled with earth, and thickly covered with straw, which is renewed from time to time as the cattle trample it into manure. The roofs of all the surrounding buildings are provided with gutters, and the rain is carried into underground drains. The liquid manure is pumped back upon the prepared dung-heaps. These yards are attached to all root-feeding farms, and by their appearance and the quality of the cattle fed in them a fair opinion may be formed of the management of the tenant. In stalls the cattle are tied by the head under cover, with more or less straw under them according to the proportion of arable land. On the 'box system' each beast is penned in a separate compartment under cover, and supplied from day to day with just as much straw as will cover the solids and absorb the liquid dung. By the time the beast is fat his cell is full of solid well fermented manure, of the most valuable description for clay land. The cattle, whether in yards, stalls, or boxes, and all are often to be found on the same farm, ought to be bountifully fed with sliced or pulped roots mixed with chaff, hay, oilcake, linseed, or

corn. The extra buildings make boxes the most expensive plan, but in no way do the animals thrive better, and where there is an ample supply of straw it is the most advantageous method of manufacturing manure. Box-feeding affords one more instance of the antiquity of many modern agricultural practices. In Sir John Sinclair's '*Statistical Survey of Scotland*,' published 1795, we read that in the Shetland Island of Unst, 'The method of preserving manure is by leaving it to accumulate in the beast-house under the cattle, mixed with layers of grass and short heather, till the beasts cannot enter. When the house is full the dung is spread over the fields.' Doubtless the islanders of Unst found, in their damp climate, that dung collected out of doors lost all its fertilizing value. At Ockley farm, with the assistance of the grass-land, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty of the best class of Sussex, or Devons, or Scots, are fattened every year in boxes, built cheaply enough of the timber from the condemned hedgerows, interlaced with furze and plastered with Sussex mud. Though not very sumptuous externally, they are warm and well ventilated. Twenty Alderney cows eat up what the fat cattle leave on the pastures (each cow being tethered), and supply first-class butter for Brighton—a market which requires the best description of farm produce. In manufacturing districts quantity pays the grazier or dairyman the best, in fashionable quarters quality. Eight hundred fat Down sheep and lambs, and about eighty pigs, which are sold off chiefly in the shape of what is popularly called 'dairy-fed pork,' complete the animal results on this Weald of Sussex farm.

On four hundred and fifty acres devoted to arable cultivation wheat is grown every alternate year, at the rate of from forty to forty-eight bushels per acre. The sheep and lambs, which get fat on the clover or other seeds, assisted by cake, prepare the soil for the alternate corn crops, and have doubled the original produce. The roots fatten the cattle in boxes, and, while they are growing ripe for the butcher, they manufacture the long straw manure, which both enriches the tenacious soil, and by its fermentation assists to break it up. Space, light, and air have been gained by clearing away huge fences, which, besides their other evils, harboured hundreds of corn-consuming vermin. By these and such-like methods, all novelties in Sussex, the produce of the farm has in ten years been trebled, and the condition of the soil incalculably improved; and all would have been vain, and much of it impossible, without the adoption of deep, thorough gridiron drainage. This has done in the Weald of Sussex clay what sheep-feeding and drill husbandry did for the warrens of Norfolk, the sands of Bedford, and the Downs of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

Dorsetshire. The result, however, is not so satisfactory in a profitable point of view as in light land counties, because, as Talpa has shown in his 'Annals of a Clay Farm,' it is almost impossible on a retentive soil, with any paying number of horses, to get through more than one-third of the ploughing before winter sets in, with its rain and snow. The cultivators of the farms which from their natural fertility in dry seasons were in favour for centuries, while what are now our finest corn-growing districts were Moorland deserts, are often beaten by time, prevented as they are by the wet from getting on the land, and obliged to work slowly with three or four horses. Yet on autumnal cultivation depends the security of the root-crops—and the root-crops are like the agricultural 'Tortoise' of Indian mythology, the basis on which rests the rent-paying corn crop. Much, therefore, as deep drainage has done for advanced farmers, on retentive clays, it has not done enough, and they look anxiously forward for the time when a perfect *steam cultivator* will make them independent of animal power, and enable them, if needful, to work night as well as day during every hour of dry weather.

We have not thought it necessary to dwell upon any of those profitless agricultural miracles which are from time to time performed, to the great amazement of the class with whom turnips are only associated with boiled legs of mutton, and mangold-wurzel with salad. As little have we cared to describe liquid-manure farms, netted over with iron pipes, irrigated by hose and jet, and a perpetually pumping steam-engine, for the simple reason that, while deep drains, guano, superphosphate of lime, long straw manure, and other aids to agriculture introduced within the last fifteen years, give an early result, liquid manure, under an English sun, has never been proved to be effective, except for grass crops on a dairy farm. We have contented ourselves with selecting illustrations which, though not specimens of perfection in every department, for they all have defects, and in two out of three the buildings and implements might easily be improved, are yet fair types of the system of cultivation which is making rapid progress through every district of England. These are farms which are cultivated on commercial principles, instead of being mainly expensive raree-shows—farms which pay fair rents, and return fair profits, and yield an amount of meat and corn which is at least double that raised by unintelligent farmers in England, and above four-fold that obtained from a more fertile soil and genial sun by the peasant proprietors of France and Germany.

In the absence of agricultural statistics, we have no exact data for comparing the produce of England before and since the era of
‘high

'high farming;' but the following figures will convey some idea of the fixed and floating capital invested by landlords and tenants in modern improvements. Since 1839 at least twelve hundred thousand tons of guano have been imported, for which not less than twelve millions sterling have been paid. In the year 1837 the foreign bones imported were valued by the Custom House authorities at 250,000*l*. After that date we have no return, but since 1840 one million at least has been paid annually for bones, sulphuric acid, and artificial manures, independently of guano. Since 1846 at least sixteen millions have been invested in deep thorough drainage. Thus we have an expenditure of upwards of thirty millions, without counting the value of new implements and machines, purchased every year by thousands, or the large sums laid out in adding to the productive acreage of farms by throwing down useless hedges, or in rebuilding the rude homesteads that served the preceding agricultural generation, and in replacing the inferior local breeds of stock by better animals suited to the soil and climate.

There are other facts which are full as significant. In 1847 the proprietor of a now prosperous school of agricultural chemistry could not, out of a large number of pupils, find one who was willing to be gratuitously instructed in the science for which farmers willingly pay him at present a heavy extra fee. Even Mr. Pusey, who devoted his life to improvements in cultivation, made the mistake, in his last report, of undervaluing the services which chemistry had rendered to agriculture. Such, however, is found to be its practical value, that the demands of farmers have created a class of chemists who make the relative value of manures and artificial food and the constituents of soils the objects of their especial study. To such inquiries Mr. Lawes devotes the Rothamsted experimental farm and laboratory, an establishment over which Dr. Gilbert presides, at an expense for the last fifteen years of more than 1000*l*. a year. Professor Way, who has lately been succeeded by Professor Voelcker, was bound by his appointment under the Royal Agricultural Society to supply analyses to the subscribers at certain low fixed rates, and he was amply employed by the tenant-farmer community. In the West of England, long considered the very *Bœotia* of agriculture, Professor Voelcker delivered last year at Exeter, Barnstaple, and Newton Abbott, at the request of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, a series of most admirable lectures, the results of experiments carried on at Cirencester, on such subjects as 'The Value of Artificial Manures,' 'Farm Yard Manures,' 'The Composition of Fertile and Barren Soils,' 'The Nutritive Value of different Oilcakes.' In 1840 there was no chemist sufficiently familiar with farming to
treat

treat usefully on these topics; and if he could have talked the very quintessence of practical wisdom, there certainly was no agricultural audience prepared to listen to him. That he spoke the language of science would of itself have been sufficient to convince the tenantry throughout the country that he did not speak the language of common sense. It is true that Coke of Holkham, with his usual acuteness, had long before invited the attention of Sir Humphry Davy to the chemistry of agriculture, and even specially retained a Mr. Grisewood's services for Norfolk; but the public were not yet ripe for instruction, and the lever of superphosphate of lime and guano was wanting to move their minds from traditionary routine. From that period the work went on with railroad celerity. When Mr. Josiah Parkes called on Mr. Handley in 1837, he found him experimenting on 'a new manure called guano.' Ten years later, although the consumption was enormous, many farmers looked upon its use as a sort of treason, and met innovators with a maxim, which is in one sense sound: 'Nothing like muck.' Others equally ignorant but more enterprising used it freely, and grew great crops without caring to know the reason why. The desire to ascertain the reason why quickly followed, and has already converted many a farmer into a creature of reason from a creature of rule-of-thumb.

If it be asked what has been practically gained within the last twenty years by the investigations of the agricultural chemist, we would answer, *certainty*. We knew years ago that farmyard manure was excellent; by the light of chemical science we learn why it is 'a perfect universal manure,' we learn how to manufacture and employ it best, and we learn why on clay soils it may be safely, nay advantageously, left for weeks on the surface before being ploughed in. Chemical science again teaches us why lime, which is not an active manure, although valuable as a destroyer of elements hostile to fertility, produces great effect for a series of years, and then not unfrequently ceases to show any profitable results; it teaches us to what crops guano, to what superphosphate of lime, to what farmyard manure may be most profitably applied, and when a mixture of all three. Chemistry settles the comparative value of linseed cake, cotton cake, and karob beans; shows when pulse should be used for fattening pigs, and how to compound a mixture of Indian corn and bean-meal which shall produce fat bacon neither hard nor wasteful. The conclusions of science were previously known empirically to a few, but their range was limited and their application accidental. They have been reduced to order and rendered universally available for the use of plain farmers by the investigations of men like

Lawes

Lawes and Voelcker. As the latter observes, 'there are too many modifying influences of soil, climate, season, &c., to enable us to establish any invariable laws for the guidance of the husbandman;' but the more we can trace effects to their causes and ascertain the mode in which nature operates, the nearer we are to fixed principles and a sure rule of practice.

It would seem then that the first great epoch of modern agricultural improvement began with Lord Townshend, who demonstrated the truth embodied in the adage,

'He who marls sand
May buy the land,'

showed the value of the turnip, and, as we presume, must have been a patron of the four-course system, which had its rise in Norfolk about the same time. The second epoch was that of Bakewell, whose principles of stock-breeding have ever since continued to raise, year by year, the average value of our meat-producing animals. The third epoch dates from the exertions of such men as the Duke of Bedford and Coke of Holkham, the latter of whom, combining usages which had been very partially acted upon, brought into favour drilled turnip husbandry, carried all the branches of farming as far as was permitted by the knowledge of his time, and did the inestimable service of innoculating hundreds of landlords and tenants with his own views. The fourth epoch, if we were to take each advance from its earliest dawn, would comprise the various dates of the opening of the first railroad, the importation of the first cargo of guano, the publication of Liebig's first edition of the '*Chemistry of Agriculture*,' and the deep draining of the Bonesetter's field on Chat Moss; but in general terms it may be said to date from the first meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Oxford in 1839, when farmers began to be familiarized with men of science, and men of science learned not to despise agricultural experience. This last era is almost the birth of yesterday, and already, as compared with any former period, the results read more like a page from the Arabian Nights than like a chapter in the history of agricultural progress. Deep drainage, artificial manures, artificial food, improved implements, and railroad conveyance, have been the leading means by which the change has been wrought. Deep drainage has brought into play the unexhausted fertility of our strong clays; portable manures and purchased food have increased the crops on land of every degree. Mangold and swedes have been made to flourish on stiff soils, and cereals on sieve-like sands. Downs have been transformed from bare pastures to heavy root and rich grain-bearing

bearing fields. The visitors to Salisbury Plain at the agricultural show of 1857 were surprised to find a large part of it converted into productive corn-land—a change which has been almost entirely effected within the last twenty years. The scientific mechanic has provided the tools and machinery for breaking up and pulverising the ground, for sowing the seed, for gathering the crops, for preparing it for market, for crushing or cutting the food for the stock, with an ease, a quickness, and a perfection unknown before. The railroad is the connecting medium which maintains the vast circulation, conveying the agencies of production to the farmer, and the produce of the farmer to the market. The steam-cultivator is, perhaps, about to be added to the triumphs of mechanism, and then will be realised the expression in the fine lines of Mr. Thackeray on the Great Exhibition of 1851—an expression which was premature if it was intended to be historic, but which we hope, and almost believe, will prove to be prophetic.

‘ Look yonder where the engines toil ;
 These England’s arms of conquest are,
 The trophies of her bloodless war ;
 Brave weapons these.
 Victorious over wave and soil,
 With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
 Pierces the everlasting hills
 And spans the seas.’

The spirit of the old agriculture and the new are diametrically opposite—that of the old agriculture was to be stationary, that of the new is to progress. When Young made his tour through the east of England in 1771, he remarks as a peculiarity that the turnip cabbage of a Mr. Reynolds, which had a special superiority, was gradually adopted by his neighbours—‘a circumstance,’ he adds, ‘that would not happen in many counties.’ His works are, in fact, a narrative of individual enterprise and general stupidity. A Mr. Cooper who went into Dorsetshire from Norfolk could only get his turnips hoed by working himself year after year with his labourers, and refusing to be tired out by their deliberate awkwardness for the purpose of defeating his design. After he had continued the practice for twenty years, and all the surrounding farmers had witnessed the vast benefits to be derived from it, not a single one of them had begun to imitate him. Mr. Cooper, with two horses abreast, and no driver, ploughed an acre of land where his neighbours with four horses and a driver ploughed only three-quarters of an acre. Yet not a labourer would touch this unclean implement, as they seemed to think it, and no farmer, with such an example perpetually before his eyes, chose to save on each plough the wages
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of a man, the keep of two horses, and the extra expenditure incurred by the diminished amount of work performed in the day. No longer ago than 1835, Sir Robert Peel presented a Farmers' Club at Tamworth with two iron ploughs of the best construction. On his next visit the old ploughs with the wooden mould-boards were again at work. 'Sir,' said a member of the club, 'we tried the iron, and we be all of one mind that they made the weeds grow.' On Young recommending the Dorsetshire agriculturists to fold their ewes in the winter they treated the idea with contempt; and on pressing them for their reasons, they replied, 'that the flock, in rushing out of the fold, would tread down the lambs,' though no such accident had ever been heard of, 'and that the lambs would not be able to find their dams in a large fold,' though certainly, says Young, 'a lamb in Dorsetshire has as much sense as a lamb elsewhere.' Whether the method had been beneficial or not, the grounds for rejecting it were equally absurd. Of two neighbouring counties one was sometimes a century behind the other. A lazy desire to creep with sluggish monotony along an established path, and a feeling of impatience at being pushed into a novel track, helped to maintain hereditary prejudices, and tenants invented fanciful excuses for not doing what was plainly advantageous to be done, because they preferred present sloth to future profit. They were like a man who had lain upon one side till he shrunk from the trouble of turning over to the other, though when the process was performed the new posture might be easier than the old. But once roused and put in motion, and the inherent reluctance to stir being overcome, the gain in interest as well as in pocket was felt to be great. He who has profited by one innovation is ready to try another, and his pride and his pleasure is to improve where his fathers gloried in resisting improvement. There are still large districts of England which have yet to be converted to a rational system of agriculture—landlords who are ignorant of the principles of management which attract or create intelligent tenants—and tenants who are ignorant of the methods by which the land is made to double its increase. But the wave of agricultural progress has acquired irresistible might, and they must mount it or it will sweep them away. The best thing which can be done for these laggards in the race is to persuade them to take in an agricultural newspaper, to get them to consult the commercial travellers who collect orders for the manufacturers of artificial manures, to talk them into replenishing their worn-out implements from the mart of the great makers, to prevail on them to visit the annual shows of the Royal Agricultural Society, to throw them, in short, in the way of seeing the products of advanced husbandry, and of hearing the

the ideas of enlightened cultivators. By some or all of these means they may be put upon the high-road to improvement, and when they have gone an inch there is little fear, unless they are afflicted by a hopeless incapacity, that they will refuse to go the ell. He who lives within the diameter of a little circle has ideas as narrow as his horizon, but the influence of numbers and skill together is irresistible, and no impersonation of ignorance or bigotry has probably ever visited a single great agricultural exhibition without returning a wiser and a better farmer.

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- ART. V.—1. *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters.* By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. In 2 vols. London, 1857.
2. *Illustrations, Architectural and Pictorial, of the Genius of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.* With Descriptions of the Plates by the Commendatore Canina, C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R. A., and John S. Harford, Esq., F.R.S.

THE two volumes upon Michael Angelo, by a gentleman of Mr. Harford's station, are no slight testimony to the enlightened attention now devoted to the subject of art by the class most at liberty to choose their own studies and recreations. Such free-will offerings are the more valuable from the circumstance that they are usually presented with a liberality as regards time, trouble, and money which the more professional contributor can seldom afford, and which this work offers to us in more than common abundance. Mr. Harford's name was previously known to the public in honourable connexion with that of the illustrious object of his labours for services rendered in the same liberal spirit to artists as well as to art. In 1854 he published, at considerable expense, a plate of the Sistine ceiling, no less remarkable for its large size than for the effect of colour produced by an elaborate application of the chromo-lithographic process. Considering the double difficulty of giving any adequate idea of a work, itself seen under so many disadvantages, Mr. Harford's plate may be pronounced the most successful, as a general representation of the ceiling, yet produced. The profits of the sale are devoted to the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. This fine lithograph is now incorporated with a folio of engravings accompanying the Life, in which no pains have been spared to assist the public to comprehend Michael Angelo as architect as well as painter, and which, having the advantage of a careful and enthusiastic essay from the pen of Mr. Cockerell, is valuable with or without the work it illustrates.

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But it is not in generosity of labour or liberality of illustration alone that Mr. Harford shows the independent amateur; the mode in which he has conceived his subject is strictly true to that character also. He may be said to lead the reader up to Michael Angelo by every avenue, except that which most appertains to connoisseurship. We approach the great Florentine by little help of criticism, and by few standards of comparison, either with himself or others, but rather through the literature, philosophy, and salient forms of thought of his day; the author touches on none of the disputed points in his history; he gives us no list of the works of this unprecedented pluralist in art; but, on the principle that a man is best known by his associates, he introduces him surrounded by those living characters whom he believes to have influenced his mind as well as his destiny. Thus the chief personages of that mysterious Florence of the 15th century are successively evoked before us—Lorenzo de' Medici, the magnificent Egotist, the devotee chiefly of a spurious Platonism, the patriot only in art and learning—Politian, the Medicean laureate, and tutor to the future Leo X.—Ficinio, the high-priest of the philosophic Academy—Pico de Mirandola, the lesser Italian Crichton—Matteo Franco—Bartolommeo Scala—Luigi Pulci—with minor literati, sparkling, profligate, and classic—and, finally, the melancholy figure of the puritanic martyr Savonarola, whose stern trumpet-call of Christian protest is heard in harsh opposition to the lulling Pagan tones, which, floating on the surface of Italian society, show the deep moral corruption beneath.

Nor are the results of Mr. Harford's labours dependent for interest on the nature of his subjects only. No matter what the theme—and our short summary comprehends the very antipodes of the dull and interesting in systems and men—from the dreariest dreams of modern Platonism equally as from the stirring echoes of the Reformation yon side the Alps (his favourite and leading topic), this hard-working volunteer extracts a narrative so lucid and elegant as to afford little conception of the obscurity, wordiness, and pedantry through which he himself has forced his way.

In this desire to reflect light on the life he has undertaken, from every form of intellectual depth or sophistical surface at all coincident with it, Mr. Harford expresses not only his own feelings, but that of an important and highly-cultivated class. To such thinkers great part of the interest inspired by art consists in its supposed connexion with the mind of its period; and though not prepared to agree unreservedly with this belief, it may be accepted as one of those cases in which an opinion may bear good fruit without being strictly founded on truth. Whatever reason, indeed, leads the educated and the excellent to take

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an interest in art is a good reason, though it may not be one of sound philosophy. Interesting, therefore, as are Mr. Harford's volumes on various grounds, there is nothing in them more so than the fact that one in his position should devote his best energies to detail the minutest particulars of a great artist's existence; while, on the other hand, we can imagine no tribute more honourable to the memory of the great Florentine than is thus paid by the learning, the liberality, and the piety of so thorough an English gentleman.

As respects the tone of earnest piety which pervades the work, it is no trifling indication of the religious feeling of our 19th century that, in the desire to vindicate taste by a higher principle, by reconciling the life and works of Michael Angelo with the pure doctrines of Christianity—the true solution of Mr. Harford's labours—this gentleman does not stand alone among modern writers on art. The same desire, however different in application, may be seen in M. Rio's work on '*Léonardo da Vinci et son École.*' If Mr. Harford fondly aims to glean from the emanations of Michael Angelo's mind, both as an artist and poet, the indications of an incipient Protestant, M. Rio as fondly claims the art of Leonardo and his school as the only consistent result of true Catholic doctrine. Both, by these means, invest their subject with an interest beyond the reach of art; both inspire the reader with the most respectful convictions of their sincerity; and both, perhaps, lead us somewhat to ponder upon the absence of all philosophical connexion between such premises and conclusions.

While the impure mythology of ancient Greece is known to have enlisted in its service the highest development of art the world has ever known, it would be vain to try and trace any logical consequence between the excellences of the artist and those of his faith. Art may derive her support, in a worldly sense, from the foulest superstition or from the purest Christianity; but in the impossibility of tracing the sources of her *inspiration* to both these extremes alike is shown the fallacy of ascribing it to either. The fuller the Pantheon, or the more numerous the legends, the more abundant are her materials; but as regards the elements which transmute these materials into art, we see no rule which adjudges them to the principles of one form of faith, superstition, or idolatry, more than to those of another. Byzantine art, it is true, may be characterized as the strict exponent of Byzantine religious principle from the 6th to the 12th century; that, however, which, properly speaking, was no art, can constitute no example. If, on the other hand, obedience to prescription and tradition be the banner of the Roman Church, and liberty of thought and progress that of the Protestant, it would puzzle any competent

petent analyser, in considering the highest forms of Italian art, to separate one from the other. In adherence to established types and subjects, both Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo were faithful Catholics; in innovations of every kind in the practice of their great language they were arrant Protestants. It may be thought that we here infer that the Protestant principle is, of the two, as much the more important for the expansion of art, as the practice of the artist is more important than the subject on which it is exercised. The great Italian masters carried on the forms of Papal tradition as the Greek sculptors those of heathen mythology, because they found them ready to their hands; but the very existence of art, as Byzantium again exemplifies, is dependent on the artist's freedom of speech. There is, however, a fallacy in the mere admission of these doctrinal ideas into reasoning upon art which cannot be too much deprecated. The definitions of blackness and whiteness would not be more out of place applied to music, nor those of hardness and softness to perfumes, than the ideas involved by the terms Roman Catholic and Protestant as applied to art. There are feelings in man and appearances in Nature which, joined together in holy wedlock, engender art; but, however the union may be stimulated by fervour, encouraged by piety, and favoured by a holy life, articles of belief have nothing whatever to do with it. If we were asked to define which are the painters in the whole range of art who have most imbued their works with the expression of religious fervour, we should name two as far severed by creed as by country and time—Fra Angelico and Ary Scheffer. Only, indeed, by recognising the instinct of art in its true dignity as the inheritance of the natural man can the apparent discrepancies in its sources and aliment be reconciled, and only thus can it be freed from those theories which, however attractive to the fancy, serve but to clog it with mysticism and confusion. In no respect, therefore, does the faithful follower of Rome more pervert both history and philosophy than by the fond assumption that in the difference between the doctrines of the Papacy and those of the Reformation lies the great secret of Christian art from Giotto upwards. One is tempted to ask in return, if that difference in doctrine be answerable for their production, why it has not been more zealous for their preservation? This, however, is too large a question to be pursued here, and we return to Mr. Harford.

In admitting that the title of this gentleman's work might more appropriately have been that of the History of Michael Angelo and his Times, and that it renders far more service to literature than to art, it is necessary to remind the reader that Mr. Harford has not only taken that view of his subject most congenial to his own mind, but that which every writer must, more

or less, be compelled to take at present. While the numerous materials for a fresh, a correct, and an ampler biography, left by Michael Angelo himself, and preserved in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence, are inaccessible to the public, little else than a literary memoir can be put together. These materials contain, we are informed, a correspondence of above three hundred letters on the part of Michael Angelo with Sebastian del Piombo, Vittoria Colonna, Daniel da Volterra, his nephew, his servant, &c., including not less than sixty by his own hand; and judging from those we have been privileged to see, they would serve to place his personal greatness on a still higher pedestal than it has even hitherto assumed, and one which no differences as to the merits of his art could affect. Meanwhile all researches made without access to this treasury are but laborious diggings for water with a full river in sight. This is evident from the scarce, however welcome, gleanings which are presented to the world in Le Monnier's recently published 12th volume of the new edition of Vasari, and which have been collected from every yet published source, from civic records, the archives of ancient ecclesiastical bodies, and other documents. It is therefore the more to be regretted that a promise made by the Signora Buonarroti herself, to investigate the MSS., and answer a few questions on the more uncertain points in Michael Angelo's history, was frustrated by the lamented death of that lady in June, 1856.

The records, therefore, of this great man rest almost entirely upon the Lives of Vasari and Condivi—the one copied very much from the other, and both imbued with modes of thought, as well as inaccuracies of fact, so little in keeping with the dignity of their subject as to render their works valuable for little more than an outline, and that a very defective one, of his career. The circumstance that Michael Angelo was the only living artist whose history is given in Vasari's first edition, accounts for its being, in essential respects, the least satisfactory of all the biographies. Flattery was the order of the day, and the consciousness that the book would reach his hands entailed a stream of adulation without limit or discrimination. That the work did come under the eye of its subject we are assured by Vasari, who further inserts a sonnet received from him in acknowledgment. But it would be doing little justice to our respect for the great man's memory to believe that he really approved of much that Vasari's Life of himself contains, or that his sonnet—a mere complimentary apostrophe, in no way applicable to the work—was anything more than a conventional mode of writing. In reading this Life, therefore, the circumstances which in our times would add materially to its claims to belief must be considered as proportionably detracting from them. Had the master been dead

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before it was written, better discrimination would probably have been exercised than extolling, for example (simply because it was the latest executed), the Last Judgment above the Sistine Ceiling.

But in retracing the lives of the great Italian representatives of art it must be remembered as a rule that we have, in great measure, to set aside those opinions which have been transmitted with them. Sound views as to the real nature and merits of art especially demand a renunciation of the speculative and the fanciful, which (at least on this subject) is rarely found even in our matter-of-fact nineteenth century, and seems not to have been possible in the dreamy and pedantic fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. When, therefore, we seek to be enlightened by principles supposed to be imbibed at the very fountain-head, we are met by theories and inquiries so vague and senseless as to show that the very foundations of true connoisseurship were not then laid. Even the sentiments put into the mouth of Michael Angelo himself, in a reported conversation with Vittoria Colonna and others,* transmit to us little more than far-fetched theories and conceits, neither worthy of, nor, we should say, compatible with the common, practical sense of any great artist. Two parallel anecdotes, however, from the Lives of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, serve to illustrate more precisely what we mean. Not even their great names, it appears, were any protection against the speculations of idle pedants as to whether Painting or Sculpture were the superior art—a question about as much to the purpose in those days as a dissertation on the comparative merits of fire and water, before a railway committee, would be in ours. The answers of each great painter to what would now be thought the most intolerable intrusion on their time are characteristic. Leonardo bends his philosophic mind meekly to the matter, and comes to the conclusion, 'that the more an art induces fatigue of body, the less noble it is.'† Michael Angelo, then in his eighty-first year, had evidently, to his credit, never thought on the matter at all. He therefore flounders for a few lines, in deference to the habits of the day, in speculations as to the difference between the sun and

* 'Manuscrit de François de Hollande. Dialogue sur la Peinture dans la Ville de Rome.' This MS., found in the 'Bibliothèque de Jésus' at Lisbon, was published by Count Raczyński, in his work entitled 'Les Arts en Portugal.' It purports to give the views of Michael Angelo upon Flemish art, and art in general. If genuine in the lowest sense—that is, if such a conversation took place at all—the report of it must be looked upon rather as what the critics of the time fancied he ought to say than as what this great authority can have really uttered. A palpable contradiction, also, regarding a certain well-known picture, proving that even a then recent transaction in the records of art was not safe from misstatement, shows how little the reporter aimed at common accuracy.

† 'Quanto più un arte porta seco fatica di corpo, tanto più è vile.'—*Trattato*, lib. ii. cap. 14.

the moon, on the act of removing material, as in sculpture, and that of laying it on, as in painting. And then his strong common sense comes to the rescue, and he bursts out with the dictum, 'Since, then, the same species of intelligence presides over Painting and Sculpture, why not make peace between them, and close these endless disputes, the time consumed in which would be much better employed in producing works of art? If he who maintains that Painting is more noble than Sculpture writes upon other subjects as he does upon this, my old woman would have written much better.'

But though the artist's soul might be vexed within him by such unprofitable absurdities, yet the evil for a while affected not art. It is one of her glorious uses to continue a reality, even when there is little left that may be called real around her. This it is which often renders her an apparently illogical feature in history. 'Ex pede Herculem' is no sure argument when we reason from art to morals; least of all in the Medicean era, of the glory of which we are apt to read far too flattering a tale by the light of those priceless monuments—its best survivors. The recognition of that divinity which doth hedge art is an indispensable preliminary to the true appreciation of her nature. So long as she was faithful to herself, the most adverse influences had no power to harm her. She flourished through despotism and corruption, and remained holy; vanity and superstition employed her, sophistry and stupidity extolled her, and she was not defiled. She had a charmed, because a separate existence. In point of fact, the high but vague ideas generally entertained of the advantages surrounding art in those great pictorial times which decorated Florence are so much deducted from her real worth. How false those ideas are, in the main, the life of such a man as Michael Angelo will show. But though the impediments and distresses suffered by him in the course he sought to run may shake our faith in the patronage of popes and princes, yet we still nourish delusions as to the 'atmosphere' which surrounded an old master. Here again, however, art is lowered by a false exaltation of things around her. Poetic, indeed, was the existence of those on whom the sun of Italy shone in the workshops of Italian art. Looking closer, however, we shall see little that would now be thought encouraging to the pride of the artist, or even compatible with the liberty of his calling. The original contract for the picture by Benozzo Gozzoli, now in our National Gallery, which has lately come to light, is an example of the terms under which a great painter worked in the days of Lorenzo de' Medici. It runs thus:—

'He shall represent on the said *tavola* the hereinafter mentioned figures

figures in the mode and form about to be expressed. First, in the centre of the said picture, the figure of Our Lady enthroned, in the mode and form, and with the ornaments of the picture on the high altar of St. Mark in Florence. And on the right side of the said picture, beside Our Lady, the figure of St. John the Baptist, in the proper usual dress; and next to him the figure of St. Zenobio, with his ornamented sacerdotal dress; and then the figure of St. Jerome, kneeling, with his proper and usual accessories. And on the left side the undermentioned saints, that is to say, their figures: first, beside Our Lady, the figure of St. Peter, and next him that of St. Dominick, and then, next St. Dominick, the figure of St. Francis, kneeling, with every ornament, as usual.

There are few patrons of art nowadays who would not hesitate thus to dictate to a painter even in treating for a family picture, and fewer painters of note who would not stipulate for liberty in the arrangement of his subject as the *sine quâ non* of his success. We must descend indeed to a low class of society both as regards art and manners to find those who would either give or take a commission in this spirit. That times, therefore, have changed since pictures could be ordered to pattern is, at all events, a thing to rejoice over. At the same time, far from looking on this contract as derogatory to Art, we regard it as a high tribute to the real independence of this godlike vocation. There might be little regard paid to the painter's delicacy and dignity—he might be addressed like an ‘artificer,’ as he was then literally denominated; but the art that could afford to be treated like a trade, the art that could not be degraded, was the real thing after all.

Thus far our remarks have tended to show the happy invulnerability of the true æsthetic temperament against evil and unfavourable influences. While, therefore, venerating the sense, morality, and integrity of Michael Angelo, which passed unsullied through a corrupt age, there is no cause for surprise that his genius should have shared the same immunity. But we are called upon now rather to argue against the reversed view, and, by the same rule, to disclaim the benefit an artist is supposed to derive from certain intellectual advantages.

In the belief that Michael Angelo's artistic powers were promoted by the learned society in which the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici enabled him to spend the impressionable years of his early youth, Mr. Harford again shares the opinions of many cultivated minds. It is natural for those who view art from a literary point of view to suppose that the attainments which contribute to general cultivation should be especially fertilising to the follower of the fine arts: and the supposition sounds so complimentary that it seems strange in us to wish to
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disown it. But no mistake as to the nature of the artist's mind can be really complimentary to it. In treating of the respective domains of art and literature, the first thing to be kept in view is the difference and not the analogy between them. This difference is nowhere more positively seen than in the resources whence each is sustained. No two great classes of human intelligence drink really from the same spring. The lamp of learning, however brightly it may burn, can shed no available light in that separate world where the true artist lives. What that world is—the two poles of which consist of the highest and lowest human faculties, those of the hand and those of the spirit—would be difficult to define. But perhaps some clue to the intense happiness which it affords may be traced to the fact that the tree of knowledge has so little growth there. The very homage of an artist to his art must be passionate, and not, in the literary sense, intellectual. Better it is for him to be the doting slave of an impulse than the reasoning and conscious disciple of a principle. Hence a childlike simplicity of aim has always distinguished the great painter and sculptor; he is possessed by a feeling stronger than himself, and is that absorbed, enthusiastic creature we alternately pity and envy—a lover—his life long; and, though the course of his love do not run smooth, yet he is free from the anxieties which usually beset the state; his head may be unstored, his tongue untutored, but he knows that he serves a mistress who, if a man do but give her his whole heart, makes no difference between the scholar and the ignoramus.

Not that the highest skill in art may not be accompanied by scarcely inferior literary attainments. Of this our own English pictorial annals give sufficient testimony. But these instances prove nothing: the man may stand doubly high, the artist stands but on his own ground. We doubt whether one ignorant of the facts would read Reynolds' cultivated mind in the technical strength of his works, or guess Stothard's comparatively illiterate life in the air of classic elegance which stamps his style. So small an amount of original research can be expressed even in the most erudite picture that we may fairly ask what advantage is conferred on one whose art is proverbially long, and life short, to store up with slow pains in his head what half-a-dozen lines would supply from a book, or a few questions extract from the scholar at his side. The cancelled passage in the *Felsina Pittrice*, which questions the possibility of the learning displayed in the *Parnassus*, the *Heliodorus*, *School of Athens*, &c., having entered 'the humble mind of an Urbinese potter' might have been more courteously expressed;

pressed ; but the light of sound philosophy rises clearer from this impertinence than from the flourish about 'the learned and always fruitful ideas of the *gran Raffaello*' which replaced it. As for Michael Angelo, considered as an illustration of this question, our arguments, whether true or false, might have been spared. He is the last man from whom any fancied reaction of letters upon art can be worked out. If there be anything in this world more opposed to the spirit of the literature and conversation of his times, it is the spirit which speaks in his works. On the one hand, a rage for classic literature and style, and the slip-slop revival of a bygone philosophy ; on the other, forms which disown the remotest analogy with the antique, and conceptions of a force, energy, and strangeness, before which even the philosophy of art is sometimes silent. Nor is there any ground for believing that Michael Angelo received what would, either then or now, be called a liberal education. He was versed in Dante and Petrarch, as many an Italian was also who could not so much as read. He knew his beautiful native tongue, and used it like a true poet ; he studied such mechanical sciences as then were taught, and applied them with a sagacity far beyond his day ; and he so far gave in to the habits of the period as to acquire the power of writing bad Latin.* But with this last exception his fine sense and judgment seem to have held him aloof from all those cold and useless forms of learning on which the Italian mind was then more starved than fed, and which were reserved for the cultivation of artists of a very different mould from himself. Vasari himself may be cited as the exponent of that school in which the reaction of letters upon art may be really traced—his pictorial conceptions, equally as his literary *ragionamenti*, teem with classic erudition. The system, however, is known by its fruits. By the time that artists had been turned into scholars, the art that less learned hands had bequeathed to them had hopelessly declined.

We may therefore venture to consider the artistic career of Michael Angelo devoid of all reference to the religious or literary influences of his life. What made him essentially what he was who shall say ? Yet there is something in the constitution of his mind on which a theory may be hazarded. That favoured portion of mankind to whom Florence is familiar will have observed certain salient peculiarities in her ecclesiastic and domestic architecture. Looked down upon from any of the numerous heights surrounding the city, a strange mixture of the most airy and most ponderous structures meet the eye ; giving the impression of

* See Gualandi's '*Lettere artistiche Michelangelo Buonarroti a Francesco Fortinatto*,' vol. i. p. 24.

having

having owed their erection alternately to the hands of fairies and of giants. The Campanile of Giotto, 'with ebony and ivory inlaid,' looks, as anybody beside the Emperor Charles V. might have said, only fit to be put under a glass case—the Strozzi and Riccardi palaces, and the Palazzo Vecchio, what Atlas himself would groan to lift. Of the fairy structures we have nothing to suggest; but those stupendous rough-hewn piles, including the Royal Pitti, which are neither Renaissance, Antique, nor Christian in character, serve to identify the Mediæval-Florentine as the descendant of that Etrurian race which set the stamp of its strength upon the Cyclopean remains still existing in Tuscany, and of its energy and tendency to exaggeration on its painted vases and monumental decorations. Just such in strength, energy, and tendency to exaggeration was Michael Angelo,—a view we find adopted by Winkelmann. This offers a clue to his peculiar idiosyncrasy, and may further account for the popularity his works enjoyed from the first in his own land. They went to the hearts of a people in whose ashes the ancient fires, though expiring, were not yet extinguished. Not that he was the first vent of that volcanic heat; such men as Spinello of Arezzo, Luca Signorelli, the Titanic Sandro, Pollajuolo, whose picture in our gallery was painted the year of Michael Angelo's birth, were all more or less moulded in the old Etrurian furnace; in all, however, that most astonishes the mind, and most puzzles it also, the great Buonarroti may be considered to embody its last and culminating vigour.

Michael Angelo was born on the 6th March, 1475, and not 1474, as stated by modern historians, Mr. Harford included; the three months' difference in the Florentine style, which at that time commenced the year on the 25th March—Annunciation day—having been overlooked in the adoption of the dates given by Vasari and Condivi. The tradition of his descent, on the father's side, from the Counts of Canossa, appears also to rest on erroneous foundations. Even the credulous Vasari states it only on the authority of '*secondo che si dice.*' Condivi, however, enters ardently into particulars with the view to exalt the family honours of his hero, which resolve themselves chiefly into two facts. First, that the supposed founder of the Buonarroti family—a Messer Simone di Canossa—was Podestà of Florence in 1250; and, secondly, that the Canossa and Buonarroti arms agreed. Modern investigation, however, has failed to find any confirmation on either of these points. No Simone di Canossa can be traced in the Florentine records as Podestà at all; nor does it appear that any identity existed between the Canossa and Buonarroti escutcheon, both of them traceable in Tuscany through

through many centuries, until the senator Filippo Buonarroti, well known as an archæologist, and who died in 1733, added, by way of giving strength to the tradition, the Canossa crest—a dog gnawing a bone. On the other hand, Tiraboschi,* who gives a long and erudite account of the Canossa family, makes no allusion to a connexion which he would have been too glad to claim. It is true that Michael Angelo himself credited the story, and that it received further colour from the courtesies he received from the then representative of the Canossa race. But this proves nothing more than a greater desire on the part of two individuals under such circumstances to claim kindred, than to investigate the evidence on which it rested. We have stated this matter at length, though Michael Angelo's name can neither lose nor gain by the question, as a specimen, at the outset, of the inaccuracy which attends these old gossiping narrators, especially when some point of family vanity is concerned.†

The outline given by these writers, slender as it is, of Michael Angelo's boyhood, tends to confirm our view of the small respect in which the arts were then practically held. The father of the great Buonarroti, though possessing the house at Florence and the villa at Settignano (both still in the family), was poor in purse and education, for, if Condivi may be believed, in a confession put into his own mouth, 'he could do no more than read and write.' His numerous sons were, therefore, devoted to the silk and woollen trade, the young Michael Angelo being alone sent to a grammar school at Florence. Here, however, the incipient artist showed no craving for letters. The pencil was his plaything in school-hours, and his study in play-time. No sooner was this propensity discovered than it was treated by father and uncles as a penal offence. The glorious monuments of art, then fresh and uninjured before their eyes, found no response either in their taste, pride, or vanity. The republican father of haberdasher sons had no mercy on the recreant who demeaned himself to art. Both writers state that Lodovico Buonarroti resorted to the usual parental modes of curing a genius of its bias—an assertion which, at all events, it is to be hoped, the son would have contradicted, had it not been true. It was not only that the future proved how little they comprehended the character they tried to crush; it is evident that the boy, from the first, must have given proofs of an earnestness and ability which, in times

* *Dizionario Topografico*, p. 124.

† The absence of all confirmation on the two points above mentioned was stated as early as 1746, both in Manni's and Gori's notes to Condivi, which Mr. Harford doubtless overlooked. The question is further treated in the '*Prospetto Cronologico*' of Le Monnier's edition of Vasari.

of the lowest artistic standards, would have secured him respect. As usual, the strong purpose triumphed—he was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo when just turned fourteen. The fact that the master at once agreed to pay for the young pupil's services, instead of requiring a premium, shows with what success his school lessons had been neglected. The same opposition was renewed on his subsequent adoption of the sculptor's craft; Ghiberti's 'Gates of Paradise' in the Baptistry, which have since ennobled the vocation throughout the civilized world, had not then raised it in Florentine esteem; and again the dignity of the house of Buonarroti, which, but for the arts, would probably never have been heard of beyond the walls of the city, was in arms at the degradation of a 'stone-mason' member. The word 'scultore' would not have mended the matter. So long was it before the dignity of art was acknowledged at the very capital of its empire, that Michael Angelo himself, in mature years, sternly reproved a correspondent for addressing a letter 'Michel Angelo, scultore,' reminding him that more deference was due to one of good family.*

The little that is told us of the young scholar's apprentice days is curiously out of keeping with his subsequent career and works. It sounds strange that the boyhood of the most subjective artist the world has hitherto known should have been distinguished chiefly by the abnegation of that character. We are inclined, therefore, to view the story of his being remarkable for habits of such accurate imitation that his copies of the drawings of old masters were mistaken for the originals by the owners of the drawings themselves, as one of the many instances in which the love of the marvellous outweighed the love of facts. Certain it is that the boy is nowhere more indubitably stamped as father to the man than in the early bas-relief, the first known specimen of his hand, in the Casa Buonarroti, where all that can be well distinguished or admired is the strong likeness to himself.

But it will conduce to the brevity of our survey if we subjoin a chronological table of the principal events of his life and of his works—this last most necessary appendage of a great master's career having been first attempted in Michael Angelo's case in the present edition of Vasari, whence we in great measure derive the following dates:—

1475, March 6.—Michael Angelo born.

1488, April 1.—Entered the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo. (Vasari, *Le Monnier's* edition, vol. xii. p. 160.)

* MS. letter in the Casa Buonarroti.

1488.—Picture of S. Antonio, from Martin Schongauer's print; stated to be at Bologna. (Vas., p. 162, and note.)

1489.—Entered the Academy of the Medici Garden. (Vas., p. 163.)

1489.—Head of Fawn; now in the Sala degli Inscrizioni, in the Uffizii. (Vas., p. 163.)

1489-91.—Bas-relief of Battle of the Centaurs, now in the Casa Buonarroti. (Vas., p. 165, and note.)

Unfinished picture of Madonna and Child, and St. John, with four Angels. Date unknown. At Stoke Park. Mentioned by Rumohr, *Italianische Forschungen*, vol. iii. p. 96. Described by Waagen, *Treasures of Art*, vol. ii. p. 417.

1492, April 1.—Lorenzo de' Medici died.

1492.—Hercules, in marble, 7 ft. 8 in. high. Stood for years in the Strozzi Palace. Afterwards sent to France. Nothing now known of it. (Vas., p. 165.)

1493.—Wooden Crucifix, for the church of S. Spirito. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 166, and note.)

1494, January.—Colossal Figure, in snow, for Piero de' Medici. (*Prospetto Cronologico*, vol. xii. of Le Monnier's edition of Vasari, p. 337.)

1494, autumn of.—Visit to Bologna and Venice. (Vas., p. 166.)

1495.—Angel, in marble, on the shrine of St. Dominick at Bologna. (Vas., p. 167, and note.)

1495.—Return to Florence. Youthful St. John, in marble, for Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 167.)

1495.—Cupid sleeping, in marble. Life size. Sold to Cardinal S. Giorgio as an antique. 1502, in possession of Isabella, Marchesa di Mantua. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 167; Gaye *Carteggio*, 2, 53-4.)

1496, June 25.—First visit to Rome. (*Prospetto Cronologico*, p. 339.)

Cupid, in marble. Life size. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 169.)

Statue of Bacchus, in marble. In corridor of the Uffizii. (Vas., p. 169, and note.)

1499-1500.—Pietà, in marble. St. Peter's, Rome. (Vas., p. 170.)

1501, June 5.—Contract, by which Michael Angelo engages to execute, for the Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, fifteen statues, 3 ft. 8 in. high, for the Cappella Piccolomini, in the cathedral at Siena. From a subsequent document, dated September, 1504, it appears that only four statues were finished. Nothing now known of them. (*Prosp. Cron.*, pp. 340, 345.)

1501, August 16.—The trustees of S. Maria del Fiore (the Cathedral of Florence) engage Michael Angelo to execute the David from an ill-executed marble figure of David which had long lain in the court of that church. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 342.)

1502, August 12.—The Signory of Florence commission Michael Angelo to execute a David in bronze. Completed 1508. According to Vasari and Varchi, sent to France. Nothing known of it. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 342.)

1503, April 24.—Engaged to execute twelve Apostles in marble, about 8 ft. high, for the church of S. Maria del Fiore. (Prosp. Cron., p. 343.) The statue of St. Matthew, now in Cortile of the Accademia at Florence, appears to have been the only result of this contract. (Vas., p. 176, and note.)

About this time a Virgin, in bronze, for Flemish merchants. Sent to Flanders. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 176.)

About this time circular picture of Virgin and Child and St. Joseph, for Angelo Doni, in Gallery of Uffizii. (Vas., p. 176.)

1503, November 1.—Julius II. elected pope.

1503-4.—Circular bas-relief of Virgin and Child. In Royal Academy, London. (Vas., p. 175, and note.)

1503-4.—Circular bas-relief of Virgin, seated, with the Child in her arms, and the infant St. John behind. In the Uffizii. (Vas., p. 175, and note.)

To about this time may be assigned the statue of the Virgin and Child in marble, in the church of Our Lady at Bruges; mentioned in Albert Durer's Journal, Easter, 1521. (Passavant's *Kunstreise durch England und Belgien*, p. 363.)

1504, May 18.—Statue of David, brought into Piazza del Gran Duca, where it now stands. (Prosp. Cron., p. 344.)

1504, October.—Michael Angelo commences Cartoon of Pisa. (Pros. Cron., p. 345.) Dates of payment to himself up to February 28, 1505. (Gaye, vol. ii. p. 93.) Destroyed during his life.

1505.—Invited to Rome by Julius II. to execute his monument. (Vas., p. 180.)

1505, April.—About this time sent to Carrara to superintend excavation of marbles for the monument of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 346.)

1506, beginning of July.—Left Rome in consequence of dissatisfaction at treatment received from Julius II. regarding the monument. (Prosp. Cron., p. 347.)

1506, November 27.—Went to Bologna; was reconciled to Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 348.) Works of monument suspended.

1506-7.—Began bronze statue of Julius II.

1508, February.—Bronze statue of Julius II. uncovered at Bologna. (Prosp. Cron., p. 348.) Destroyed by partisans of Bentivoglio, December 30, 1511. (Prosp. Cron., p. 351.)

1508, May 10.—In Rome. Commenced the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. (Prosp. Cron., p. 349.)

1509, November 1.—Part of the ceiling uncovered and shown to the public by order of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 351.)

1512.—Scaffolding for works of the ceiling still standing in this year. (Vas., p. 192, and note.)

1512-13.—The chapel open to the public. (Vas., p. 192, note.)

1513, February 24.—Death of Julius II.

1513.—Contract with executors of Julius II. to complete the monument on a diminished scale. (Vas., p. 200.)

1513, March 15.—Leo X. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1515.—Michael Angelo at Florence towards the end of this year. Executes model of façade of S. Lorenzo for Leo X. (Vas., p. 201.)

1516.

1517. } Michael Angelo chiefly at Carrara and Pietra Santa, excavating marbles for façade of S. Lorenzo, which was never
1518. } executed. (Prosp. Cron., pp. 352 to 359.) In 1517 in
1519. } Rome for a short time.* (Prosp. Cron., p. 356.)
1520. }

1521. }
1521, October 26.—Memorandum of payment to workmen for completing the statue of Christ, now in S. Maria sopra Minerva. (Prosp. Cron., p. 364.)

1521, December 1.—Death of Leo X.

1522, January 9.—Adrian IV. elected pope.

1522-23.—Michael Angelo resumes the monument of Julius II. at Florence. (Vas., pp. 204-5.)

1523, September 24.—Death of Adrian IV.

1523, November 19.—Clement VII. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1524.—Michael Angelo commences the Medici monuments in Sacristy of S. Lorenzo. (Prop. Cron., p. 362.)

1527, May.—Sack of Rome.

1529, April 6.—Appointed commissary-general of the fortifications of Florence. (Prosp. Cron., p. 364.)

1529, July 28.—Sent to Ferrara by the Signory of Florence to inspect fortifications. (Prosp. Cron., p. 367.)

1529, September.—Michael Angelo takes flight from Florence. Visits Ferrara and Venice. (Prosp. Cron., p. 369.)

1529, November.—Returns to Florence. (Prosp. Cron., p. 376.)

1529-30.—Repairs the injuries done to the campanile of S. Miniato. (Vas., p. 211.)

1530, August 12.—Fall of Florence.

1530.—Paints a Leda for the Duke of Ferrara in Florence, and works privately at the Medici monuments. (Vas., p. 207.)

About this time Michael Angelo executed the figures of the Virgin and Child in the Medici Chapel. (Vas., p. 207.)

1530-31.—Apollo, in marble, life size, taking an arrow from his quiver. Unfinished figure. Now in corridor of Uffizii. (Vas., p. 212.)

1531, September 29.—The two female figures on Medici monument completed; the others blocked out. (Gaye, vol. xi. p. 229.)

1531, November 21.—Michael Angelo out of health. (Prosp. Cron., p. 378.)

1532, April.—Third contract for the monument of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 380.)

* This fact of a short visit to Rome in 1517, elicited by the editors of the last edition of Vasari, supplies a long missing link in Michael Angelo's history. A letter from Sebastian del Piombo to him, dated Rome, Dec. 29, 1519, reports the completion of his picture of the Raising of Lazarus, and mentions Michael Angelo as having seen it commenced. Hitherto all evidence of the great Master's having been in Rome at this period has been wanting.

Summoned to Rome by Clement VII. to undertake the great fresco of the Last Judgment. (Prosp. Cron., p. 380.)

1534, September 15.—Clement VII. died. Works of S. Lorenzo suspended.

1534, October 13.—Paul III. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1535, September 1.—Appointed supreme architect, sculptor, and painter. Last Judgment already begun. (Prosp. Cron., p. 384.)

1536, May 4.—The Emperor Charles V. saw the monuments in the Medici Chapel finished. (Varchi, Storia Fiorentina, lib. xiv.)

1541, Christmas-day.—The Last Judgment uncovered. (Vas., p. 224.)

1542, August 20.—Last contract for Julius II.'s monument. (Gaye, vol. ii. p. 301.)

1544.—Design for marble monument for Cecchino Bracci. Not executed. (Prosp. Cron., p. 394.)

1547, January 1.—Appointed architect of St. Peter's. (Prosp. Cron., p. 394.)

Executed cornice of the Farnese Palace. (Vas., p. 231.)

1549, November 10.—Paul III. died.

1549-50.—Michael Angelo completes the frescoes of the Pauline Chapel. (Vas., pp. 224-5.)

1550, February 8.—Julius III. elected pope.

About 1556.—Marble Deposition from Cross completed. Now in cathedral at Florence. (Vas., p. 226.)

A smaller Pietà, in marble; blocked out. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 249.)

1556, September.—Spanish force at the gates of Rome. Michael Angelo retreats into the mountains of Spoleto. (Vas., p. 247.)

1557.—Invited by Duke Cosimo to return to Florence. Declines the offer on score of the works of St. Peter's. (Prosp. Cron., pp. 398-9.)

1558.—Executes model of St. Peter's. (Vas., p. 253.)

1564, February 18.—Death of Michael Angelo. (Vas., p. 269.)*

This table, it must be owned, with its alternate strata of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the deep gaps of wasted time and energy between, is a melancholy summary of one of the longest and strongest lives that ever fell to the lot of genius. It is sad enough to know that the works of a great mind have been lost in the varied chances and changes of

* This index is not complete without mentioning the Brutus which gave rise to the well-known epigram, and which is placed under the head of the Fawn in the Uffizii. In the absence, however, of all contemporary record, it is impossible to assign to this, the only bust by Michael Angelo, any proximate date. The same may be said of the Dying Adonis in the Uffizii, which, as Mr. Harford remarks, from its greater conformity to style, and from the inferior quality of the marble, may be inferred to be a work of his youth. An oval bas-relief of a Pietà in the Chapel of the Sala dei Poveri, at Genoa, is also believed by modern travellers to be his work.

centuries, but sadder far to perceive that they have been sacrificed to the selfish whims of those who should most protect the artist's time and peace of mind. Michael Angelo always reminds us of a noble horse falling into successive and cruel hands, each caring little how the muscles were out of practice, or how the harness galled, and one, crueller than all, condemning the generous animal during its best years to no higher occupation than to *cart stones*, and that for buildings which were never so much as put up. It is true this was all in keeping with the treatment of Italian genius in the highest forms of poetry. Dante had been exiled, Ariosto was being slighted by Leo X., and Tasso's harder fate was to come. But the poet's mind may be vexed into action—'they learn by suffering what they teach in song:' the painter's has this vital difference, that it must be tranquillised. The twenty months of the pious Adrian's reign, which Italian writers lament as unfavourable to art, were halcyon days for Michael Angelo; he continued the works of the monument to Julius II.

From this matter-of-fact table, as we have given it, stand out with painful distinctness the two trials which overshadowed his life—the protracted 'Tragedy of the Sepulchre,' as Condivi denominates the vicissitudes attending the monument of Julius II., and the repeated banishments to Carrara. We shall return to each of these.

It has been too much the fashion with commentators on Michael Angelo to endeavour to exalt his merit by depreciating the advantages he received, forgetting that to turn advantage or disadvantage to account is the highest touchstone of genius. Those, however, who know the works of Domenico Ghirlandajo will hardly hesitate to grant that, in the young Buonarroti's apprenticeship to him, at the very time that great painter was engaged on his magnificent frescoes in S. Maria Novella, lay one of the finest opportunities for education in art ever afforded to a young and ardent student. A picture exists, however, placed conjecturally early in our table, which, if granted to be by Michael Angelo at all, places this fact in the strongest light: we allude to the unfinished picture in Mr. Labouchere's possession—one of those interesting puzzles, perhaps the most interesting puzzle, in the domain of art; of the paternity of which there is at present no evidence beyond that, best of all, which is furnished by the likeness of the offspring. Examined by this light there are many signs, artistic and moral, which tell of the hand of the thunderer, though at a time apparently when his bolts were not fully forged. The subject is the Virgin, the Child, and St. John, with two angels standing on either hand.

hand. The whole picture is incomplete—one of the angel-couples only sketched in. The Virgin has those grand abstract features, the type rather of some stern extinct mythology than of either classic or Christian feeling, which constituted Michael Angelo's ideal when he idealised the human face at all. She is cast in that large scale and with those strong forms peculiar to his women, her figure piled up in the grand perpendicular line from seat to shoulder, so opposed to the hitherto conventional feminine slope from throat to elbow, and resembling his Madonna in the Medici chapel. The angels are not so distinct in their evidence; their heads (those most advanced, two of the grandest ever rendered) have a beauty beyond that which his hand ever gave, and a sublimity beyond any other master we know; while the fine modelling of their limbs and of those of the children, devoid of all needless anatomical display, is not superior—as what modelling well could be?—to that of Ghirlandajo himself. On the other hand, the drapery is finer than any which appears in Michael Angelo's authentic works, and parts of it, especially that round the infant Christ, as foreign to his subsequent manner as it is faithful to that of the school in which he studied. So much for the artistic signs: the moral evidence, if it may so be called, is traceable in the daring which, as again in the Medici Madonna, left the right bosom of the Virgin bare—in the instinct of true anatomy which resisted the impossible insertion of wings into the shoulders of angels in human form, in the general largeness and freedom of lines which pervade the whole design, in the grandeur of every portion, and in the spirituality of none. Taking, therefore, all these signs into consideration—the strong likeness of one part, the compatibility of another, and the incongruity of a third, we venture to conclude that we have before us a specimen of the great master before he lost the strength to moderate his strength, while that 'terrible' energy still bent, which never broke—a work, in short, by the youthful Buonarroti while still in the studio of Ghirlandajo.

As to the period at which this glorious fragment was begun and thrown aside, it can only be arrived at by inference. Nothing in the picture is more decided than that it was executed before he became possessed of those extraordinary anatomical powers, which, once obtained, he never afterwards hid. We have thus a limited period left us for the probable date, which may be considered in two divisions. If this work was the exclusive fruit of Ghirlandajo's example, and of his own interpretation of Nature, it must be assigned to a period when he was but fifteen years of age; if the result of his first study of the antique in the Medici garden, superadded to these conditions, it may have been

been executed any time before, or when, he was eighteen. No argument can be based on the seeming disparity between these tender years and the, to us, mature grandeur of this work. The nonage of most of the Italian painters has far exceeded the standards of modern majority, and the youth of such a being as Michael Angelo evidently as far outran those of his compeers. If his at all, it is as young as any work could well be by a hand which at fourteen years old already earned a premium from the master to whom he was bound. The sympathetic beauty in the angels' heads, the subdued action, and the carefully-studied drapery are possibly only the expression of that restraint proper to a young, however advanced, disciple, while the grandeur of character which points so strongly to him alone may justly be defined as that of the painter, man or boy, who could carry the school in which Michael Angelo studied one stage higher.

With this picture before us, one is tempted to wish that the trammels of apprenticeship had hung longer upon him, and that the world had seen more of the splendid paces of the young courser before the curb was removed. Michael Angelo, as his history shows, was one who especially shone in what were to him technical hindrances. The preference now generally awarded, in which Mr. Harford also agrees, to his qualities as a painter, and which, granting this picture to be by him, here receives further confirmation, may be partly attributed to the fact of his never feeling quite at ease with the brush. Restraint gave birth to beauties which his liberty disdained, and the man who was mainly inspired by difficulties was best inspired by those he never quite mastered.*

Between this unfinished work and the great field of his pictorial powers, the Sistine ceiling, a period we conjecture of from seventeen to eighteen years, lies the only known easel picture by his hand; that painted for Angelo Doni about 1504. Here the school of Ghirlandajo vanishes at once from view in a style which, in this case, is scarcely redeemed by the might peculiar to the great master. So little approximation can be traced in this unattractive work, either to the past or future specimens of his brush, that, as we recall it to our mind's eye, it seems to break rather than connect the artistic link between them.

* Dr. Waagen's verdict on this picture has done much to convince the English public of the justice with which it now bears this great name. It is satisfactory also to turn to Rumohr's mention of it in 1821. Comparing it with the circular picture in the Uffizi, he says, 'the (probably earlier and) more beautiful half-finished tempera picture once in the possession of Mrs. Day in Rome, now in England.'

The praise bestowed on the Sistine ceiling embraces the emptiest tirades and the loftiest eloquence which one and the same subject can well inspire, for it is pre-eminently that work by the master in which the approbation of posterity has ratified the flattery of cotemporary writers. If ever a painter gave proof of that first and last title to success—the true estimate of his own particular force—Michael Angelo did so here. No great glory would have been reflected on his name, had he even been the inventor, as is assumed by Quatremère de Quincy and other modern historians, of the subjects of the ceiling; for the treatment, and not the subject, is the artist. Far, however, from this being the case, the persons and events here depicted, both in number and sequence, are shown by Mr. Harford, quoting from Sir Charles Eastlake's notes to Kugler's '*Handbook of Italian Art*,' to have been, by means of such works as the '*Biblia Pauperum*,' and the '*Speculum Salvationis*,' more familiar to the great mass of the Italian people than any other forms of religious representation. With the arrangement of the subject, therefore, and not with the subject itself, the Michael-Angelesque element begins. The prophets and sibyls in the '*Biblia Pauperum*' were subordinate figures, and, if logic had anything to do with art, rightly so; but this mattered not to the master. What he needed were stately men and women, on whom to spend his power and energy; accordingly he made the precursors of the Saviour, both Scriptural and fabulous, the great features of his work. Again, the introduction of nude academy figures, of no possible symbolical meaning, in closest juxtaposition with the sacred types of art, and on a scale next in importance to the prophets themselves, was a solecism unheard of till then; but here, too, consistency is a weak argument, opposed to the impulses of genius in the field of art. Michael Angelo wanted a vent for that stupendous knowledge of the human frame which such daring as his alone could employ, and, accordingly, in these genii he contrived a neutral ground on which it might properly be displayed. The ceiling, therefore, teems with grand masculine figures, in every possible position the architectural arrangements could excuse, in whom nothing but the pride of sheer animal life is apparent; yet telling not so much in contrast as in affinity with the Scriptural subjects around which they swarm. The Adam is half-brother to the anonymous Athletes seated above and below him; the Haman, even on his cross, seems, like them, to rejoice in his strength; the scenes in the lunettes, most poetically interpreted as the genealogy of the Saviour, are the happy homes of the grandest race, physically speaking, upon earth. Nor, which is the real test of art, does the consistency of the subject suffer, as in the

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Last Judgment, by this preponderance of animal life, for in concentrating our attention upon his prophets and sibyls, where its sublimest features are in place, he has sagaciously made it the key-note of the whole.

Mr. Harford alludes to Michael Angelo's temporary dissatisfaction with his work, after proceeding as far as the third compartment—the sacrifice of Noah—attributed by Vasari and Condivi, with their customary unison, to the chilling of the surface, owing to a too fluid compound of the lime. However this may be, we are inclined to adopt a more probable and obvious cause assigned for his discouragement,* namely, the inadequate size of the figures for the distance at which they were to be viewed; a fact which the painter would probably not have tested until he had proceeded thus far. At all events, whether the lime was right or wrong, the immediate change to a scale of proportion three times the size in the next compartment shows a change in the master's views with which the state of the surface could have had nothing to do.

There is another feature also in these Scriptural compartments in which we believe modern sense to be a better translator of Michael Angelo's intentions than contemporary opportunity. We cannot admit that in the first compartment (in the Biblical order), where the Almighty with extended arms appears supported by cherubs, creating the sun and the moon, the single unattended figure on his right, seen entirely from behind from the back of the head to the soles of the feet, was really intended for '*il medesimo Iddio*,' in the act of creating the earth. Nor does the argument gain by the vague something, now almost obliterated, in the corner, which is supposed to represent the new-created world. A picture should be the only key to itself; and, tried by this test, no unbiassed eye could read this retreating figure otherwise than as the symbol of Darkness fleeing before the face of Light. Füsseli passes over the question in silence; Kugler the same; but Quatremère de Quincy boldly describes it as '*Le Père éternel chassant le Génie du Chaos*,' in which version we entirely agree. Nothing, indeed, could be more repulsive to all feelings of reverence and propriety than to identify either the form of the Almighty, or the solemn act of creation, with the back view of a figure expressing nothing but haste and discomfiture, and in that sense only magnificently rendered. And as far as the two cotemporary and concurrent historians are concerned, the very puerility of their admiration

* Fifth Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, p. 12.

invalidates their judgment. After the fashion of children and ignorant people, all they think of is that optical delusion by which this figure, like the eyes of a portrait, or like the oxen on a ceiling by Luca Giordano in Florence, seems to follow the spectator wherever he stands.

A remarkable specimen of that peculiarity of conception which isolates Michael Angelo is the diffuseness with which he dwells upon the act of creation, spreading out a theme, which occupies but a few lines in Genesis, into several compartments of his ceiling. Not but that the poet's shortest line may properly cover the painter's longest canvas, if his imagination consent. But there is no imagination exercised here. The act of creation stands as solitary on this ceiling as in the sacred narrative; wherefore, then, its multiplied repetition? The Almighty is depicted five times, and, if we were to accept the old version of the retreating figure above mentioned, six times, in successive compartments, doing the same thing. There is no earth, with its varied forms, or sea, with its boundless roll (even admitting the faint line of sea given in Linnell's engravings),* to assist and vary the idea. In three adjacent pictures the very conception of the Creator is the same. He is seen under the same form, supported on the same wingless angels, composing the same circular group, which in two of these instances, and those two contiguous, is rendered more formally round by the same sweeping line of drapery. Nevertheless, this monotony of invention needs no excuse to the eye. Seen at the height of sixty feet, these solitary floating masses have not only that grandeur of general effect consequent on largeness of design, but the very repetition of the same image conveys a sense of oneness and abstraction to the mind, consonant with the idea of a First and Sole Cause. Even the error of scale in the compartments alluded to, at the other end of the ceiling, is not without its advantage to the eye. Reduced to that comparative indistinctness which the great height entails, more or less, upon all parts, the course of representation seems rather to typify a natural gradation from solitude to multitude—from the separateness of the Creator to the sociality of the creature.

The assertions of Vasari and Condivi regarding the short time (twenty months) in which this ceiling was completed have been repudiated by modern historians, simply on the score of impossibility. The researches of Signor Gualandi, of Bologna, have now elicited the very day of the year on which the work

* Linnell's engravings of the Sistine Ceiling from drawings in the possession of the late Mr. Rogers.

was commenced,* while a note in the last edition of Vasari proves that some time in 1512 the scaffoldings which raised the painter to his work were still standing.† The curious inaccuracy of the old writers is further shown by a quotation given by Fea ‡ from a letter dated June 3rd, 1509, in which the Sistine ceiling is described as not only finished, but as already ornamented with gold—a heightening of effect which is well known never to have been executed.

We may now consider how far this great work claims to be viewed as a link in the great chain of Italian art, and not, as it has been the fashion to suppose, as an isolated creation. However Vasari and his echo may speak of the world as ‘having hitherto lain in darkness,’ we now feel that to attempt to repudiate for Michael Angelo all influence from the painters preceding him would be to strip him of some of the highest excellences of his vocation. As in the picture belonging to Mr. Labouchere, so in the grandest features of the ceiling, the figures of the prophets and sibyls, the merits of Buonarroti are not those of a man who did a new thing, but of one who carried a great development one step higher. If we see the master on his own feet in the numerous nude figures which have no character but that of the finest anatomical display, we see him where a great man should be—on the shoulders of his predecessors—in such conceptions as Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Not only did Florence, Pisa, and Prato teem with historical creations worthy of such successors—not only is Michael Angelo known to have studied Masaccio—but there were specimens of single figures seated in attitudes of grand contemplation to be seen in Florence, which may be considered as the immediate ancestors of those on the Sistine ceiling. We allude to the frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi, representing the Wisdom of the Church, in the chapel of the Spaniards in S. Maria Novella, where, among the fourteen seated figures representing the abstract and mechanical sciences, are several which in grandeur and energy, and even in what is called ‘motive,’ recall the painter of the Sistine chapel. This has not escaped the attention of modern writers on art, and Rosini states that, ‘if it would be too bold to say that Buonarroti took the attitude of his Duke of Urbino on the Medici monument from that of the representative of Contemplative Theology, it is only just to assert that Taddeo Gaddi, in this majestic figure, foretold Michael Angelo.’ § It appears to us that the Jeremiah, equally as the Duke of Urbino, may be traced to this figure, in the same

* See Table.

† See Table.

‡ Notizie intorno Raffaello, p. 27.

§ Rosini, vol. iii. p. 102.

sense as Raphael's St. Paul Preaching, to the Filippino Lippi in the Carmine. To those, also, familiar with the frescoes in the Carmine, the Expulsion of Adam and Eve on the Sistine ceiling must recall the same figures by Masaccio. The position and action of the angel above them (and these are peculiar) are almost identical. Nor does there lie more than one natural link in the chain of conception between Michael Angelo's circular compositions of the Almighty supported on angels, and those of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Building of the Tower of Babel, and in Moses receiving the Tables of the Law, in the Campo Santo; or between those of Ghiberti on his Gates—in all of which the group appears encompassed by a Glory. Even this conventional Glory is retained in the Sistine painter's sweeping line of drapery—one of those devices to conceal rather than overcome a difficulty, which catch the applause of the ignorant.

It is to the absence of union with the masters before him that the inferiority of the Last Judgment in the qualities of art is owing. The twenty-seven years which had elapsed between the beginning of the ceiling and that of the east wall of the chapel, in which the pencil and the chisel had been alternately dashed from his hand, will account for the untempered soul of Michael Angelo which reigns rampant in this great work. Here he was allowed no discretion as to which figures should be most conspicuous. The Saviour as judge, the saints and angels around, were necessarily the prominent groups of the subject, and they were not beings in whom an inordinate development of animal life was appropriate. Hence, what we call the key-note of Michael Angelo's mind was not only out of tune in the whole upper part of the composition, but that monotony of character ensued which only the influence of other painters upon him could prevent. By the same rule, however, that which offends us in the sacred person of the Redeemer assumes its proper function in the lower part of the picture. Here his 'terribile via' is in its place, and reigns with a merciless sublimity which no other painter has approached. For it is only by the exhibition of a tremendous power, analogous to that of Doom itself, that this part of the subject can be rendered either morally or pictorially grand. Refinement, pathos, and grace have nothing to do in such a scene, still less that morbid imagination of infernal shapes and horrors by which the earlier painters had rendered the representations of Hell disgusting in the sense of art, and ridiculous in that of morals. No stronger evidence can be given of the distinctness between the materials suitable to Painting and Poetry than the instinct with which Michael Angelo avoided embodying any of those fearful details which impart such pitiless

pitiless reality to the pages of Dante. In this respect Luca Signorelli may be cited as his precursor on the same right road.

The frescoes of the Pauline chapel, undertaken after another twelve or thirteen years' interval of pictorial inactivity—for they appear to have been completed about 1550—as the last effort of the great *frescante* require a passing allusion. Called into existence chiefly from the jealousy of the then living Pope over the last dead Pope—exacted from the painter at an age which unfitted him even for the physical labour of the task—and assigned to so dark a locality as to deprive equally him and the world of the fruit of that labour, these frescoes are one of the numerous sad epitomes of his much thwarted life. But though the Roman Church has, in the same spirit, added the dust, dirt, and smoke of centuries to the original darkness to which it doomed them, yet enough remains of these frescoes to show the vigour with which the grand old man grappled with a task which an inferior mind would have had too little courage or too much vanity to undertake. The subject of St. Paul's Conversion is treated with a spirited flow of lines worthy of his best time—that of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, in its numerous repetitions of the same forms, tells the tale of the weary painter who executed more what he had learned than what he felt.

We turn now to the chapter of his sculpture, in so far a more distressing one than that of his painting from the incessant interruptions with which it was attended. Holy fathers worried him to complete his pictorial tasks, and therefore, however unwillingly commenced, he had the satisfaction of bringing them to a conclusion; but they worried him still more to neglect those he had undertaken in the department of sculpture, and year after year saw the master equally hindered in carrying out the favourite conceptions of his genius, and the sacred dictates of his duty.

The position of Michael Angelo as a sculptor is essentially different from that which he assumes as a painter. The pupil of Ghirlandajo—the cotemporary of some of the greatest Florentine names—the heir to an illustrious line of art, he is, as we have endeavoured to show, never so grand as when that lineage is stamped upon his works. But sculpture gave him, comparatively speaking, no compeer and few predecessors, and the course he tracked out with gigantic strength commenced and continued only in himself. Here, therefore, the real development of his originality must be recognised; the very materials of the art seem to have been a lever sufficient to raise the spirit which in this form separated him from his kind. From the day in which he plied the chisel and clutched the clay in the Medici garden, all his predilections

dilections were sculpturesque. Whatever his pictorial triumphs, he never ceased to maintain that sculpture was his vocation; and although he may appeal less to our sympathies in this garb, we must reverence it nevertheless as that in which the genius of one of the greatest men who ever lived was most true to itself. In one very important sense it is plain that Nature intended him for a follower of the plastic art and for nothing else. He cared for that only which is the sculptor's legitimate ground—the human frame. As to backgrounds and accessories, and tone and touch, and all the numerous dependencies of the painter's craft, he utterly repudiated them. Oil-paint, which had recently set the painter's hand at large, and one of the first specimens of which executed in Italy dates from the year of his birth, he would never so much as try. All that is most alluring to a painter was no temptation to him, which leads Vasari to say, with his usual uncomplimentary flattery, that his great mind could not lower itself to the execution of landscapes, trees, or buildings—not knowing that a true artist sees no lowering of the mind to any form of beauty. At any rate it is evident that such objects lay so entirely without the circle of his sympathy, that it matters little whether power or inclination were most wanting.

The period of his youthful study in the garden of Lorenzo de' Medici, from such specimens of the antique as were collected there, must be assumed to have had some share in forming the future man. Nothing, however, is more certain than that, as soon as he was launched on his career, all affinity between him and the antique was effaced in the overwhelming subjectiveness of his art. All the specimens of classic sculpture put together, which Italy was then eagerly disinterring, never made that impression on his mind which the one sarcophagus of Pisa made on that of his great predecessor, Nicolo Pisano. Christian and classic art were not further removed from each other than Michael Angelo was from both. The story of the sale of his Cupid, the constant comparison of his works to those of Greece, and the absurder exaltation of the modern sculptor above the antique masters, are only so many proofs of the mere empiricism regarding art which then prevailed. If the anecdote quoted by Mr. Harford be true, that 'after looking at various statues in terracotta by Antonio Bigarini (an admirable artist in that line), "Woe," he exclaimed, "to the antique statues if these could become marble!"' if this be true, we may even doubt whether Michael Angelo himself appreciated the antique. And if asked to believe that he read and approved Vasari's account of his life, in which his own works are extolled 'above all sculpture, modern

modern or antique, Greek or Roman,' we may doubly question whether his mind ever did homage to the plastic perfection of Greece. A negative corroboration of this surmise may be traced in a letter from Francesco di San Gallo, quoted by Fea.* It appears that Michael Angelo was present at the excavation of the group of the Laocoon from a vineyard near the church of S. Maria Maggiore, which took place towards the close of the year 1505. His words are, 'We went' (his father, Michael Angelo, and himself), 'and descended to the statues. My father immediately said, "This is the Laocoon of which Pliny makes mention." The cavity was enlarged with a view to extract the group, and, seen, *we returned to dinner.*' There is not one word of the raptures of the modern sculptor, and he not the man to conceal them, at the sight of this, one of the grandest ideals of classic energy and knowledge then or since discovered. We give this anecdote only for what it is worth. At any rate, to return to our former topic, no stronger proof can be given of the discrepancy between that style which he made his own and the prevailing character of the antique than is exhibited in the juxtaposition of the two in an antique statue, the River God, in the Museo Clementino, restored by his own hand. Without dwelling on the verdict of such a profound connoisseur as Visconti, followed by Cicognara, as to the immeasurable inferiority of the modern Etruscan to the ancient Greek, manifest in this peculiar trial of skill, we merely point out that incontestable difference between them which was not in his time so much as perceived. The mere fact of Michael Angelo's being commissioned to restore an antique statue at all speaks volumes as to the total absence of artistic judgment in such matters. Whatever his excellence, the first and easiest thing to recognise in this remarkable man is the impossibility of his adapting his manner to that of any other style or period.

Much has been said of the influence of the colossal male torso in the Medici Academy over the mind of the boy-student; and, without questioning the fact, we are disposed to interpret it somewhat differently. In his admiration for this grand object, we see not so much a homage to the spirit of antique sculpture as an incentive to that which constitutes the alpha and omega of his own style, namely, the knowledge of anatomy. Here we touch the real spring which set the powers of this great man at liberty. In the school of anatomy he fought a battle which had never been so thoroughly fought before, and stole from the cold clay those secrets by which his energy could alone

* Notizie intorno Raffaele, p. 21.

be brought into play. The only object he coveted to imitate was the fearfully and wonderfully constructed body of man, and this the science of anatomy alone enabled him to make his own. He could sustain it in any position; and, therefore, he revelled in the most extravagant. He could so plainly discern its internal mechanical forces, that his hand refused under any circumstances to conceal them. He could draw the nude better than anything, and, therefore, he was reluctant to cover any portion of it. In these circumstances lie the great characteristics of daring position, exaggerated muscular development, and that academic absence of individuality which rendered him Michael Angelo, and also those causes which in the present age necessarily narrow the circle of his admirers in the field of sculpture.

Of the at best scanty list of the master's youthful productions in this department, too many, like his snow man, erected for Piero de' Medici, will be perceived to have melted away from human sight. The relief in the Casa Buonarroti, already mentioned, gives a strong foretaste of his eventual might and manner. On the other hand, the angel on the shrine of S. Domenico has nothing of his character, and little promise of any kind. Of the youthful St. John, as of the colossal Hercules, there is no record beyond that in Vasari. The Cupid sleeping appears last in Mantua, and vanished probably in the sack of that city. With the Bacchus, the Pietà, and the David we advance, therefore, as far as his thirtieth year. These three works are important steps in his career. The conception of the Bacchus appears to rest more on the general ideas of the god of wine than on any classic authority or opportunity of examining the antique which Michael Angelo may have possessed. There is no evidence that the group of the Bacchus and Ampelus, now in the Florentine Gallery, was there in Buonarroti's time. It would be a superfluous compliment, therefore, to one who at best attached small value to precedent, to interpret the little faun behind the statue, stealing grapes from a basket, as the figure of the favourite on whom the god was wont to lean. At all events, the conception in other respects departs entirely from that now familiar to us of the softness, effeminacy, and happiness of the Theban deity. The Bacchus of Michael Angelo is a finely-executed figure of manly development and proportion, who is both mortal and drunk, while the Flibbertigibbet behind him, though a symbolic accessory rarely seen in the master's works, was probably meant for nothing more.

The group of the Pietà will ever remain one of his most attractive works. The inanimate state of the Saviour's body gives it a tenderness and relaxation which contrasts refreshingly with his usual excess of vital development; while the features of

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the Virgin have a pathos and solemn individuality which raises this head greatly above his conventional standard. The drapery also is studied for its own sake: he had not then learned to look upon it as a mere incumbrance to the figure.

In the David he appears in his more usual characteristics. The figure is grandly formed and modelled; but that academic vagueness is already conspicuous which leaves the particular intention undefined. The absence of all explaining attribute may be accounted for by the peculiar circumstances under which he received the block of marble; but not so the conception of the figure, than which nothing can be imagined more remote from the idea of the tender and youthful shepherd, who came out to meet the giant Philistine, strong only in the grace of God. Reduce this statue as we please in scale, it remains the sturdy, full-grown, colossal man, far too equal a match for Goliath to illustrate the miraculous narrative of Scripture.

The two circular bas-reliefs of the Virgin and Child are a particular and most interesting phase of his art. The Royal Academy is fortunate in possessing one of them, which, though unfinished, would hardly have gained further beauty from the master's hand. It is impossible to examine it without recurring to our already-expressed theory that Michael Angelo is never so winning as when the conditions of his art linked him in some way to the forms and feelings of his pictorial brethren. Here there is no space for any *tour de force* in the position either of Mother or Child. Here, therefore, he is not exclusively himself, but stands forth rather as some crowning midway excellence, in which Ghirlandajo on the one hand, and Andrea del Sarto on the other, seem united.

The statue of Moses involves that doleful history of the monument of Julius II. to which we have already alluded. The period between the conception and completion of this work was one long travail of the artist's soul without precedent in the annals of inspiration, and rendering all conjecture fruitless as to its positive date.

In 1505 Michael Angelo, fresh glowing with the honours of his, so soon to be annihilated, cartoon of Pisa, was summoned to Rome by Julius II. for the express purpose of undertaking that pontiff's monument. The holy father was worldly and impetuous beyond even the common standard of the Vatican. He wished for the grandest sepulchre that Christendom had hitherto known, and he wished for it as soon as possible. He had found the right man to second these views. Michael Angelo's energy and splendour of ideas needed no spur. He produced a design which, in grandeur, vastness of scale, and far-fetched allegorical compliment,

compliment, admitted of no rival. It represented a quadrangular elevation, in two stages, seen on all four sides; the ground plan, 39 feet by 26 feet. The lower stage consisted of alternate niches, and terminal figures supporting the cornice; the niches containing statues emblematical of the pontiff's victories trampling on captives or converts; the terminal figures having each a full-length nude male figure bound hand and foot to them, symbolising the Arts and Sciences paralysed by the death of Julius. On the second story were seated figures of Prophets, Apostles, and Virtues, two at each corner. Above them reposed the monumental effigy of the impetuous Pope, accompanied by two female figures; the one, Heaven, smiling at the acquisition of the pontifical soul; the other, Earth, bewailing its departure. In all forty figures.

This design so fired the ardour of Julius as to give rise in turn to a scheme for rebuilding the cathedral church of St. Peter's on a scale fitted to receive so sumptuous an erection. 'Hence,' says Mr. Harford, 'the modern church of St. Peter's was a consequence of what proved the abortive scheme for the tomb of Julius.'

It is one of the painful enigmas of this period—so prolific in buildings requiring every class of workmen from the rudest stonemason to the foreman of the works—that in Michael Angelo's undertakings, whether in sculpture or architecture, no one could be ever found to extract the rude materials from the quarry, except the master-mind who was to give those materials life. Accordingly, eight precious months of his thirty-first year were spent in the marble mountains of Carrara, when, having shipped off as much marble as filled the piazza of St. Peter's, he returned to Rome to work. The Moses, and the two so-called Slaves, specimens of the creations intended to people the upper and lower stories of this sepulchral palace, began to grow into life. The pope, meanwhile, did not fail to urge on the willing horse. A temporary bridge was constructed to connect the studio with the palace; and the holy father testified his interest in the work by assiduous interruptions of the artist. Suddenly the scene changed. His holiness, as Michael Angelo himself expresses it, '*si mutò di fantasia*'—a change of mind attributed to the suggestion of a rival regarding the ill luck likely to attend the life of one engaged in his own sepulchral arrangements. Not only did the pope now cease to tread the bridge that led to the studio, but the sculptor was denied access to the palace, and in a fit of indignation quitted his works and Rome.

A few months afterwards a reconciliation ensued, but no entreaties on Michael Angelo's part prevailed on Julius to allow the continuance of the monument until he should be beyond the reach
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of its sinister influence. This took place in 1513, when he left strict charge in his will for the completion of the once favourite scheme. His executors, however, adopted a different view. They considered the vastness of the undertaking, however flattering during his life, a superfluous tribute after death, and Michael Angelo was required to submit to the humiliating condition of furnishing a second design, in which the forty statues originally agreed on were reduced to six. This done, he again devoted his energies to the task, workmen were summoned from Florence, and the Moses felt once more the vivifying chisel of the master, when Leo X. interfered. This pope, whom all worshippers of the great master are bound to execrate, had no interest in his predecessor's tomb, and none in Michael Angelo's fame. Like his successors in the sacred chair, he broke through the solemn obligations of the man without compunction, but, unlike them, he has not even the equivocal merit of having wrung from the artist anything acceptable to the world in exchange. To him was owing the banishment alike from art and society in the wilds of Carrara—a barren waste in Michael Angelo's life—one of the deep stains in his own; and while the most extolled master of the age was quarrying rocks and making roads at the bidding of this falsely called 'patron of the arts,' the dust of years again collected on the half-formed statues of the sepulchre. At Leo's death, in 1521, the chair was occupied by Adrian, who, fortunately, had no ambition to shine in any form of art; the land, therefore, had rest, and for a short twenty months the harassed master proceeded with the work of his affections and his conscience.

Clement VII. succeeded in 1523—too true to his Medici origin to respect any obligation from which he derived no personal glory. In vain Michael Angelo pleaded the contract by which he was bound to the executors. '*Lascia a me far con loro*,' was the answer of the man to whom the sack of Rome and the Medici monuments are alike owing.

In due time—1532—when the artist had reached the age of fifty-seven, the third contract appears, '*per tirare a fine la sepoltura di Giulio II.*' Here it was agreed that the six stipulated statues should be by the master's hand, but that the terminal figures and the accessories of the tomb might be intrusted to other sculptors, the whole to be finished in three years from that time. This arrangement seems to have entailed a fresh design, for a letter to the executors or agents of the deceased Julius apologises for Michael Angelo's not having as yet forwarded the drawing, on the score of its 'being necessary for him first to see again the statues commenced in Rome and buried
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by the inundation of the Tiber, as well as those in Florence, in order to accommodate the plan to them.*

In 1533 Clement VII. was gathered to his fathers, and Buonarroti flattered himself that the way to the completion of the monument was now clear before him; but the Pope, who stood in his path, never died to him. Paul III. appeared on the stage, ready to walk in the steps of his predecessors. It was the old story: 'Go to; he's dead—I'm alive; serve me now.' What need also was there for six statues for an old man's memory? or three? or two? The statue of Moses alone, according to the Cardinal of Mantua, was all-sufficient tribute to the dead lion. Once more, therefore, a contract was framed to express a further diminution of the structure, and three statues by Michael Angelo's hand was all the allowance left for the former thunderer of the Vatican.

Meanwhile the course of this undertaking had run as little smooth in other respects. Many of the marbles, including all the small pieces, were stolen from the piazza;† his half-finished statues, as we have seen, lay under water; the sculptor was drained of his funds to maintain the expenses which, in some measure, went on, though the monument stood still; and an outcry of embezzlement was raised against him by malicious voices, which outlasted even the tardy completion of the work. Bitterly does he complain, in the same letter we have quoted, that the sepulchre has wasted his youth, honour, and fortune, 'for which my only payment is to be called a usurer and a robber by ignoramuses who were not so much as born when I undertook the task.' As for the building which had been projected for the sole purpose of doing honour to the mighty scheme, this part of the plan, like all the rest of the original conception, came to nothing. At first, the disappointed old man was urged to place the scattered remnants of his vast idea in a locality—the church del Popolo—where there was neither room nor light suitable for their reception; and, finally, reduced to one façade instead of four, adorned with three statues by the master's hand instead of forty, and with a few terminal figures eked out with paltry corbels and brackets, the sepulchre hid its diminished head beneath the humble shadow of S. Pietro in Vincoli, some time after 1545, or more than forty years subsequent to its commencement.

The three statues which are the only fruit of this sad tale are those of the Moses, which constitutes the principal feature of the tomb, and two standing female figures, alternately designated

* *Prospetto Cronologico*, vol. xii. of Vasari, p. 381.

† Lettera di Michelagniole Buonarroti per giustificarsi contro le calunnie degli emuli e dei nemici suoi nel proposito del sepolcro di Papa Giulio II., trovata e pubblicata con illustrazioni da Sebastiano Ciampi.

as Active and Contemplative Life, as Leah and Rachel, and as Virtue and Religion; and so vague in character, that any other unmeaning names will suit them quite as well. We are led to conclude that these two figures were afterthoughts consequent on the change of design, no connection being any longer supposed to exist between the death of Julius and the paralysis of the sciences. As to the number of statues finished or blocked out from first to last during the ups and downs of the monument, we have only Vasari's testimony to guide us. He states that Michael Angelo,* when at Florence, where he worked from time to time to avoid the malaria of Rome, 'completed in every point and in many pieces one façade of the work.' In addition to this he enumerates the two Slaves 'finished by his hand in Rome,' eight more statutes of a similar kind blocked out there, five more in Florence, and a finished Victory trampling on a figure, placed in the great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. Making allowance for all exaggeration, it must be concluded that many a figure intended for the tomb has been lost to the world; all that are yet known to exist being the two so-called Slaves, now in the Louvre, where Mr. Harford has the merit of having drawn attention to them; the figure of the Victory, still in the hall of the Palazzo Vecchio; and four half-finished statues of Captives, which adorn a grotto in the Boboli gardens.

The Moses, thus sole remnant and representative of the original design, has been the object of the most opposite opinions, of the extremest praise from contemporaries, and the extremest censure from later writers.† Neither parties have sufficiently borne in mind the different conditions which attended its conception and completion; the fact that he is now seated below the eye when he was intended to be raised above it, that he is now alone when he was designed to be supported by others. Hence, in some measure, that want of concentrated interest which the eye expects in a single figure. The nude portions, especially the left arm, are as fine as anything by the master's hand; but there is an absence of meaning in the general conception, which precludes the idea of a self-sufficing whole. Moses is neither receiving, nor giving, nor teaching the Law; neither occupied with the spectator, retired within himself, nor absorbed in the Deity. Large as is the idea he conveys, he is evidently meant for an accessory to an idea larger still; and the action with which he looks round refers less to any passage in the Pentateuch than to the companions who are not by his side.

There is no doubt that in the eight seated figures of Virtues,

* Vasari, p. 183.

† Milizia, 'Dell' Arte di Vedere.'

Prophets, and Apostles, Michael Angelo had conceived what afterwards found expression on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. Of these it is perhaps to be lamented that the figure of Moses, the unplastic nature of whose horns and beard rendered him peculiarly unfitted to be seen alone, should, for the sake of a profane compliment to the pope, have been first taken in hand. We must remember, too, that even that portion of the monument to which he was destined would not have formed its principal feature. It is evident that the grand nude figures, of which the Slaves are a specimen, would have been, both in themselves and from their relation to the spectator's eye, the prominent part of the design; thus again indicating that sagacity in the great master which led him to reserve the principal objects for the qualities in which he most excelled.

In the Medici monuments we arrive at the most unalloyed, and, on that account, at the least legible emanation of Michael Angelo's genius. He was nearly sixty years of age when the commission was undertaken, nearly seventy when it was completed—the maturity of his power being as protracted as its manhood had been premature. The recumbent male and female figures at the feet of each duke are the purest development of subjective art the world has perhaps seen. The idea of sleep, conveyed by one of them, has given conventional names to all, yet without the more uniting the others in the sequence of the same thought, or connecting any one of them with the finely portrayed, though strangely selected representatives of the House of Medici above. Sleeping or waking, dawning or setting, watching or resting, these figures lie there, like the grand types of some forgotten fable, surviving all clue to their meaning, and even extinguishing all desire for it. All that we see and know is, that Michael Angelo retired into the innermost temple of his mind to bring them forth, and hence the novelty and the grandeur, the vagueness and the incomprehensibility which render them most true to himself.

Some theory, however, may be suggested on the nature of that mind itself in its converse with art—a very important distinction in one who carried the vague character of his art into no other phase of his life. As we have said before, the human figure was the sole object that filled the eye of Michael Angelo—yet not the figure, either real or ideal, as we see it in nature or in the antique, but a Titanic being replete with physical power, and too grandly rudimental to have attained even the nicer distinctions of individual character. Not only did this broad and primeval image of man occupy his eye to the exclusion of landscape, architecture, drapery (in its proper sense), and all other outward forms, but to the exclusion in great measure of that which we consider

consider the crown and glory of the human structure—the head itself. Why else the absence of all variety, and even, with every limb enormously developed, of sufficient size, form, and marking in so many of Michael Angelo's heads? His faces are devoid of meaning, his heads, with scarcely an exception, too small and shallow for his faces.* At that very climax of the work where character begins, his interest appears to cease. Here, therefore, we have a key to that vagueness which especially pervades the great master's sculpture. No matter how grandly developed the anatomy of the figure, it gives in Michael Angelo's hand no sense of individuality. Everybody has dorsal muscles; there is no speciality in the prominence of a clavicle—the most perfectly formed flexors and extensors tell us nothing. It is to his triumph over anatomy, mechanically speaking, that his comparative indifference to the special beauties of the head may be attributed. Up to the strong throat-muscles in man, and, with him, equally in woman, the figure is all Michael Angelo; beyond that we are driven to a succession of negatives in endeavouring to characterise a form of human countenance which is not real—not individual, not intellectual, not spiritual, and, if abstract, not in the sense which the antique teaches. What wonder, therefore, that no portrait, either in colour or marble, should be known to exist by his hand; not (we venture to differ from Mr. Harford, who here adopts the insincere flattery of Vasari) because no human head he ever saw corresponded with his ideas of perfect beauty, but because the true rendering of any natural head demanded a feeling of imitation and observation which lay without the pale of his art-sympathies. Vasari speaks his more honest sentiments in the Life of Jacopo Sansovino, whom he admits to be superior to Michael Angelo in the cast of his draperies, in children, *'e nell' arie delle donne.'*

The vigorous dash of the chisel, so prominent in his unfinished works, makes it interesting to inquire in what mode this iron hand really worked. And the description by an eye-witness, quoted by Mr. Harford, at once proves that the very word 'chisel,' now little more than a conventional term when applied to a master sculptor, became a reality of the most astonishing kind in Michael Angelo's case.

'I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year; and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four

* The head of the David is an exception in this respect, being rather large in proportion, yet without giving the figure the character of youth.

hours—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labour, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark that, had he passed it even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole; since any such injury, unlike the case of works in plaster or stucco, would have been irreparable.'

Something of this fearlessness may be traced to the unstinted riot of his chisel in the white marble mountains of Carrara. Thorwaldsen once told us that the Carrarese workmen in his studio surpassed all others in the boldness with which they used the tool—'knocking away the marble,' he said, 'like so much cheese.' There is reason also to think that Michael Angelo availed himself little of those simple geometrical appliances to which it is known the ancient sculptors resorted, and by which an inferior hand may translate the most elaborate clay model into marble. He was accustomed to say, borrowing an antique phrase, that 'the sculptor should carry his compasses in his eye;' and several of his works—the face of the Saviour in the *Pietà*, the foot of the Moses, and the hand of the same figure upon his breast, and the hand and arm placed behind the Madonna in the Medici chapel—show that miscalculation in the size of his block which resulted from this reliance. It may be concluded in these instances that he worked the marble from models of a smaller size, for Benvenuto Cellini says that, 'having experimented in both ways—that is, in making statues from small and from large models—Michael Angelo was at last convinced of the difference, and adhered to the practice of the large models, as it happened to me to witness in Florence while he was working upon the Medici monument.'*

In natural connection with his exultant use of the chisel follows the wonderful facility of line displayed by his drawings. His hand had learnt the human form by heart, and obeyed the motions of his will with a readiness analogous to the freedom of speech itself. The hand drawn at once with the pen, by way of sign-manual, to prove to the emissary of the Cardinal di San Giorgio what he could do;† the unmistakeable sign of his presence in the form of the colossal head left in the before empty lunette in the saloon of the Galatea in the Farnesina, to show Sebastian del Piombo who had mounted the scaffolding during

* Cicognara, vol. v. p. 171, note 2nd.

† The drawing of a hand preserved in Paris, and which is known by the engraved facsimile, is not admitted by connoisseurs to be the sketch referred to. The head in the Farnesina is less questionable, though some have ascribed it to that not very expert designer, Sebastian del Piombo himself.

his absence; the figure of the standing Hercules, designed, as kindly as instantaneously, in a shed near S. Pietro in Vincoli, for a young Ferrarese potter who had done him service, all show the burning rapidity with which the mental image was thrown upon any surface that stood ready to receive it. In these feats, however, judging from the head still preserved in the Farnesina, whatever the marvel, there is no mystery. The eye follows the splendid calligraphy of his will, and, however surprised, comprehends the result which ensues. But his more deliberately executed studies have a higher power over us. Here the utter disparity of means to end entails that feeling with which we regard a thing above our comprehension. There is nothing to be said before such a Madonna as that preserved in a little side-room in the Casa Buonarroti. Common coarse paper and slight blurs of red and black chalk appear inadequate to produce the miracle of roundness, gradation, and power which rises from them: the impression of the master's strength growing in proportion to the seeming insufficiency of the materials employed.

There can be little question that in the destruction of the Cartoon of Pisa the chef-d'œuvre, not only of Michael Angelo but of all that human hand has ever produced in such a form, was lost to the world. It was executed in his thirtieth year, when he may be said to have been elate with the possession of his recently-acquired anatomical powers, and eager to display them in a subject which gave them a magnificent field. The cartoon was a new revelation in the history of art! Nude figures, just roused from bathing by the alarm of the enemy, and conceived in every form of hasty preparation: some scarce risen from the water, others hurrying on such clothes as were within reach; others again, forgetting all but the note of war and flying naked to the combat with nothing but a weapon—such a task had never been before attempted, and was produced at once in the utmost perfection. It raised a tumult of astonishment in the artist-world not surpassed, if equalled, by any of his other great achievements, and was studied and copied by a longer list of pictorial celebrities, including the youthful Raphael, than afterwards did homage even to the Sistine ceiling. For this reason, as Vasari says, having become the centre of study as well as of admiration, it was removed from the council chamber into the Casa Medici—now the Riccardi—and placed in the great hall above. The question naturally ensues, How comes such a work of art, so placed, so extolled, so studied, to have been destroyed before the novelty of its beauty had even palled upon the Florentine eyes? The outrage is attributed to the envy of Baccio Bandinelli—he who was considered the best copyist who had

sat before it;—but such a deed could not have been done in a corner, nor without the assistance and connivance of many accomplices. The cartoon, mechanically speaking, was no slight thing to attack. Vasari calls it ‘grandissimo’ in size, and we know that it contained nineteen figures which may be pronounced to have been the size of life. Gaye (vol. ii. pp. 92-3) shows, from Florentine records, that fourteen quires of royal Bolognese folio had been supplied for it by a paper-merchant; that two workmen had been employed to put it together, and that three planks of deal had been paid for to protect it in some way. Such a surface must have been stretched upon a strong framework. Vasari says that the Duke Giuliano—he whom Michael Angelo immortalised on one of the Medici monuments—was ill, and that the palace was being restored for the reception of a new governor. But such a residence could not be left at any time without guards. The fact is, that, though art might be lauded and cried up with empty panegyric and far-fetched praise, it commanded no real intelligence, and therefore no real respect. Leonardo da Vinci’s famous model of his equestrian statue fell a prey to brutal Gascon bowmen in time of war. Michael Angelo’s cartoon was destroyed in a saloon, which it had converted into an academy of art, in the midst of peace. The first was a misfortune which might happen anywhere during a period of violence and foreign occupation, the latter a disgrace which may serve to open our eyes as to the true ‘atmosphere’ of the far-famed Medicean era.

With this cartoon of Pisa perished the only specimen of Michael Angelo’s genius in this form. Designs by his hand, both of sacred and profane subjects, form the basis of well-known pictures by Marcello Venusti, Sébastian del Piombo, Pontormo, Daniel da Volterra, and Battista Franco. They do not, however, contribute to the fame of the master; the figures in many of them are clumsy and ungraceful, the compositions unattractive, and the scanty nature of the accessories adds no interest to the scene. In this respect some of these versions of his conceptions strikingly illustrate his inaptitude or antipathy to any forms and objects extraneous to the human frame. The drapery either disguises the figure in puffy and unmeaning masses, with no beauty of its own, or follows it like a skin, with rope-like lines at the principal joints; while an object so tempting to the lover of the classic or picturesque as the Chariot of the Sun is got rid of in the Fall of Phaëton, under the form of a mere shallow trough with four equal sides.

It is not to be expected in these days, when many a tyro in architectural science is unwilling even to admit Palladio within

within the ranks of its legitimate chronology, that some of those arbitrary forms of the Renaissance, which owe their origin to Michael Angelo, should really find favour. If, as we have said, the shoulders of his predecessors be the best place for the painter, it is certain that they are the only place for the architect. Here, therefore, the self-reliant, unamalgamating mind of Michael Angelo—who, moreover, did not execute his first tasks in architecture until he was past forty years of age—offers at the outset grave impediments to his career. The worst that can be said of an architect—namely, that he has cast aside the rules which his predecessors respected—was the sum of Vasari's praise for him. Even granting that the art had admitted of any impromptu and newly-imagined forms, the artist who, whether in painting, sculpture, or design, instinctively avoided even the necessary niceties of detail, was not the man to recommend them. But in the field which he now entered that freedom of innovation, whether of rejection or introduction, which the force of his genius had rendered admirable in his painting and enduring in his sculpture, was totally inadmissible. It was no longer a question whether he might shirk the beauties of ornament, or even how he might treat them. The order of an edifice is as the flower to a plant, deciding its genus. The architect, in selecting his form of decoration, expresses not his fancy but his creed, and to mix up several together is to have no creed at all. Far from rebelling, therefore, against such conditions, Michael Angelo, with his well-known antipathy to what he thought the nonsense of art, should the more gladly have welcomed the system which spared him all necessity for invention. His antipathy to precedent was, however, stronger still. The sacristy of S. Lorenzo, in the decoration of which he reigned without control, is a memorial of the twofold anomaly of a form of mind which, while disregarding the canons of antique taste, was more than commonly unfitted to supply any others in their place. The mixture of several orders and the invention of new; the unmeaning subdivision of spaces; the grotesque heads in the cornice of the basement, and the masks and detached ram's horns on the capitals; the strange drawn-out consols, half as long as the doors, in the adjacent library; the doors themselves, with triangular pediments enclosed within circular; all show arrangements by the master for which he had no rule, and a medley to the spectator to which there is no key. As Wood tersely says in his letters, 'Simplicity I did not expect; but here there is neither grace nor boldness, lightness nor magnificence.' The vagaries of a Borromini were its natural consequence. Even in cases where Michael Angelo did employ something approaching to a simple order of decoration,

tion, he defeats both its meaning and beauty by some adaptation of his own, as in the Ionic capitals on the ground-floor of one of the palaces of the Campidoglio, where the volutes, instead of ranging flat with the building, are made to return, like the form adopted by the Greeks in turning an angle; thus perpetuating the sense of an architectural difficulty where the occasion for it does not exist. Where he had not the temptation of any precise laws to infringe, his conceptions of ornamental beauty do not the more commend themselves to the eye. In those opportunities for spontaneous decoration (we know what our Wren would have made of them) afforded by blank niches and windows, far from revelling in his liberty, he is evidently puzzled to know how to use it. So, at least, we must conclude from the nondescript festoons of scrolls and urns, guttæ and shells, with the papal tiara by way of flower, and the keys of St. Peter by way of buds, fortunately suspended far above ordinary observation on the attic of the external order of St. Peter's.

But though the peculiarities of his mental constitution are answerable for those transgressions unavoidably associated with Michael Angelo's memory as an architect, we must remember that to that great mind are also owing those qualities which ever entitle him to reverence in this form of art—qualities which, though they do little to redeem his architectural shortcomings, rendered him, without question, the best builder, and, in some instances, the finest designer of general masses of his time. Without dwelling on his fanciful comparison, as old as Vitruvius, of the members of architecture to the human body, there can be no doubt of the intimate affinity which connected the structure of his edifices with that of his figures. The same instinctive desire for mechanical truth which rendered him triumphant over the science of anatomy led him also to those correct practical inferences in which the essence of engineering consists. There was nothing to apprehend from novelty of design in this instance. There is no latitude of taste in the pursuit of utility, as there is no difference of opinion where that end is attained. Michael Angelo becomes here as intelligible as he is great. From the self-sustaining scaffolding whence he called into existence the sublime conceptions of the Sistine ceiling, to the fortifications of Florence, which, more than 150 years later, received the high homage of a careful measurement by the best military engineer of Louis XIV.'s reign, his merits, if they have never been the object of exaggerated admiration, have, at all events, never been disputed. However he may have failed in the external, and what he seems to have thought the more optional graces of architecture, yet in such as flow from the very nature
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of fine construction he stands unrivalled. The most beautiful form he has bequeathed to us, that of the cupola of St. Peter's, is an instance in point. There is no reason to believe that Michael Angelo discarded Bramante's cupola on the score of inferior grace. What he objected to was its structural incapacity to sustain the required weight; and in the change of form to secure additional strength followed, in true architectural consequence, additional beauty as well.

We owe to Mr. Harford's folio of engravings the first opportunity of viewing the successive designs for St. Peter's by Bramante, San Gallo, and Michael Angelo, and therefore the self-evident superiority of the last. Those of the two first, while it is doubtful whether they were even capable of being executed, convey a composite conception between the temple and the church, which leaves no leading idea on the mind; that of Michael Angelo, on the other hand, with its grand balance of lightly-rising and firmly-planted masses, offers one of those simple forms of constructive truth whence the utmost variety of architectural beauty may be worked out. Here again the great man puts forth what he knows to be his force in the most prominent light, so filling the mind with the sense of his mechanical skill and unity of design as to render it comparatively indifferent to the minor ornamental shortcomings of the edifice.

Mr. Harford's enthusiasm for his subject is nowhere more judiciously shown than in the clearness with which he has pointed out the superiority of St. Peter's as according to Michael Angelo's design it would have been, compared to the actual building as papal tamperings have made it. The same ill fortune which had attended him through his other undertakings may be said to have reached its climax here. This great temple of the Vatican, to which he devoted the last seventeen years of his life—a votive offering of his genuine piety—which he had redeemed from confusion and feebleness, and raised up into a model of simplicity and grandeur, fell into ignorant and irreverent hands, incapable of any conception of the architect's intention but that which completely disguised it. Again, the Grand Hall of the Baths of Diocletian, converted by Michael Angelo, without essential alteration, into a church—*della Madonna degli Angioli*—of the finest proportions, shared the same fate, being distorted in the last century by one Vanvitelli into the form of a Latin cross, to the sacrifice equally of its original form, and of the master's judicious adaptation. Thus the two specimens most imbued with his energy and grandeur of thought were in great measure sacrificed, while his Florentine edifices, which received the first fruits of his ornamental incongruities,

incongruities, have preserved uninjured the evidence of his deficiencies. Nothing, however, in his architectural career is more melancholy than the results of the banishment to Carrara and Pietra Santa. It is true there is not much probably to regret in the non-execution of that façade, on the preparation of which Leo X. wasted the best years of the greatest man of his pontificate; at the same time a deeper moral is added to the injustice by the fact that, of the five columns which appear to have been the chief fruits of this profanation of his energies, one only reached Florence. This lay for years, broken in two, before the church it had been destined to ornament, and there still lies, we are assured, immersed in the deposit of centuries. The four others, after traversing the road he had constructed, never advanced beyond the place of embarkation.

We must be brief in our comments on the fourth element of Michael Angelo's mental constitution. To measure his poetry by the standard of his plastic and pictorial powers, as some commentators have attempted, is as mistaken as it is uncomplimentary. 'Subjective' is a term which cannot be said to distinguish an art depending, by its very nature, on the predominance of individual thought and character. The peculiar qualities also of his artistic genius, to the great advantage of his muse, are not visible in his verse. There are no ebullitions of Barsark energy in his poetic sentiments, no redundant thunder of sound in his verse. The relation of means to end, as in his engineering science, is clearly perceived: he never displays strength merely for strength's sake. Had he only written as he wrought, the world would have added no fourth garland to his brow. It must be admitted that his poetry is occasionally rugged in form—that it is in parts obscure even to an Italian (though for this the lapse of time, which affects the mutable forms of thought, may account), and that the leading signs of his art are in this particular traceable. But no one would pronounce these to be the predominant characteristics of his poetry. On the contrary, his lyric muse is compact in form, while his graphic muse was diffuse: his verse is pregnant with clear meaning, uttering 'things,' as Berni said of him, while others only spoke 'words'—his most lauded art is singularly unintelligible: the language of his hand spurned precedent even of the highest order; the language of his poetry is modelled on the purest types of his native tongue: his poetry, considered as the general worship of the Beautiful, justifies the quotation Mr. Harford has given from *Condivi*—'That he not only admired human beauty, but universally everything beautiful—a beautiful horse or dog, a beautiful landscape and plant, a beautiful mountain and forest, a beautiful

beautiful situation, and, in short, every beautiful thing that can be imagined—surveying it with the most animated delight, and extracting pleasure from the beauties of nature as bees do the honey from flowers.’ No words, on the other hand, could be more out of place, applied to his art.

Here, therefore, that connexion which Mr. Harford has sought to establish between the mind of Michael Angelo and the mind of his time, and which we have repudiated in his art, comes legitimately into view, and is pointed out by his biographer with singular success. All that was real in the sentiments and phraseology of modern Platonism found ready reception in a heart and life alike earnest and virtuous. In his homage to a pagan philosophy there was no self-flattering pride conveniently screening vague principles—no ‘profane and vain babblings,’ which disfigure more or less almost every work on letters and art of that time. At the same time we are not inclined to assume that the contrition expressed in those beautiful sonnets, beginning, ‘Carico d’anni, e di peccati pieno;’ and again, ‘Vivo al peccato, ed a me morto vivo,’ refer really to any substitution of the code of a Medicean Platonism for the doctrines of Christianity. Though he was carried along in phraseology, and partially in thought, in that orbit of habit wherein each generation moves, it is difficult to believe that it affected the equilibrium of his inmost heart. He who had known the heart-sickness of hope deferred, and never realised, is here heard acknowledging, not that he had bowed down to any particular form of falsehood, but simply that, having set his affections on earthly things, he had found them wanting.

We must confess a preference for Mr. Harford’s faithful translations of Michael Angelo’s poetry over the versions of Wordsworth and Southey, who have rather exchanged one beauty for another than kept close to the original. In the renderings of Mr. Harford we have far more of the unalloyed spirit of the great Italian.

The same desire to know only what his theme teaches attends Mr. Harford’s interpretation of the bond which united the illustrious names of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna—a bond so far unlike others over which poetry has shed her beams, as to shine with the purer lustre the closer it is seen. If it be insulting to attach the idea of love in its common sense to two such joint names, it is equally as absurd to apply the term ‘Platonic’ to one of the loftiest instances of friendship that ever existed between elderly man and woman. These were the days when no man spoke of his lady as a woman, or of his devotion as a passion; when Cardinal Bembo created a *furor* in Venice.

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and Florence by the publication of his 'Asolani,' the most intolerably dull book we ever took up, in which six young people of each sex were supposed deliberately to meet, and 'ragionar d'amore,'—and one maintained that love was always bad and never could be good; and another that it was always good and never could be bad; and a third that love has the choice of two windows, the eyes, which conduct him to the beauty of the body, and the ears, which lead him to that of the soul; and a fourth, Heaven knows what! and in short, where the twelve hopeful young devotees go on to the end of the book perpetually buzzing about the candle, and say nothing as to whether any of them got burnt. Even Michael Angelo fell into this jargon, in a discourse he held before the Academy della Crusca, upon a sonnet by Petrarch, beginning 'Amore, che nel pensier mio vive e regna,' in which he treats the great question as if it were a sort of mental botany, dividing it into order and class, and proving nothing so clearly as that the first of all virtues and the best of all felicities, reduced to such abstractions, was the prosiest thing in the world. But all pedantry ceased with him when actual feeling was concerned. The Marchesa di Pescara, though too high an ideal to inspire more than the tenderest form of respect, was no abstraction to him. No one indeed was less liable at any age to be caught by merely imaginary charms, and no one was richer in the best feminine graces than the highborn, and gifted, and fair woman who, in his own words, taught him, 'by fairest paths to tread the way to heaven.' The friendship which united Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo, as it comes before us through the long vista of ages, appears one of those forms of poetic justice which even this world affords to its truly great. Each stood upright and unsullied at a time when such principles excited rather wonderment than admiration. Each received in the esteem of the other the highest tribute which the world could bestow.

From the varied aspects of Michael Angelo's genius which we have successively considered, may be gathered, if not the complete mirror of his mind, yet those leading qualities, and especially that one quality of haughty independence, which in him assumed the form of the sternest moral integrity. There is no wonder that disappointment should be the theme, and melancholy the keynote, of his verse. He who hated injustice and disdained the great, who was inaccessible to vanity and self-interest, and incapable of intrigue, was an inconvenience as well as a reproach in the times in which his lot was cast. His whole career was one of ceaseless conflict with the vices of the great and the little, and the intrigues of both. He paid

paid them back by the standing aloof from society, the refusal of favours, and by that 'power of despising' which Ugo Foscolo attributes to Dante. Nor was this luxury of contempt confined by any means within his own breast; his tongue never faltered either to prince or pope; what he had to say, like what he had to do, he said with all his might. The Duke of Urbino insultingly advised him, through an agent, 'to make a clean conscience' regarding the moneys for the monument of Julius II.; the hot old Florentine replied, 'Tell him he has fabricated a Michael Angelo in his own heart, of the same stuff that he finds there.' Pope Paul IV. enjoined him to add some drapery to the nude figures of the Last Judgment; he answered, 'The pope had better concern himself less about pictures, which are easily mended, and more about the reformation of men, which is far more difficult to achieve.'

The power of his will in his later years daunted even those least accustomed to submit. The ambassador from the Duke of Urbino writes, touching the much discussed monument, 'Michael Angelo has lately evinced a strong desire to come to Rome and conduct the affair himself; the pope has not yet made up his mind to give him leave, but he, wishing to come, *'sarà finalmente sua Santità forzata di contentarsene.'* Again, in the manuscript of François de Hollande, though receiving its evidence with a certain reserve, we find 'Maintenant, si je parle du célèbre Maître Michelange, on taxera mes paroles de fable et de mensonge. Il est pourtant vrai que le Pape Clément avait pour lui de tels égards, que lorsqu'il allait le voir il se tenait toujours debout, craignant que s'il s'asseyait le brusque artiste n'en fit autant.' It is impossible not to wonder how such a spirit could submit at all to that tyrannic waste of his time, and that arbitrary appropriation of his hand, which marks his whole career. Here, however, something must be allowed for a state of society in which respect for the artist in our sense was utterly unknown, and more for that energy which, kindling with difficulties, avenged itself nobly on caprice by showing that it could not be taxed in vain.

It was not to be expected that his countrymen should comprehend those trials to which a nature so unlike their own was peculiarly sensitive; on the contrary, his cotemporary biographers lose no opportunity of extolling the supreme good fortune which in their opinion attended the life of this extraordinary individual. What higher tribute, Condivi asks, can be given to merit, than to be contended for by four Pontiffs, one Grand Turk, by the King of France, the Duke of Tuscany, the Signory of Venice, and other minor powers? And to leave no doubt of what

what was then considered the highest homage Genius could receive, he gives an anecdote of Julius III. in the next page, which must be translated literally to be believed. 'Having access,' Condivi says, 'to his Holiness, I have heard with my own ears from his own mouth, that, if he should survive Michael Angelo, which the natural course of life renders probable, he would have him embalmed, and kept close to his own person, so that his body should be as perpetual as his works. Which thing, at the beginning of his pontificate, he told Michael Angelo himself, many being present. Nor do I know of anything more honourable to Michael Angelo than these words, nor a greater sign of the esteem in which his Holiness holds him.'—p. 48.

We turn from such a story as this as by a natural consequence to that air of melancholy which characterises every portrait of this great man. Men sung his praises and sought his counsel; a younger generation came upon the scene, who knew, in a dim way, that a great Presence still lingered among them; and the nephews of those who had filled his cup with bitterness stood uncovered before him. But the iron had entered his soul. His later letters are full of a stern sadness, for which no infirmity of age, in a mind so vigorous to the last, can account. He is displeased at his nephew's rejoicings at the birth of a son, because '*l'uomo non deve ridere quando il mondo tutto piange.*' The death of his servant Urbino, for whose long services he thanks God, leaves him nothing, he says, but '*una infinita miseria.*' Writing to Cosimo I. of Florence, he regrets not to be able to comply with his wishes regarding the church of S. Giovanni, because he is old and '*mal d'accordo con la vita.*' And if asked to trace a motto under the noble and pathetic head from the bronze bust by John of Bologna, in Mr. Harford's accompanying folio, we should banish all thoughts of his art, his works, and his virtues, and, remembering only those sorrows which have impressed our heart as deeply as his genius, inscribe his own words written at the foot of some plans for a chapel in St. Peter's: '*Could one die of grief and shame, I should ere this have ceased to exist.*'

Our task must stop here. The analysis of Michael Angelo's art and works, however inadequately performed, was all we proposed to ourselves. The marvellous eye and hand which battled with so many forms of difficulty have given us some insight into his character, and more still is derived from the study of his verse. Both combined, however, are far from supplying a full picture of his mind. As regards cotemporary biography, we have had reason to see that in this case it is singularly unworthy of trust. The world is therefore thrown on such evidence

as his unpublished letters supply. Count Cosimo Buonarroti, their possessor, has recently died, bequeathing, we understand, the Casa Buonarroti and its inestimable contents to the government of his native Tuscany. It is impossible that Michael Angelo's letters should have been better preserved and more honoured than by his collateral descendant, and it is to be hoped that they will at last be made available to the public. Then, we have no doubt, from our own limited knowledge of these documents, that a better glory than any that even art can bestow will encompass the name of Michael Angelo, and that even Mr. Harford will find the object of his generous devotion still more worthy of the monument he has raised to him. We understand that a second edition of his work is already called for. If it appears before he can profit by the treasury of new material which is now open to him, it is to be hoped that the correspondence of the great painter, architect, sculptor, and poet, will be published later in a supplement.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Speeches of Lord Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, and Fox; with Biographical Memoirs, and Introductions and Explanatory Notes.* Edited by a Barrister. 4th edition. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. London, 1855.
2. *Speeches on Social and Political Subjects, with Historical Introductions.* By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Naples. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1857.
3. *An Inaugural Address delivered by Earl Stanhope at his Installation as Lord Rector of Marischal University, Aberdeen.* 8vo. London, 1858.

IN an admirable address to the University of Aberdeen, Lord Stanhope has recently proved to the students, by numerous happy illustrations drawn from the lives of eminent men in the various departments of literature and science, that success is only to be obtained by industry. He repudiated the notion of heaven-born genius, if by that term is meant genius which spontaneously pours forth its stores without labour or study. The greatest talents, like the richest soil, only yields its choicest fruits to persevering tillage. If there is one branch of excellence which more than another has been supposed to be the gift of untutored nature, it is the faculty of verse; if there is one poet more than another who derived his inspiration from the innate passions of his heated mind, and who appeared to possess the power of embodying fervid feelings in glowing rhymes without the

the smallest effort, it was unquestionably Lord Byron. Yet in a conversation, quoted by Lord Stanhope, he asserted that it was nonsense to talk of extemporising verse. The prodigious quantity which he wrote during his short life is no less a proof of his diligence than of his fertility. Mr. Trelawny represents him as spending the larger part of his waking hours in meditating his works; and no physician or lawyer in extensive practice ever followed their professions with more dogged perseverance. His friend Moore, whose songs and tales have a far-fetched prettiness which indicates greater elaboration, confesses of himself that 'he had been at all times a slower and more painstaking workman than would ever be guessed from the result.' Pope tells us that in his boyhood 'he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;' but if they came unsought, it was a felicity which forsook him as his understanding matured. Though by no means a voluminous writer, considering the many years he worked at his craft, Swift complained that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he 'had always some poetical scheme in his head.' He was in the habit of jotting down in the night, as he lay in bed, any striking thought or lucky expression which passed through his mind, lest it should be forgotten before morning. He recorded lines or fragments of lines, which he hoped to turn to account at a future period, and allowed not a crumb to fall to the ground. What he composed with care, he corrected with patience. He kept his pieces by him long before consigning them to the press; he read them to his friends, and invited their criticism; and his condensed couplets, which seem 'finished more through happiness than pains,' really owe their first quality to the last. As we ascend higher the same truth is equally apparent. Milton's studies are revealed in every page of the 'Paradise Lost.' One of the most original of poets in his conceptions and style, his particular phrases and allusions may be tracked in all the best literature both ancient and modern which existed before his day. He who invoked his muse to raise him to the 'height of his great argument' did by that very expression intimate how vast an effort he considered to be necessary to treat worthily so sublime a theme, as in his *Lycidas* he had declared, that 'to scorn delights and live laborious days' was the indispensable condition of fame. Of the habits of Shakespeare we know nothing, except that the players boasted that he never blotted a line, which only proves that he must have matured his conceptions before committing them to paper. The knowledge of human nature is a matter of experience and not of intuition; and at least he must have been a diligent reader of men if he had been a careless reader of books.

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He must, however, have studied these not a little also, for his language in his poetical dialogue is not the language of conversation alone. Nor is there any poet whose effusions bear the impress of more severe thought, which not only impregnates, but some times obscures, his 'thick-coming fancies.' If internal evidence is to be a guide, he, as little as any one, could have dispensed with previous meditation and preliminary discipline.

Wherever prose-writers have been remarkable for some particular quality, it will be equally found that the point in which they have excelled was one upon which they had bestowed commensurate pains. Those, for example, who are distinguished for the beauty of their style have acquired their skill as the artist acquires his power of drawing—not by contenting themselves with the first rude and rapid draught, but by repeated references to better models, by an incessant renewal of their attempts, and by the untiring correction of defects. Every one knows that Pascal wrote each of his 'Provincial Letters' many times over. The draught of his 'Epoques de la Nature' which Buffon sent to the press was the eleventh. The Benedictine editor of Bossuet's works stated that his manuscripts were bleared over with such numerous interlineations that they were nearly illegible. Burke penned his political pamphlets three times at least before they were put into type, and then he required to have a large margin for his manifold corrections. Sterne was incessantly employed for six months in perfecting one very diminutive volume. 'I mention this,' says Paley, to whom we owe our knowledge of the fact, 'for the sake of those who are not sufficiently apprised that in writing, as in many other things, ease is not the result of negligence, but the perfection of art.' The proposition that uncommon excellence arises from the concurrence of great talents with great industry is supported by so many examples that they might be produced by the score. The extraordinary effect, indeed, of sustained application might almost seem to countenance the saying of Buffon, that 'genius was patience.' The idle may dream over the fancied possession of intuitive powers which they never display. Those who enter the arena and engage in the contest know that strength cannot be put forth without strenuous exertion, nor skill be manifested without assiduous practice.

Of all the attainments which Lord Stanhope, in his graceful and attractive speech, showed to depend upon cultivation, none more needed to be dwelt upon before a body of students than that of oratory. There is no accomplishment which even when possessed in a moderate degree raises its possessor to consideration with equal rapidity, none for which there is so constant a demand

demand in the church, in the senate, or at the bar, and none, strange to say, which is so little studied by the majority of aspirants. Dr. King, in his '*Anecdotes of his Own Time*,' which was written in 1760, complains that the want of a proper power of expression was a universal defect in the English nation. Many admirable scholars whom he had known could not speak with propriety in a common conversation, whereas among the French and Italians he had met with few learned men who did not talk with ease and elegance. The only three persons of his acquaintance among our own countrymen who expressed themselves in a manner which would have been pronounced excellent if everything they uttered had been committed to writing, were Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Gower,* and Dr. Johnson. That his pupils might acquire the art of speaking with correctness and facility, he used to recommend them to get by heart a page of some English classic every morning, and the method was often attended with complete success. There is still the same disproportion as in his day between the extensive learning of the educated classes and their capability of imparting it. Great pains are taken at our schools and universities to obtain knowledge, but upon the mode of conveying it in a way which shall be pleasing and forcible, no pains are bestowed at all. It is as if years should be spent in collecting materials for the construction of a mighty edifice without any attempt to dispose them in an order which would secure beauty, strength, or convenience. Lord Chesterfield was for ever impressing upon his son the necessity, if he wished to be listened to, of acquiring an elegant style and a good delivery. He appealed to the instances within his own experience of the applause which followed those who possessed these advantages, and of the uselessness without them of the most solid acquirements. Lord Townshend, he said, who invariably spoke with sound argument and abundant knowledge, was heard with impatience and ridicule, because his diction was always vulgar and frequently ungrammatical, his cadences false, and his voice inharmonious; whereas the Duke of Argyle, whose matter was flimsy, and his reasoning the weakest ever addressed to an intelligent assembly, 'charmed, warmed, and ravished his audience,' by a noble air, a melodious voice, a just emphasis, and a polished style. Lord Cowper and Sir William Wyndham prevailed chiefly by the same means. By his own account, Lord Chesterfield himself afforded an illustration of the truth of his position when he introduced his bill into the House of Lords for reforming the Calendar. He knew little of the matter, and re-

* He was Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.

solved to supply the deficiency by well-rounded periods, and a careful delivery. 'This,' he continues, 'succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them affirmed that I had made the whole very clear to them when, God knows, I had not even attempted it.' Lord Macclesfield, who was a profound astronomer, followed, and with a perfect mastery of the subject, and with as much lucidity as the question permitted, furnished a real explanation of it, but, as his sentences were not so good as those of Lord Chesterfield, 'the preference,' says the latter, 'was most unanimously though most unjustly given to me.' Upon every occasion he had found, in like manner, that weight without lustre was lead.

The total inattention to this truth is not, therefore, a matter of inferior moment. Hundreds of ripe scholars are unable in consequence to bring their attainments to bear upon the understandings of those whom it is their business to inform. Unadorned sense, dry reasoning, a hard, flat, and colourless style make no impression except that of weariness. It is not only in Parliament and the pulpit that the faculty is required of rendering knowledge and argument attractive. Those who observe the effects upon the lower orders of bodily toil, must be sensible that their education, from the time they leave school, will never be conducted in any marked degree through the medium of books. Their chief instruction must be oral, and in many parishes the clergy have adopted the practice of giving secular lectures, which succeed or fail in exact proportion as the lecturer is a proficient in the art of speaking. Tawdry bombast and low humour will, indeed, excite the admiration of unrefined rustics as well as the higher products of the intellect, but no learning, however abundant, ever commands the ears of these audiences, unless it is set off by some extrinsic charm. A gulf is left between the mind of the speaker and that of the hearer, and until this strait can be bridged the long antecedent journey is more than half in vain. Nor need there be any fear that, if elocution and style were more cultivated, a torrent of tedious declamation would be let loose upon the world. Study, by improving taste, increases fastidiousness; and is rather calculated to check than to encourage an ill-timed loquacity. Clergymen and lawyers, at all events, are obliged by their calling to address public assemblies; and the sole question which remains to them is, whether they will do it well or ill.

The vulgar, said Lord Chesterfield, look upon a fine speaker as a supernatural being, and endowed with some peculiar gift of heaven. He himself maintained that a good speaker was as much

a mechanic as a good shoemaker, and that the two trades were equally to be learned by the same amount of application. In this there was some degree of exaggeration, but he was much nearer the truth than those who are deterred from every attempt to improve by the erroneous idea that unless the power is intuitive it can never be acquired. They might consider by what long repeated efforts a child learns to talk and read, or the years they pored over Greek and Latin before they gained a mastery over these tongues, and they would not infer, because they felt no inherent aptitude for speaking, that, therefore, nature had denied them the capacity. So much is it a matter of industry that, if any schoolboy were asked to select the most conspicuous example of defects subdued and excellence attained by indefatigable perseverance, he would certainly name the first of orators. The most eloquent of Romans went through a training as severe as that of the illustrious Greek, and if Demosthenes and Cicero found elaborate preparation essential to success, it is no wonder that lesser men should not be speakers before they have studied how to speak. Lord Chesterfield declares that he succeeded in Parliament simply by resolving to succeed. He early saw the importance of eloquence, and neglected nothing which could assist him to become a proficient in it. He conned carefully all the fine passages he met with in his reading; he translated from various languages into English; he attended to his style in the freest conversations and most familiar letters; he never allowed a word to fall from his lips which was not the best he could command! By these means he arrived at such an habitual accuracy that at last he said the pains would have been necessary to express himself inelegantly. A rapid review of the small band of pre-eminent speakers who have adorned our Senate, which has been the chief school of eloquence, the bar producing far fewer orators than might have been expected, will lead to the conclusion, that however varied in detail may have been the methods by which men learned to clothe ready conceptions in ready language, laborious study has been common to them all. From Demosthenes downwards no one has become an adept in the art without a special adaptation of means to the end. Nothing more is wanting to enable the enlightened part of the community to bring their minds into closer contact with the uninstructed, and thus to elevate the lower orders by a potent influence which hitherto has been imperfectly exerted, than that they should have the self-confidence to believe that the education which formed the Chesterfields will not be thrown away upon themselves. Nature has not destined every one to be a

Chatham

Chatham or a Burke, but there are few persons of fair abilities who might not attain to the power of expressing good sense, and useful knowledge, in clear, flowing, and agreeable language.

The old oratory, unlike the old literature of England, is effete and out of date. It was pedantic in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. In the great Rebellion, when the passions were roused to the utmost pitch, and it was employed to move the multitude as well as the senate, it might have been expected to assume a more modern and popular air. But the theological studies of the parliamentary leaders gave the law to their eloquence. They framed their speeches upon the model of sermons, divided them into heads, and deadened inflammatory sentiments by a didactic style. The famous orations of Mr. Pym are read in our day with such intolerable weariness, that we wonder they could ever have been listened to with patience by any assembly, ignorant or educated. They are able no doubt, but cumbersome and dreary, and never before or since did enthusiasm find vent in such inanimate language. Though Lord Strafford spoke at his trial with genuine eloquence, it is almost a solitary specimen, and nobody dreams of reverting to the debates of that exciting time for grand sentiments expressed in burning words, or for maxims stamped in the mint which gives a perpetual currency to ideas. The style of speaking changed at the Restoration. The cavaliers were men of the world, who talked the language of the world. They flung aside that heavy scholastic garb which stifled sentiments instead of adorning them, and made a closer approximation to simplicity and nature. In the reign of Queen Anne parliamentary eloquence took much the same shape that it retains at present, as we can infer from casual specimens, and the descriptions of men in the next generation who had listened to it in their youth. Very little, however, has been preserved, and nearly the whole of that little is garbled and abridged. An imperfect abstract of the discussions in the Lords and Commons was commenced in 1711, in a publication called the '*Political State of Great Britain*;' but these epitomes merely aim at stating the opinions of the speakers, and make no pretence of preserving their language. Even of the opinions they were an untrustworthy indication, for they were compiled from the information of the door-keepers and subordinate officers of the Houses of Parliament. In 1736 Cave commenced a more elaborate system in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*.' He employed persons to take notes by stealth, which were handed over to some author who used them as raw materials from which to manufacture finished speeches. Guthrie discharged the task till November, 1740, when it passed into the more powerful hands of Johnson. He relinquished it

in February, 1743, and was succeeded by Hawkesworth, who carried on the process for near twenty years. Whatever the debates may have gained by this method in importance, they lost in accuracy. The memoranda were merely used as heads upon which to enlarge, and we must look in the printed reports for the characteristics of Guthrie, Johnson, and Hawkesworth, and not of Pulteney, Pitt, and Chesterfield.

The reason why Cave employed authors to compose debates instead of short-hand writers to report them, was the refusal of the legislature to permit the public to be a party to its proceedings. No notes could be taken openly, and Cave was quickly warned by the Speaker of the House of Commons to desist from printing the discussions at all. He evaded the injunction by inserting them under fictitious names, and by various devices contrived to furnish his readers with a key. The interest which was felt in this portion of his magazine showed that the curiosity of the country was awakened. The debaters on their part were many of them eager for a larger audience, and speeches were often conveyed underhand to Cave by the authors themselves. The growing desire of those without to hear, and of those within to be heard, at last threw open the doors of both houses; the style of reporting became more and more exact, and though it was long in attaining to the habitual completeness which prevails at present, many of the greater efforts of the principal speakers were recorded towards the close of the last century with perfect precision.

The orators of the unreported parliaments were at very little disadvantage. The reputation of a debater is made much more by his hearers than by his readers. The politician who spells the newspaper over his breakfast reaches the conclusion of passages which drew forth 'loud cheers' without experiencing the slightest emotion, and sarcasms which elicited 'loud laughter' without being lured into the faintest smile. There are instances at this moment, as there always have been instances, of persons who are held in considerable estimation in both Houses, who have scarce any name with the country, and those who only know the efforts even of the most celebrated speakers through the medium of the printing-press are apt to wonder at their fame. If this is the case among contemporaries to whom the topics are matter of absorbing interest, how much more must the orator lose with posterity when his subjects are obsolete, and appear as cold and repelling as the ashes of a fire which has burnt out. Notwithstanding that Pitt desired to have a speech of Lord Bolingbroke in preference to the most precious lost works of the ancients, we venture to think that after it had been glanced at from

from curiosity, it would be flung aside from disappointment. Lord Chesterfield, who had been among his auditors, applauds the 'force and charm of his eloquence,' and says that, 'like Belial in Milton, "he made the worse appear the better cause,"' but then the same authority bestows still stronger praise upon his writings, where we can form an estimate of the degree of justice in the panegyric. He considers that Cicero alone could compete with him in composition; and he asserts of the 'Letters on Patriotism' that they are adorned with all the beauties of oratory, and that until he read them he 'did not know the extent and powers of the English language.' Burke, in the preface to his earliest work, the 'Vindication of Natural Society,' in which he imitated the style of Lord Bolingbroke, and ironically maintained his principles for the purpose of exposing them, is little less complimentary, and allows that his books were 'justly admired for the rich variety of their imagery and the rapid torrent of an impetuous and overbearing eloquence.*' It may be doubted whether Burke would have repeated this eulogy in maturer years, when he called him 'a presumptuous and superficial writer,' and said 'that his works had not left any permanent impression on his mind.' Nothing at any rate can be less rapid and impetuous than the manner of Lord Bolingbroke, which is in a singular degree slow and fatiguing, nor does any one revert to him now as 'a model of eloquence' from which to learn the extent of the English tongue. He tediously unfolds his thinly scattered ideas in a long array of sounding sentences, and, though the diction is pure and harmonious, it is neither pointed nor brilliant. His treatises have been consigned to a practical oblivion, because they are found to be nearly unreadable, and what Lord Chesterfield considered 'the most splendid eloquence,' appears in our age to be very little better than empty rhetoric. Since his speeches greatly resembled the productions of his pen, and were not considered to be the least superior by an admirable judge who was familiar with both, we may conclude that their preservation would have contributed little to our pleasure, and added nothing to the reputation of Bolingbroke. Whatever were his merits, he is an example on the side of Lord Stanhope's doctrine, for he told Lord Chesterfield that the whole secret of his style was the constant attention he paid to it in his youth. Declamation less polished than

* Lord Chatham was another great admirer of Lord Bolingbroke, and said that his 'Remarks on the History of England' should 'almost be got by heart for the inimitable beauty of the style.' Lord Grenville, in commenting upon this opinion, states the common judgment of our day, when he asserts that the style of the 'Remarks' is 'declamatory, diffusive, and involved, and deficient both in elegance and precision.'

his, language less copious, and metaphors less appropriate, when set forth by a fine figure, voice, and elocution, would be highly imposing in delivery, and would call forth rapturous cheers. But his was the eloquence which is born of the occasion, and dies with the occasion, and this is the ordinary rule. There is not one of the great debaters who reached their zenith in the last century, with the exception of Burke, whose grandest displays appear to the reader of our day to warrant their renown. The politician may revert to the harangues of Pitt, Sheridan, and Fox. The speeches of Burke alone have become incorporated with the literature of our country. There is a system of compensation in fame as in greater things. If the oratory of each generation is neglected by succeeding times, there is no species of intellectual excellence which produces such an immediate return. While the speaker is in the very act of forming his sentences his triumph is reflected from the countenances of the auditors, and is sounded from their lips. He proceeds, animated at every step by the full chorus of applause, which only comes to other men in feeble echoes long delayed, and which are more often lost before they can reach the ear of him who is the subject of the praise.

The causes of the prodigious success of oratory spoken over oratory read are easy to be distinguished. When the contending forces are drawn out face to face in hostile array there is the excitement of a battle, and every blow which tells against the enemy is received with the same sort of exultation that soldiers feel when a well-aimed shot rips up the ranks of the adversary, or blows up the magazine. The effect under these circumstances of a damaging reply arises as much from the state of mind of the auditors, as from the vigour of the retort. It is because the powder lights upon a heated surface that an explosion is produced, though, unless the powder was itself inflammable, the result could not ensue, and therefore the dust which is thrown by minor speakers falls feeble and harmless. The mere presence of numbers aids the impression even where the assembly is not split into parties, and no especial interest has been roused in advance on the question discussed. The speech which would be listened to calmly by half a dozen people will stir a multitude, and an observation will raise a laugh in public, which would not pass for a joke in private. But perhaps the most influential element of all is the delight which is derived from the real or apparently spontaneous production of appropriate thoughts in well-chosen language,—in the exhibition of the feat of pouring out off-hand elaborate composition, and a connected series of apt ideas. The art is so

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remote from the common practice of mankind, that however often repeated it always excites the pleasure which arises from the manifestation of unusual power. Every great orator writes passages which he commits to memory, but it is a part of his science to blend the extemporaneous and the prepared portions into an indistinguishable whole, and were he by his clumsiness to betray the joins he would destroy the charm. The readers of a debate are no longer under the spell of this seeming facility. The language does not flow living to them from the lips of the speaker, and they judge it exactly as they would estimate the same quantity of printed matter by whatever means produced. In many cases in addition the figure, the voice, the manner of the man contribute largely to give force and animation to his words. The famous saying of Demosthenes that action, which includes delivery, was the first, second, and third great requisite of an orator is repeated and confirmed by Cicero, who calls it the principal accomplishment in speaking. He affirms that the highest excellence is nothing without it, and that with it mediocrity can often surpass the most gifted. In modern times pre-eminent powers have enabled a few to dispense with it. The assertion that it sets off feeble matter is as true as ever. In every age there are speakers who owe nearly the whole of their success to their delivery.

Another predominant cause of the different impression which a speech produces in the closet from what it does when heard is to be found in the nature of the oratorical style. When Dr. Johnson furnished Boswell with materials for an address to a Committee of the House of Commons on an election petition he added, 'This you must enlarge on. You must not argue there, as if you were arguing in the schools. You must say the same thing over and over again, in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it in a moment of inattention.' The masters of eloquence have enforced the rule. Fox advised Sir Samuel Romilly, when about to sum up the evidence in Lord Melville's trial, 'not to be afraid of repeating observations which were material, since it were better that some of the audience should observe it than that any should not understand.' Though he himself was censured for the practice, he declared it to be his conviction, from long experience, that the system was right. Pitt urged a similar defence for the amplification which was thought by some to be a defect in his style. 'Every person,' he said, 'who addressed a public assembly, and was anxious to make an impression upon particular points, must either be copious upon those points or repeat them, and that he preferred copiousness to repetition.' Lord Brougham gives his testimony

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on the same side. The orator, he remarks, often feels that he could add strength to his composition by compression, but his hearers would then be unable to keep pace with him, and he is compelled to sacrifice conciseness to clearness. The Greeks appeared to shun every species of prolixity, which Lord Brougham justly considers to be an indication that they condensed their harangues when they committed them to writing. Burke shared the conviction that not even an Athenian audience could have followed the orations of Demosthenes, if he had uttered them in the concentrated form in which they have come down to us, and Cicero objects to the Greeks that they sometimes carried brevity to the point of obscurity. The expansion which is a merit at the moment of delivery is turned to a defect when a speech is printed. What before was impressive seems now to be verbose, and the effect is diminished in much the same proportion that it was originally increased. It was for some such reason that Fox asserted that if a speech read well it was not a good speech.

Though the force and splendour of oratory is only limited by the powers of the human mind, and though some of its displays rival anything which exists under any other form, less intrinsic excellence is required upon the whole to secure fame than in the productions of the pen. The balance is made up by the difficulty of pouring forth composition off-hand, which shall at least impose or sparkle at the moment. This facility is therefore the first requisite of the speaker, and in whatever qualities he is deficient, a want of readiness must not be one of them. Essays written and learnt by heart, however brilliant, have never of themselves procured much reputation for any debater in modern times. Until he has proved that he is equal to extempore efforts he is rather sneered at than applauded. The first Mr. Pitt, the earliest, since the time of Queen Anne, of the great orators of whom we have specimens sufficient to enable us to judge of his style, had been at small pains to qualify himself for his part in other particulars, but a perennial flow of parliamentary eloquence can no more exist without prompt language than without a tongue, and he had taken especial care to furnish his memory with a copious vocabulary. Lord Chesterfield asserts that he had very little political knowledge, that his matter was generally flimsy, and his arguments often weak. This is confirmed by Dr. King, who states that he was devoid of learning, unless it was a slight acquaintance with the Latin classics, and his sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, used to declare sarcastically—for being of the same haughty temperament they agreed, as Horace Walpole says, like two drops of fire—that the only book he had read was
Spenser's

Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' which drew from Burke the remark that whoever was master of Spenser 'had a strong hold of the English language.' But he had not trusted to the bright and romantic fancy of Spenser alone to supply him with the materials for contests so unlike the source from whence he fetched his aid. He studied the famous divines of our church, and especially Barrow, with the same view. Not only did he attain to a readiness which never failed him, and in the consciousness of power delighted to avail himself of any opportunity to reply, but according to Lord Chesterfield every word he employed was the most expressive that could be used. What remains of his eloquence would not bear out this last eulogium, but the reports are meagre, and cannot be trusted for more than an occasional fragment of which the vigour proves the accuracy. Nevertheless it is certain from contemporary accounts that, like all men who speak much, and trust to the inspiration of the hour, he sometimes made bad speeches, and would often interpose between his brighter sallies long passages of commonplace rhetoric. A bold, brief, and pointed mode of expressing daring truths, sometimes by metaphor and sometimes by antithesis, is the characteristic of his most stirring appeals. He put what he had to say into the strongest words the English tongue would afford, and, possessing a spirit as dauntless as his language, the attempt to check him invariably drew from him an indignant and defiant repetition of the offence. Hence he was a terrible antagonist, who awed his opponents by the fierceness and courage of his invectives, and on popular questions roused enthusiasm by the short and vehement sentences in which he embodied the feverish passions of his hearers. It required the utmost energy of style to sustain the commanding tone he assumed, and he would have been ridiculous if he had not been sublime. Of his manner we can with difficulty form an idea from the descriptions which have come down to us, but all are agreed that every art of elocution and action aided his imposing figure and his eagle eye. So consummate was his gesture and delivery that Horace Walpole often calls him 'Old Garrick.' This as much as his command of language must have been the result of study, and well deserved it for the effect which it produced.

In 1766 Johnson announced to Langton that Burke, who had recently obtained a seat in Parliament, 'had made two speeches in the House for repealing the Stamp Act, which were publicly commended by Mr. Pitt, and had filled the town with wonder.' This was the appropriate start of a man who, whether as a statesman, a thinker, or an orator, was without an equal. Pitt and Fox were great, but Burke belongs to another order of beings, and

and ranks with the Shakespeares, the Bacons, and the Newtons. He was what he called Charles Townshend—‘a prodigy’—and the conclusion of Moore, after reading the debates of the time, that his speeches, when compared with those of his ablest contemporaries, were ‘almost superhuman,’ must be shared by every one who adopts the same means of forming a judgment. Johnson said ‘he did not grudge his being the first man in the House of Commons, for he was the first man everywhere;’ but the House of Commons was not composed of Johnsons, and when the novelty had worn off they grew tired of his magnificent harangues. His manner was against him. Grattan, who heard him shortly after he had entered Parliament, and while he was yet listened to ‘with profound attention,’ and received the homage due to ‘acknowledged superiority,’ states that there was a total want of energy in his delivery, and of grace in his action. Later he was noted for frequent outbreaks of impetuosity bordering upon passion, but they rather conveyed the idea of irritability of temper than earnestness of feeling, and were thought no improvement upon the frigid tone of his early displays. His voice, which he never attempted to discipline, was harsh when he was calm, and when he was excited he often became so hoarse as to be hardly intelligible. But the main cause of the weariness he produced arose from his mode of treating his subject. Every man who has any opinions derived from deliberate investigation, unfolds them in the manner in which he himself arrived at them, and enforces the arguments which have carried conviction to his own understanding. Burke drew his conclusions from a wide survey of history and human nature—from enlarged principles, which looked far beyond the petty expedients and fitful passions of the hour. Upon this grand basis he founded his views of present policy. His hearers, on the contrary, were absorbed in the business of the moment, and were impatient of a process so circuitous, and so out of harmony with their own habits of thought. Whatever had not an immediate and obvious bearing upon the question before them seemed foreign to the matter, and carried the mind away from points on which it was fixed with eager interest to topics on which it felt no interest at all. His manner of expressing himself partook of the philosophic turn of his thoughts. However eloquent or imaginative, he never laid aside his didactic air; and not only tired his audience by his elaborate lessons in politics, but often seemed to them as if he was arrogating the authority of a master over his pupils. To such a degree was his method of expounding his ideas unsuited to the feelings which prevailed in the House of Commons, that Erskine crept under the benches to escape a speech which, when published, he thumbed

to rags ; and Pitt and Lord Grenville once consulted whether it was worth while to answer another of his famous harangues, and decided in the negative, though Lord Grenville read it afterwards with extreme admiration and delight, and held it to be one of his noblest efforts. The very circumstance which diminished the interest of his oratory when it was delivered adds to it now. The less it was confined to temporary topics, and the more it dealt in permanent principles, the greater its value to posterity. Those whose own horizon was bounded by party prejudices could not even perceive how vast was the reach of his vision in comparison with their own. The profligate Wilkes, who, in his popular time, was at best an ape mimicking the fierceness of the tiger, said, in the days when the pretended patriot had subsided into the sleek and docile placeman, that Burke had drawn his own character in that of Rousseau—‘much splendid, brilliant eloquence, little solid wisdom.’ In our age the wisdom and the eloquence would be pronounced to be upon a par. They are both transcendent, and the world has never afforded a second example of their union in anything like the same degree. His language was nervous, his sentences polished, his abundant metaphors grand and original. Though his style is never stilted, it has a rare majesty both in thought and expression. Occasionally he descends to phrases and images which are too homely for the general strain of his discourse ; but these blots are not frequent. His commonest fault is rather a monotony of dignity, which wants the relief of passages dressed in a more familiar garb. He has the further defect of moving too slowly over his ground. There is no repetition in his language, nor much tautology in his sentences. But he dwells long upon one idea, and reiterates it as a whole or in its parts under manifold forms. That speeches so finished and elaborate, and abounding in eloquence of unrivalled magnificence, should have been the product of infinite pains, requires no other proof than is supplied by the speeches themselves. But the immense labour which he bestowed upon all he did was his constant boast. He disclaimed superior talent, and always appealed to his superior industry. Gibbon testifies that he published his great orations as he delivered them, which is only another mode of saying that he prepared his addresses to the House of Commons with no less care than he prepared his pamphlets for the printer. By this incessant labour he could at last soar at any moment to his highest elevation, as though it had been his natural level. ‘His very answers,’ says Horace Walpole, ‘that had sprung from what had fallen from others, were so pointed and artfully arranged that they wore the appearance of study.’ His innate genius was undoubtedly wonderful,

derful, but he improved it to the uttermost. By reading and observation he fed his rich imagination; to books he owed his vast and varied knowledge; from his extensive acquaintance with literature he derived his inexhaustible command of words; through his habits of severe thought he was enabled to draw the inferences which have won for him the renown of being the most sagacious of politicians; and by the incessant practice of composition he learnt to embody his conclusions in a style more grandly beautiful than has ever been reached by any other Englishman with either the tongue or the pen.

Conversation Sharpe relates of Mr. Fox that he sometimes put the arguments of his adversaries in such an advantageous light that his friends were alarmed lest he should fail to answer them. To state one by one the arguments of the opposition, and one by one to reply to them, was the characteristic of his speaking, and without the aid of this text upon which to hang his comments he could make little progress. His opening speeches were almost always bad. Until he got warmed with his subject he hesitated and stammered, and he often continued for long together in a tame and commonplace strain. Even in his highest flights he indulged in incessant repetitions, was negligent in his language, and was neither polished nor exact in his style. Notwithstanding these defects he exercised a prodigious influence over his hearers. 'He forgot himself,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'and everything around him. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions.' There is nothing in his finest passages which would seem to answer to this description, for to the calm eye of the reader they are marred by the want of condensation and finish, and their faults are perhaps more conspicuous than their beauties. But if his speeches are considered with reference to the influence they might exert when delivered with vehemence to partizans who were excited upon the topics of which they treat, and who would only slightly remark during the rapidity of utterance the negligence which reigns throughout his best declamation, it is easy to understand the impression they made. There is a rough vigour and animation in his phraseology, a force or plausibility in his reasoning, and a fertility in his counter arguments which would be highly effective whilst the contest raged. Of all the celebrated orators of his generation he was the one who composed the least, and it is precisely on this account that he is the one whose speeches betray the greatest carelessness. His arguments, on the contrary, must have been carefully meditated, and as in reflecting on them the manner in which they could be rendered most telling must have constituted

part

part of the process, even the expressions themselves must have been in some respects prepared. Far from being an instance to encourage indolence, his example confirms the proposition that no powers can enable men to dispense with industry, since the particular in which he took less pains than his compeers was also the point in which he was most defective. He had not the teeming knowledge, the enlarged views, the prophetic vision, the exuberant imagination, or the lofty eloquence of Burke; but he surpassed him as a party leader, or at least as a party debater, chiefly because he kept to the topics of the hour. His were not the grand strategic movements of which few had the patience to await the issue. They were close hand-to-hand fights with the adversaries in his front, and hence much of the interest which attended them then, and the faint impression they produce by comparison at present.

The late Lord Stanhope asked Pitt by what method he acquired his readiness of speech, and Pitt replied that it was very much due to a practice enjoined on him by his father of reading a book in some foreign language, turning it into English as he went along, and pausing when he was at a loss for a fitting word until the right expression came. He had often to stop at first, but grew fluent by degrees, and in consequence had never to stop when he afterwards entered into public life. This is the example adduced by Lord Stanhope to show the students of the Aberdeen University the necessity of training, and the means by which success is obtained. Lord Chatham brought up his son to be an orator, and the reason he came forth a consummate speaker in his youth was that he had been learning the lesson from boyhood. None of the negligence of Fox was apparent in him. His sentences, which fell from him as easily as if he had been talking, were as finished as if they had been penned. They were stately, flowing, and harmonious, kept up throughout to the same level, and set off by a fine voice and a dignified bearing. But it must be confessed that there is a large measure of truth in the criticism that he spoke 'a state-paper style.' Though the language is sonorous, pure, and perspicuous, and though it perfectly defines the ideas he intended to convey, it is wanting in fire, and those peculiar felicities which arrest attention, and call forth admiration. In our opinion he was greater as a minister than as an orator if his speeches are to be judged as literary compositions, and not solely for their adaptation to a temporary purpose, which they most effectually served. His father was less equal, and his manner indeed entirely different from that of his son, but in the energy and picturesqueness of his brightest flashes Lord Chatham was as superior to Mr. Pitt as Mr. Pitt was superior to Lord

Lord Chatham in argument and the knowledge of politics and finance.

Sheridan as an orator was very inferior to the persons with whom his name is usually associated. His taste was radically vicious. His favourite sentiments were claptrap, his favourite phraseology tinsel. The florid rhetoric, the apostrophes, and the invocations which imposed upon his listeners appear now to be only fit to be addressed to the galleries by some hero of a melodrama. Burke said of his speech on the Begums in Westminster Hall, at the impeachment of Warren Hastings, 'That is the true style; something neither prose nor poetry, but better than either.' Moore had the short-hand writer's report, and though his own taste at that time was sufficiently oriental, he pronounced it to 'be trashy bombast.' There is occasionally in Sheridan a fine image or a splendid sentence, but his most highly wrought passages belong in general to the class of the false sublime. Such as he was, however, he became entirely by unremitting exertion. He never, Moore says, made a speech of any moment of which a sketch was not found in his papers, with the showy parts written two or three times over. The minutest points had been carefully considered, and he marked the precise place in which what he meant to seem the involuntary exclamation 'Good God, Mr. Speaker,' was to be introduced. This preparation he continued to the last. He never, in truth, acquired readiness by practice. Both Sir Samuel Romilly and Dugald Stewart said that his transitions from his learnt declamation to his extempore statements were perceptible to everybody. From his inability to keep for an instant on the wing there was no gradation, and he suddenly dropped from tropes and rhetoric into a style that was singularly bald and lax. His wit, which was his chief excellence, was equally known to have been studied in the closet even before Moore printed from his papers the several forms through which many of his sarcastic pleasantries had passed from their first germ to the last edition which he produced in public. Pitt in replying to him spoke of his 'hoarded repartees and matured jests.' Every person who has been upon the stage remains more or less an actor when he is off it. Sheridan, the son of a player, and himself a dramatist and the manager of a theatre, had contracted this habit, and carried to charlatanery his vain attempts to conceal his laboured preparation. In one of his speeches on the trial of Warren Hastings, when Mr. M. A. Taylor, who was to read the minutes referred to in the argument, asked him for the papers, he said he had omitted to bring them. 'But he would abuse Ned Law, ridicule Plumer's long orations, make the court laugh, please the women, and get triumphantly through the whole.'

whole.' The Lord Chancellor, as he proceeded, insisted that the minutes should be read. A general cry of inquiry was raised for Mr. Sheridan's bag. Fox, alarmed lest the want of it should be the ruin of the speech, eagerly demanded of Mr. Taylor the cause of the mistake, and Taylor whispered to him, 'The man has no bag.' The whole scene according to Moore was a contrivance of Sheridan to raise surprise at the readiness of his resources, notwithstanding that he had shut himself up at Wanstead to elaborate this very oration, and wrote and read so hard that he complained at evenings that he had motes before his eyes. The fate which attended the attempt was just what might have been foreseen. The man who could feel it necessary upon such a point to contrive an elaborate piece of dramatic deception could never personate his part with sufficient perfection to deceive.

Sir James Mackintosh remarked 'that the true light in which to consider speaking in the House of Commons was as an animated conversation on public business, and that it was rare for any speech to succeed which was raised on any other basis.' Canning joined in this opinion. He said that the House was a business assembly, and that the debates must conform to its predominant character; that it was particularly jealous of ornament and declamation, and that if they were employed at all they must seem to spring naturally out of the subject. This preponderance of the business element had been of gradual growth. In the time of Lord Chatham the discussions turned much upon personalities and abstract sentiments, and were compared by Burke to the loose discussions of a vestry meeting or a debating-club. A more extensive knowledge of the minutiae of a question was required during the reign of Pitt and Fox, but far less than was demanded in the time of Canning and Brougham. Canning is an evidence that wit and eloquence may find a full exercise in the exposition of facts, and in reasoning upon details, as well as in vague and superficial generalities. His style was lighter than that of Pitt and his language more elegant, disclosing in its greater felicity his more intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature. His graceful composition would have enlivened any topic even if his satirical pleasantry had been less bright and abundant. The point in which he fell below the highest orators was in his declamatory passages, which are somewhat deficient in that robustness and power, that grandeur and magnificence which thrill through the mind. The effect of his speaking was even diminished by the excess to which he carried his painstaking, by the evident elaboration of every word he uttered, by the over-fastidiousness which prevented his forgetting in his subject his care

care for the garb in which he clothed it. He needed a little more of that last art by which art is concealed; but what intense application did not enable him to reach would certainly not have been gained through indolence, except by the sacrifice of all the merits which have rendered him famous.

Lord Brougham, who comes next in this line of illustrious orators, whom we have named in a chronological series, has, like Cicero, discoursed largely upon his art; and not Cicero himself has insisted more strenuously upon the absolute necessity of incessant study of the best models, and the diligent use of the pen. His speeches, a selection from which, in two volumes, has been recently published, are an evidence that he has done both in his own person. His familiarity with Demosthenes is attested by his imitation of some of his noblest passages; and he is generally understood to have written several of his celebrated perorations again and again. No man has spoken more frequently offhand, or has had a more inexhaustible supply of language, knowledge, and sarcasm at command. He, if any one, might have been supposed capable of dispensing with the preparation he has practised and enforced; and we could desire no stronger illustration of the eternal truth, that excellence and labour are never disjointed. In the speeches of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Canning we seek in vain for specimens of oratory which, when separated from the context, would give an adequate idea of their powers, and do justice to their renown. Their most perfect pages would disappoint those whose opinion of their genius is chiefly derived from traditionary fame. In the case of Lord Brougham, the best panegyric of his highest eloquence is to transcribe it. It is thus that he winds up his speech on Law Reform in 1828:—

‘You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him condemn the fickleness of Fortune, while in despite of her he could pronounce his memorable boast, “I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand!” You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the Sovereign’s boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!’

Nobody

Nobody needs to be told that this conclusion must have been laboured in advance, because it is not within the compass of human intellect to have sustained the antithesis in language so felicitous and condensed by any extempore effort. An ordinary speaker may approach the greatest in his middle strain. The test of genius is in flights like this, which, as with the fine parts of Milton, soar to a height that lesser masters cannot approach. To an example of a prepared peroration we add one which must have been inspired at the moment, since it was in answer to an argument used in the course of the debate, and which was hardly of a nature to have been foreseen. The subject was the Eastern Slave Trade, and the date of the discussion was 1838:—

‘But I am told to be of good courage, and not to despond. I am bid to look at the influence of public opinion—the watchfulness of the press—the unceasing efforts of all the societies—the jealous vigilance of Parliament. Trust, say the friends of this abominable measure, trust to the force which gained the former triumph. Expect some Clarkson to arise, mighty in the powers of persevering philanthropy, with the piety of a saint, and the courage of a martyr—hope for some second Wilberforce who shall cast away all ambition but that of doing good, scorn all power but that of relieving his fellow-creatures, and reserving for mankind what others give up to party, know no vocation but that blessed work of furthering justice and freeing the slave—reckon upon once more seeing a government like that of 1806—alas, how different from any we now witness!—formed of men who deemed no work of humanity below their care or alien to their nature, and resolved to fulfil their high destiny, beard the Court, confront the Peers, condemn the Planters, and in despite of planter and peer and prince, crush the foreign traffic with one hand, while they gave up the staff of power with the other, rather than be patrons of intolerance at home. I make for answer, If it please you—No. I will not suffer the upstart to be transplanted on the chance of its not thriving in an ungenial soil, and in the hope that, after it shall be found to blight with death all beneath its shade, my arm may be found strong enough to wield the axe which shall lay it low.’

Cicero says that, as a boat, when the rowers rest upon their oars, continues to move by the previous impulse in the same direction, so in a speech which has been in part composed, the extemporaneous portion proceeds in the same strain from the influence of the high-wrought declamation which has gone before. This extract from Lord Brougham is both an example of the truth of Cicero’s observation, and of the pitch to which unprepared eloquence may rise. Marvellous under any circumstances, it would be absolutely miraculous if extraordinary industry did not conspire with extraordinary talent to produce the result. Orators are not made by the talk of the nurse, and it would indeed be

strange if passages which are surpassed by nothing in the English language could have been conceived without the study and practice of that composition of which they are such noble specimens.

Lord Brougham states, in his 'Discourse on Natural Theology,' that though the body begins to decline after thirty, the mind improves rapidly from thirty to fifty, and suffers no decay till past seventy in the generality of men, while in some it continues unimpaired till eighty or ninety. Of such persons there have been more than an ordinary number in the present day; and Lord Brougham, who himself is one of them, may thus be said to have flourished in two generations. Of the speakers who belong exclusively to a later period than that of Canning we shall not touch here; but we venture to express our belief that, when the circumstances which have formed Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone are known, it will be found that these two orators, confessedly without a rival among the men of their own standing, have attained to excellence by the same methods as their predecessors. If they have not surpassed their forerunners by doing without effort what their precursors could only effect with diligence, as little can we admit that they fall behind them. Persons who have been thrilled and charmed by their oratory, and who are loud in its praise, yet share the notion, which is founded upon nothing, that the exhibitions of Pitt and Fox were finer still. Burke, in conformity with this hereditary delusion, spoke of that very age as of an age of mediocrity; we speak of it as of an age of giants. Every era is thus unduly depressed while it is passing, and is sometimes unduly elevated when it is past. Nearly all mankind, in this respect, adopt the language of Nestor, or even believe, with the old count in 'Gil Blas,' that the peaches were much larger in their youth. But let those who are not imposed on by names read a speech or two of Pitt and Fox, and, when fresh from the task, listen to an oration, upon an equal occasion, of Lord Derby in the House of Lords, or of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and they will, we are confident, be ready to confess that eloquence in England is not yet upon the decline. The real improvement required is that the men who have entirely neglected the art should endeavour to repair a deficiency, which deprives their knowledge of its utility by destroying its charm.

- ART. VII.—1. *Rough Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow.* By Lieutenant J. J. McLeod Innes, Bengal Engineers. Calcutta. 1857.
2. *Letter containing Extracts from a Journal kept by Mrs. Inglis during the Siege of Lucknow.* London (printed for private circulation only). 1858.
3. *Private Copy of Letters received Thursday 28th of January from Lieutenant John Farquhar, 7th Bengal Light Cavalry.*
4. *Letters from Lucknow and Cawnpore, 1857.* (For private circulation only.) Greenwich. 1858.
5. *A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow, from its Commencement to its Relief by Sir Colin Campbell.* By L. E. Ruutz Rees, one of the surviving Defenders. 3rd Edition. London. 1858.
6. *The Defence of Lucknow: a Diary from 30th May to 25th September, 1857.* By a Staff-Officer. London. 1858.
7. *A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow.* By Captain R. P. Anderson, 25th Native Infantry. London. 1858.
8. *A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow, written for the Perusal of Friends at Home.* London, 1858.

OF the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow which have already familiarised the people of this country with that remarkable event, there are some which are obviously out of the range of literary criticism. These are private letters and journals printed by the families of the writers to save the trouble of frequent transcriptions. The most interesting of these documents is naturally the journal of Lady Inglis, whose husband held an important command from the beginning of the transactions and succeeded to the whole responsibility of the defence on the death of Major Banks on the 21st of July. His despatch of the 26th of September to the Government at Calcutta has taken its place among our best specimens of precise and dignified military composition. Her narrative is that of a high-hearted English lady testifying throughout the unselfish spirit which made her, at the last, refuse the use of the litter prepared to carry her from her place of trial, and walk forth with those whose sufferings she had shared and whose sorrows she had lightened by her sympathy and her courage. This is now indeed all the more valuable from the loss of papers which Lady Inglis and her fellow-passengers have sustained in the shipwreck of the 'Ava,' that strange appendix to the tale of their calamities. Lieutenant Farquhar's letters are those of a young soldier who thinks no more of swallowing a bullet than he would of being peppered in a battue, and whose cheerful manliness is combined with sensible observation; while Major Lowe writes like a man who, regardless of

his own hardships, can feel deeply the miseries he graphically describes. The characteristics of the Staff-officer's diary are clear arrangement and impressive accuracy: he so entirely omits all allusion to his own part in the defence that it is difficult even for those who shared the dangers to trace his identity, and he has thus produced a valuable record of facts without offending against the strictest maxims of military reserve.* Mr. Rees, the author of the *Personal Narrative*, is a native of Spire, in Rhenish Bavaria, and the nephew of the late Professor of the same name at the Calcutta College and Superintendent of the Observatory. He left Germany at the age of fifteen, and was attached for several years to the Martinière College at Lucknow. The scenes, therefore, of the events in which he was destined to bear part had been long familiar to him, and the idiomatic language of the book can only have been acquired by a similar intimacy with Anglo-Indian life. He is from these circumstances enabled to write on the subject with a well informed impartiality which it would be difficult for an Englishman either new to the country or long habituated to the professional and social peculiarities of the British community to attain. The *Lady's Diary*, which is the production of the wife of the assistant-chaplain, is the true woman's story of that perilous and mournful time. The book is equally remarkable for its representation of calm courage in the midst of fearful dangers, of meek resignation in the midst of the extremest mental and physical trials, and of unshaking confidence in Providence in the midst of events which might have led persons less pious to think themselves forsaken. Scenes so abounding in all which affects the deepest feelings of the heart needed no artificial embellishment, and such is the power of simplicity and truth that few could read this pathetic little volume with dry eyes.

It is beside our object to inquire whether it was necessary or judicious to include the names of the Governor-General and the Governors of the other Presidencies in the Votes of Thanks proposed in Parliament to the military commanders in the successful enterprises of which the defence of Lucknow forms so large a part. But it was assuredly unfortunate that on such an occasion there should have arisen any doubt or discussion, and that the whole attention and sympathy of both Houses should not have been concentrated on the deeds and sufferings of these heroic men. If parliamentary eloquence is ever to be displayed, never of late years has a more becoming occasion arisen for its exercise. The strange seclusion of the beleaguered garrison for near four months, as entirely from their

* Major Wilson, of the 13th Native Infantry, has the credit of this excellent little work.

countrymen thirty miles apart as from their country thousands of miles away—the yearning interest of the whole population of these realms towards that little band battling, as it were, on a solitary raft against an ocean of insurgent waves—the daily combat and the nightly vigil of above an hundred days and nights—the baffled hope of Havelock's first advance, and the cruel voices which were at once rumours of the fate of many best-beloved by those to whom they were addressed, and menaces of their own—the partial relief afforded by the force that made its way through a very strait of fire—and the final achievement of unerring strategy combined with the daring that distinguished the Lieutenant Campbell of St. Sebastian in the great war which is now long gone by—surely these were topics worthy to have suspended for one night the squabbles of party politics, and to have raised the mind and heart of the British Senate to a sense of a nation's glory and a nation's gratitude. But it was not so; and it must devolve on the essayist and the historian to bring together the main characteristics of this wonderful episode in our military annals, and to impress it as best they may on the memory of the British people. The pen which has lately vivified the details of the siege of Londonderry would be well employed on the siege of Lucknow, since the presence of Lord Macaulay in the House of Peers was not sufficient to obtain for it its just meed of eloquent commemoration.

It is a circumstance hardly to be accounted for as a coincidence that on the 10th May, the day of the mutiny at Meerut, the 7th Oude Infantry in the cantonments near Lucknow rudely refused to take the greased cartridges, and, when summoned, about 5 o'clock that afternoon, to give up their arms, declined to obey the order. They then left the camp and were pursued by her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, by the 13th, 48th, and 70th Native Infantry, a regiment of Native cavalry, and a troop of Artillery for about 10 miles, when they gave up their arms and several were taken prisoners; the rest were dispersed. On the evening of the 13th the news of the insurrection and massacre at Meerut and Delhi arrived at Lucknow, and Sir H. Lawrence consulted with the civil and military authorities as to the best means of preserving the public peace, of securing the lives and property of the European residents, and of meeting any outbreak that might take place. The European troops were three miles away from the cantonments, which were in the hands of the three Native infantry and one cavalry regiment, so that a revolt of the sepoys at that moment might have been as calamitous at Lucknow as at Delhi; nor did the 32nd march in before the 17th, by which time Colonel Inglis had received a letter from Captain Hayes, the military

tary secretary, informing him that an immediate attack was expected. Under the protection of the cavalry and guns the non-combatants of the garrison were removed to Sir H. Lawrence's house in the cantonments, and thus saved from a repetition of the catastrophes of Delhi and Meerut, while no time was lost in placing the Residency in the city in as strong a state of defence as circumstances permitted, and in collecting within its walls the women, children, and sick,—in fact all the helpless portion of the European and much of the Eurasian (or half-caste) population. The evil spirit had indeed been laid for a short time by the effect of the address of the Chief Commissioner to the native troops. He placed distinctly before their minds the might and resources of England; he told them how 50,000 men had been sent to the Crimea and how twice that number, if necessary, could be despatched to India—he contrasted the certain rewards of fidelity with the certain ultimate failure of treason,—and the impression produced by his earnest words was so great, that, anywhere except in Oude, its results might have been permanent. But the elements of disorder were here too wide and too deep to be thus constrained, and the comparative tranquillity which for a time left open the communications through that country, and the surprise throughout India that the most dangerous of the provinces under British rule had not been one of the first to lead the revolt, remained the sole consequences of his tact and eloquence. Before the 30th May the non-combatants had all been removed from the cantonments, and the evening-gun of that day was the preconcerted signal for the mutiny. The regiments which twenty days before had followed and disarmed their insurgent comrades now broke out with the same bloodthirsty ferocity which has stultified all previous estimates of the native character and clouded the hopes of the civilisation of a hundred years. They burnt whatever they could not plunder and murdered every officer they could find. Lieutenant Grant was dragged out to death from under a cot where a faithful soubahdar had concealed him, and Cornet Raleigh, who had joined his regiment three days before and had been left in his sick-bed by his soldiers, was hacked to pieces by them in their retreat. But after all this violence they seemed unprepared for any organised attack: 300 men of her Majesty's 32nd Foot, with some guns, kept the whole force at bay. Sir Henry cut off the communications with the city, and Lieutenant Hardinge patrolled the cantonments with some few sowars of the Irregular Cavalry under the very fire of the mutineers. Remnants of the 13th and 71st joined the British, and the chief body of the rebels was pursued the next day by this force and part of the 7th Cavalry, with considerable effect.

Some

Some sixty prisoners were taken and tried, together with other persons suspected of a share in the mutiny—Sir Henry remitting the sentences of many, with what the Europeans thought a mistaken clemency.

We well remember the gratification with which the repression of this act of mutiny was received both throughout India and at home. The simultaneous success of Sir John Lawrence in disarming the Sepoy regiments, and in turning to our advantage the ancestral feud between the Punjaubees and the inhabitants of Hindostan, seemed almost a guarantee for the triumph of Sir Henry, so that the brothers stood forth in public esteem as the Dioscuri of the troubled darkness of the Indian world. It seemed that, difficult as was the position of Oude, Sir Henry's firmness and ability had arrested the rebellious spirit, and that the proximate capture of Delhi would speedily terminate the mutiny, confirm the tranquillity of Central India, and consolidate in the surest manner the British occupation of Oude. But Sir Henry Lawrence knew otherwise. We should have placed the late Sir William Sleeman's '*Journey through the Kingdom of Oude*' at the head of this article had it not deserved a full and separate consideration, and we now only refer to it as showing what must inevitably have been the condition, feelings, and opinions of the people of Oude, and especially of the inhabitants of Lucknow, at the time when Lawrence and his fellow-countrymen had to maintain the authority and power of England against an armed population. Not only was Oude the nursery of soldiers for the Company's army, but it was the habit of the capital for every man engaged in the ordinary business of life to wear his tulwar or short bent sword, and the poorest idler in the streets swaggered along with his shield of buffalo-hide and matchlock or pistols. Since the assumption of British authority no attempt had been made to disarm any portion of the inhabitants, or to intimidate them by the presence of any adequate European force. The city itself was thronged with the disbanded minions and discharged servitors of a most dissolute court, now left without character and often without subsistence. The compensations and gratuities allotted to the more honest officials were necessarily but a poor pittance; and the whole commercial class were far more inclined to regret the lost opportunities of extravagance and abuse than to look forward with hope to the gradual development of prosperity under an alien rule. Throughout the country the dissatisfaction with our government may be measured as well by the violences we ourselves were compelled to commit as by those we were attempting to remedy. The cruelty which had become the customary mode of collecting revenue and was at the same time the

the gratification of a diabolical appetite indicated the ferocity with which any endeavour to check its exercise and appropriate its fruits must naturally be resisted. Supported, even in 1849, by about 250 forts or strongholds, mounted with near 500 pieces of cannon, the landholders of Oude were not likely to submit with good-humour to a territorial settlement which openly professed only to deal with the actual occupants of the soil, and 'conveniently consider at a future period' (that was the phrase) 'the claims, if tenable claims exist,' of the *talookdars* or feudatory chiefs, who held under the Mahomedan sovereigns an analogous position to that of the barons of England under the early Norman kings. Nor were the peasantry likely to appreciate the transference of authority to juster and milder hands so keenly as to compensate for all the animosity it excited. Guile and fraud were the instruments with which they had been in the habit of encountering oppression and brutality, and no doubt with considerable success; torture and death were on the die, but they took the chances; for on the other side were long immunity from taxation, and, in bad seasons, the accepted plea of inability to pay. The Hindoo cultivator is as little provident as the Irish peasant or the Sheffield artisan; when prosperous, he gives dowers to his children and fees to his Brahmin, and has, therefore, nothing in worse times to meet the inexorable uniformity of the British fiscal system. While under the lash of the Rajpoot tyrant, he fled for refuge and sympathy to British power whenever it was near; but, when the new dominion came, it was none the more welcome, and it was the 'raj' of the Feringhee besides. No wonder then that Sir Henry Lawrence, to whom these were the patent conditions of his government in Oude, should have thought no precaution superfluous and no danger improbable.

The total abandonment of the position, and a retreat upon the line of communication between Calcutta and the North-West Province, must have frequently come before him as a terrible possibility. Nor was he a man who would have shrunk from any temporary consequences to his own reputation if it had seemed to him right so to act. But the evacuation to have been effective must have been complete—not a non-combatant, not a gun must have been left behind, and these must have been conducted through all the discouragements and difficulties of a retreat which would not have been the relinquishment of a town but the surrender of a country. If we can imagine the whole of the Lucknow garrison transported to Cawnpore before the 3rd of May, we have a vision of Wheeler relieved, of those hideous chapters of the book of Fate unwritten, of those agonies and those treacheries unenacted; but against this we have to set the picture of

of the whole of the province of Oude triumphant with unresisted rebellion, and of all the storms, which spent their rage in vain for four months against the garrison of Lucknow, gathered and bursting with tenfold energy on every other ill-defended repository of British power, and offering a front and mass of insurrectionary force which would have precipitated events that afterwards were spread over a considerable lapse of time and have concentrated in the earlier periods of the revolt those dangers which, though delayed and dispersed, we have only at last overcome at so terrible a cost of blood and treasure.

The strength too of the position which he held, and had good hope to hold till relief might arrive even from England, must have occupied no unimportant place in Sir Henry's calculations. About three quarters of a mile from the Residency stood the Muchee Bhawn, a castellated edifice apparently of considerable strength, commanding the iron and stone bridges over the Gomtee, and regarded by the people with much respect from having been the castle of the ancient Sheiks, who held it in defiance of the Viceroy of the Great Mogul. Its capture by the Viceroy Asoph ood Dowlah had been the cause of the change of the seat of Government from Fyzabad to what was then the village of Lucknow. It had been purchased by Sir H. Lawrence, and more labour and care were perhaps spent upon it than the old walls really deserved. At this crisis, however, the position was most useful in overawing the town, and its possession was in itself, from historical associations, a pledge of power. But it is not quite clear why so many stores were accumulated there instead of in the Residency, which in case of extremity must necessarily have become the centre of defence, and which Sir Henry was in fact at the same time gradually transforming into a most formidable fortress. The clear soldierly account of Lieutenant Innes has been transferred to other narratives and enables the reader to understand by what process of skill and toil a number of detached houses standing in gardens, public edifices, outhouses, and casual buildings were, as it were, netted together and welded by ditches, parapets, stockades, and batteries, into one consentaneous whole of resistance. Certain hostile positions were indeed left undestroyed, from which the enemy were afterwards enabled to inflict great damage on the defenders, but it may be well presumed that this was one of the many fatal consequences of the uncalculated disaster of the 30th of June. There must indeed have been an ulterior intention of a far larger system of defences than the limited command of time and labour enabled the British forces to execute, and which would have comprehended in one plan both the Residency and the Muchee Bhawn

Bhawn in safe and free communication with each other. As it turned out, it was most unfortunate that the whole scheme of the defence should not have been confined to the Residency, leaving the occupation of the Muchee Bhawn as a feint to deceive and distract our opponents.

The month of June was spent in painful expectation; through the greater part of it the labourers worked on readily and cheerfully, but the general aspect of the town was surly and suspicious. The native police were suspected of taking part in crimes of violence, seditious placards were openly exhibited, dolls dressed like British children were carried about the streets and their heads struck off. Every day brought the rumour, and many, the certainty, of some fresh calamity. From the 5th the treason of the Nana and the soldiery at Cawnpore, and the dreadful position of Sir H. Wheeler were known; then came his prayers for the succour which they had not to grant; then the miserable story of his surrender. From the massacre of Seetapore some thirty fugitive officers and ladies were rescued by a body of volunteer cavalry. Mrs. Dorin was brought in later, after incredible sufferings, only to fall one of the victims of the siege; and Mr. Birch escaped from the same slaughter to be shot in September by mistake through one of our own loopholes. Mr. Graham, one of the officers saved from Secrora, went mad and killed himself the day after his wife's confinement. Of a party sent out to reconnoitre the state of the country all were destroyed except Lieutenant Boulton, who, pursued by seven of his own soldiers, and wounded in the wrist, preserved his life by a tremendous leap over a broad ditch, and turning the enemy's camp, reached Cawnpore—he also only to perish amid the horrors of that Aceldama.

The ship foundering in port, after having successfully traversed the perils of a tempestuous voyage, has always been the most pathetic of images, but what can we say of such examples as these, of brave men and tender women enduring a succession of physical and moral tortures, to reach at last a consummation of cruel death for themselves and the objects of their closest affections? What of the tragedy of Sir Mountstuart Jackson and his companions escaping from Seetapore with every hardship, protected for a time by a friendly Rajah, then dragged to Lucknow and imprisoned in a palace in the very sight of their besieged countrymen, and after months of suspense murdered, as it were, in revenge for the success of British arms? Lieutenant Burnes might have escaped alone if he would have abandoned an orphan girl entrusted to his care, but whose life all his devotion did not avail to save, although the ladies of the party were
rescued

rescued by Maun Singh, and are now believed to be secure from further violence.

The Europeans were now fully aware that they must very soon meet face to face the revolted force daily recruited by fresh mutinies; one day it was expected in the direction of Cawnpore, another in that of Fyzabad. At last, on the 29th, Captain Forbes, who had been sent out to reconnoitre with the Sikh cavalry, reported that the enemy were at Chinhut, only nine miles from Lucknow: all the troops were withdrawn from the cantonments in the evening, and at three the next morning orders were given for the whole available force, under 600 men, to go out to meet them. We know the disastrous issue of that event, but little of the circumstances that induced Sir H. Lawrence to run the risk of it. Mr. Rees mentions a report widely circulated, and generally believed, that Brigadier Inglis strongly opposed the movement at the council which decided it, but that his opinion was overruled. We once heard a distinguished commander, who knew the two brothers well, remark, 'that Henry Lawrence was an admirable man, but John was the soldier'—John being a civilian—and it is possible that the higher prudence of Sir John might have anticipated the very great hazard of meeting an enemy of whose numbers he was uncertain, with a force on whose fidelity he could not rely. As it was, the British were both outnumbered and betrayed. At the first shot the whole of the police-force went over and commenced firing against them; the native gunners cut the traces of the Artillery horses, and escaped; the Sikh cavalry were panic-struck and fled. The enemy's horse was commanded by some European in undress uniform and handled with great ability. We are glad that Mr. Rees has, in his later editions, confined his conjectures to the probability of this renegade being a Russian, and omitted the suggestion that the rebel artillery was directed by English officers, whose infamy, even if they are dead, should not be pronounced without the clearest evidence. Among the greatest of the material losses of the day was an 8-inch howitzer which had been found in the town a few days before and in which the garrison trusted as a great arm of defence, little foreseeing that from it would be fired the fatal shell which was destined to cut short the life of that noble old man, whose presence hitherto had been ever looked upon as a Providence, and whose reproach after the calamity of this day was confined to his own compassionate heart, which burst forth at the close of it amid the carnage of his retreating troops in the exclamation, 'My God! and I brought them to this.'

The same singular inability to take advantage of any temporary success,

success, which the rebels have exhibited on other occasions during this war, limited the consequences of this disaster. Although the tremendous fire which was then opened on the Residency all but succeeded in preventing the signal being given to abandon and destroy the fort of Muchee Bhawn, its evacuation was effected without the loss of a single life, and with the preservation of its guns and treasure. The arrangements for posting and stationing this additional force were the last Sir Henry Lawrence personally superintended. He was wounded that evening, and died on the 4th of July. In the confusion incident to the first days of an unexpected siege this misfortune was easily concealed; the stern necessity of the hour spared no man to pay military honours to the illustrious dead: he was buried, with a hurried prayer, in the company of the humble comrades who fell about the same time; and so unwilling were the besieged to realise their loss, that, for days after, it was rumoured that he was recovering. The announcement of this catastrophe at home opened the eyes of the English people to the danger of Lucknow, and awoke that interest in its fortunes which has never ceased to this moment, when the British and Indian Governments have combined to show the only respect that was possible to the name of Sir Henry Lawrence by continuing his title to his son and family. The portrait prefixed to Mr. Rees's volume is a welcome addition to the gallery of the military worthies of England.

The personal adventures we have already mentioned will be but a small instalment of those which will interest, not perhaps the public which, in these active times, must forget in order to live on, but numerous circles of friends, each of which will have its hero and its history. There can be no monopoly of merit or of fame in a conflict in which there was no scope for large or continuous military operations, and in which the presiding genius of the defence, Captain Fulton, could only employ himself in repairing the damage of the hour, and in so directing his means of resistance as to weaken the enemy's position of aggression. The affair of Chinhut had rapidly closed the circuit of defence, and rendered its extension impossible, although some houses were left undestroyed which actually commanded the garrison, and from which incessant missiles of death were directed. It was attempted, and in some cases successfully, to undermine and blow up these accidental fortresses; while, on the part of the enemy, mines were skilfully driven under the walls and stockades, and more than once exploded within the barriers, compelling the besieged to make a rampart of their own bodies till the material protection could be repaired. The skill of Captain Fulton in detecting these covert attacks had something

something intuitive about it; it seemed to others that he could hear the subterranean working, where they could not catch a sound; and his success in countermining the galleries, and sometimes destroying large bodies of men in the midst of their work, confirmed this belief. Indefatigable and amiable, as he was intelligent, the loss of this officer by a cannon-ball, ten days before the rescue by Havelock, is another instance of the strange destiny which, in this campaign, has cut off so many in the sight of victory and safety.

In the earlier part of the siege provisions were plentiful and various, the casualties not very numerous, and the spirit of the garrison kept high by the sense of individual responsibility and the variety of personal adventure. The novel situation of the greater part of the volunteers was, perhaps, more diverting to the regular soldiers than to themselves; but the impression produced on Mr. Rees was, that courage is natural to every man, if he has only the opportunity of trying it, and whatever faint-heartedness there was only showed itself in the desponding view that some took of their ultimate fate. The ladies began by keeping watch in turn, 'being very nervous, and expecting some dreadful catastrophe to happen;' but they soon got braver, and 'voted there was no necessity for any one to keep awake' who had not some one to watch over. It was, perhaps, an advantage that the knowledge of the treachery of which the garrison at Cawnpore were the victims foreclosed every notion of surrender. There the hastily-fortified barracks had not deserved the name of entrenchments; and when some perishing hand wrote on those crumbling walls these words of fire, 'This is worse than the siege of Jerusalem! My God! my God! wilt thou deliver us!' it was amid a moral atmosphere of despair from which, at the very worst, the garrison of Lucknow were preserved. Yet the casualties at first were, perhaps, more cruel than afterwards. The danger of certain posts was only known by the loss of life. Besides Sir H. Lawrence, a young lady was shot in the Residency itself, and the chaplain was severely wounded in the hospital. The fierce sun and drenching showers under which the men watched and worked, made them ill able to withstand the cholera and small-pox which, towards the middle of June, began to rage, and soon extended to the women and children. Lady Inglis was attacked, and happily recovered, though even the comparative comfort of her position did not permit her to occupy an apartment alone. The children were easy victims. The food that was sufficient to sustain life in healthy and vigorous subjects could not do the same for the infantine and weakly. There was hardly a day without a child's death, often, indeed, occurring from the careless familiarity

familiarity with which they exposed themselves to danger, playing with the bullets as with marbles, laughingly dropping them when too hot to hold, and driven back with good-humoured force from the perilous positions into which they loved to run. A boy is described on the 27th of May as 'the image of Murillo's John the Baptist;' on the 2nd of August he was 'a little old man.' Here was Mr. Lawrence, watching by the death-bed of his darling convulsed with terror at a mine springing close to him; there an old merchant (notorious for his selfish greed) dragging himself, when weak with sickness, from under cover, to get fire-wood to cook his children's food, and shot down in the attempt; there a hard-tempered officer daily guarding a little cup of milk with a jealous care that was not satisfied till he had himself placed it to his infant's lips—and all in vain!

The escapes were literally hair-breadth: a cotton pillow was cut to pieces under a drummer's head, leaving him unhurt; a piece of a fuze was found sticking in Major Lowe's whisker, while the shell spread destruction around. Mr. Capper was caught by the neck between a falling beam and the verandah floor, and he was extricated after an hour's labour of men lying flat on their stomachs to avoid a rain of musketry, and working with both hands. On the other hand the accidents were as strange: a sergeant, with five medals on him, was killed by a bullet passing through a box which should have been full of earth, but where the careless workman had left out a shovelful. Of three fellows thrown up in the air by the explosion of a mine, two lighted unhurt in the rubbish and one was pitched over the ramparts into the midst of the enemy who beheaded him. During the rescue by Havelock, a Highlander, who had fired off his rifle, saved himself from the uplifted sabre of a trooper by putting his pipes to his mouth, and sending forth such a screech that the foe bolted off as if shot,—an anecdote which may serve as the foundation of the legend of 'Jessie Cameron' and Mr. Goodall's popular picture.

The condition of the atmosphere soon began to be the most constant and odious source of distress; the dead could not be put by; the disgusting task of burying the bodies of men and animals might be diligently executed, but in that narrow space the work could not be effectually done: so tainted was the whole air that complete recovery from wounds or sickness was next to impossible and amputation was certain death. A plague of flies was generated by this universal corruption, which the poor lads who had been pupils of the Martinière College were incessantly occupied in trying to brush away, yet which seemed to increase by destruction. The rats and mice ran over the invalids whenever left untended. But these and similar miseries are the common incidents

incidents of war, and must not be classed with the circumstances which give to this event its historical peculiarity and significance. These indeed mainly depend on the singular relation between the besiegers and the besieged. Numerous letters from the camp before Delhi in the earlier periods of the outbreak describe the sense of an almost unnatural conflict produced on the army by seeing the enemy issue from the town in British uniforms, with their bands playing the old familiar tunes, 'The British Grenadiers,' 'The girl I left behind me,' even 'God save the Queen,' and the honoured colours of the regiments waving side by side with the green standard of civil revolt and religious hate, and the English words of command and well-known bugle-signals used for the purpose of their own destruction. It was an experience of what, thank God! has been long unknown to British troops, of the sentiments and passions of civil war, of that form of hostility in which personal take the place of national feelings—in which the excitement and, so to say, the pleasure of individual combat is substituted for the motives of military honour and patriotic duty. But if this was the case where the contact was only occasional—in the sortie, or the attack, or the felon's punishment—what must it have been at Lucknow, where it was incessant for months together? Since the days of Ariosto's heroes there has never been such a combination of words and blows. The enemy were the very newsmongers of the garrison; each fresh disaster to European power was triumphantly heralded to the anxious ears of the besieged. After Havelock's first advance, when every heart was on the acme of expectation, and shouts of delight had answered the booming of the distant guns, up ran the malicious foes—'So you think the reinforcements have come, do you? so they have, and we have beaten them off, and we have crowned our King.' Again the combatants are so near that there is no difficulty in recognising faces; the son of a native Christian is recognised amongst the defenders, and a rebel finds shelter in a hut not five yards from the post he is guarding: 'Come over to us and leave the cursed Feringhees, whose mothers and sisters we have defiled, and all of whom we shall kill in a day or two.' 'Am I going to be unfaithful to my salt, like you, you son of a dog? take that,' and off goes his gun. 'Wait a moment,' cries the other, 'and we shall be over the wall.' 'Come along, my bayonet is ready to catch you,' and so on, till the dialogue is lost in a volley of oaths and musketry from the comrades who on each side have joined the disputants. Mr. Rees's French friend Duprat became an object of especial detestation from the reckless courage he displayed, and perhaps, too, from the knowledge on the part of the Sepoys that

that he was no sincere partisan of the rule which he was defending: it may have been no secret among them that overtures had been made to him by the Nana, through his agent Azimoolah (so well known in London society), and declined rather on a point of honour than from any interest in the British cause or even from any confidence in its success. 'Cursed dog of an infidel,' they cried whenever they saw him, 'we'll have you yet; we know you—we'll kill you.' Duprat loved to provoke these attacks by abusing the enemy in broken Hindostanee, exposing himself with the strong self-confidence which many men either possess or assume in circumstances of the greatest danger, but which in his case was sadly falsified, for he died from a wound in the face after a month of great suffering.

Another special feature of this siege was the impossibility of reducing the number of the assailants, either by repeated attacks or continuous resistance. The superiority of our rifle-practice was clear from the first, and our artillery was worked with a care and ability which could not be exceeded. Not only were the positions continually changed, so as to bring the guns to bear on the points where the masses of the enemy were greatest and their means of offence most dangerous, but we actually discovered what edifices were the seat of the provisional government, and even where the military councils were held, and often disturbed them by the arrival of a well-aimed shell or two. The six regiments of cavalry and nineteen of infantry give no estimate of the beleaguering force; at least three-fourths of the inhabitants of the town itself had the habit of arms, and the number of Zemindaree troops was only limited by the means of subsistence, which were abundant. The gratification, therefore, which Mr. Rees tells us was frequently all they had—viz., to kill as many as possible before they were killed themselves—was no great consolation to the reflecting mind. The only impression which European courage could produce was to check the more furious assaults, such as that of the 20th of July, and to confine the swarming hordes to the effect of their more distant projectiles. Here, indeed, our great protection was in the absence of combination and generalship in the masses of the enemy. Separate attacks were skilfully organised, separate batteries were effectively placed, individual courage was not wanting, but there was no master-mind and no all-directing hand. The commander-in-chief—a brother-in-law of the ex-king—exercised only a nominal authority; the officers were elected by the sepoys, and the commanders by the officers, in the name of a puppet-sovereign. These were successively degraded when unsuccessful, and not unfrequently shot by their own soldiers. Thus discipline was null,
and

and organisation impossible. But had this well-armed multitude been simultaneously and scientifically brought against the scantily-protected and over-tasked garrison, destruction was inevitable. As it was, the scaling-ladders frequently were forgotten when most wanted, the mines often ran short of their object and wrong in the direction of their craters, and the communications with the forces that were attempting to relieve the besieged were not always intercepted.

As the siege wore on, the monotony of suffering and the continual presence of death could not but produce some of the demoralising effects which have ever attended on similar circumstances, and have never been better described than by the historian of the Plague of Athens. The excitement went down ; the jest was rarer ; horrible forebodings of the possible issue of the struggle were conjectured and whispered ; the women, broken-hearted by the loss of child or husband, could not cheer the bed of the sick and wounded, as they were wont to do : yet, notwithstanding all this, there was no falling off in the earnest discharge of every military duty, with diminished numbers and declining strength. The mutilated and the faint dragged themselves over the perilous spaces to their posts ; one broken arm did not prevent the other from levelling the musket ; and, though the reserved scrap of choice food and the hoarded cheroot were followed by many wistful eyes, property was generally respected and subordination preserved. One of the rare exceptions was the pillage of part of the royal jewels, which, when the siege began, were transported to the Residency, and men were pointed at as possessors of great wealth in diamonds, but which they could not exchange for bread.

The contrast between the abundant beauty of the landscape outside after the rains, as it was seen by those who were adventurous enough to mount the exposed roofs to look out in the direction of the long-expected succour, and the unvarying gloom of the fetid enclosure is said to have been most painful. One day a bright-winged peacock settled on one of the buildings : welcome indeed would have been that taste of fresh food, but the guns aimed at it were lowered with an undefinable sense of humane superstition, and the gay stranger flew safe away. The supply of the bare necessities of life was indeed not so scanty at any time as to make actual hunger one of the prominent miseries, although many ladies wasted away from inability to derive nourishment from such rude means of subsistence. Sometimes meat was more abundant than was required from the casual butchery by the guns of the enemy, the wounded cattle being of necessity at once killed and distributed ; but latterly the rations were so much

reduced that Mr. Rees tells us graphically how glad he was to run off with a bone from a friend's plate, and, at the time of the last relief, a fortnight would have exhausted all the provisions of any kind that were remaining. The straits of famine were not traversed, but they were long in sight.

Never in military history did a body of men set out on an enterprise with a deeper enthusiasm of patriotic humanity than General Havelock and his followers to the relief of Lucknow. On the 13th of July Havelock had written: 'One of the prayers often repeated throughout my life since my school-days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action;' and going back in his mind to his fellows in those distant years—'Norris* must have rejoiced, and so must dear old Julius Hare, if he had survived to see the day.' How modest an estimate of his own worth in the tried and adventurous soldier of forty-two years' standing! how beautiful the memory of the friendship that had stretched over half a century! That battle of Futteh-pore opened the way to the occupation of Cawnpore, and the fate of the helpless prisoners of the Nana seemed to prognosticate the doom of Lucknow. No disparity of force, no disadvantages of the season, no improbability of success, could hold back those chivalrous spirits. Battle after battle was won; the cholera and the sun-stroke slew many survivors of the combat; General Neill denuded his own position at Cawnpore to reinforce his friend. With a prescient mind did Havelock write to his wife on the 9th of August: 'as one whom you may see no more, for the chances of war are heavy in this crisis. Thank God for my hope in the Saviour: we shall meet in Heaven.' After every effort he had not advanced ten miles on the road to Lucknow, and he must fall back on Cawnpore. The letters of Major Crump, which appeared in the English journals, detail with exactness the desperate struggles and able manœuvres of those days; and now that their writer has bravely fallen in the very hour of the rescue, it is only just to record the earnestness which almost reproves the caution of Havelock's retreat, and desires to have gone on, at all odds, and against every obstacle. But, in truth, the return of the force to Cawnpore saved that place from the troops of the Nana, which

* Sir William Norris, late Chief Justice in Ceylon and Singapore; the author of an affecting poem, 'On the Meeting of Three Schoolfellows and Friends, after a Separation of Forty Years,' written in 1850, when he and Julius Hare—

'welcome back
Dear Havelock from the wars, to rest awhile
In philosophic ease, and reckon o'er,
As in the meditative moods of old,
The perils past in distant barbarous lands.'

were

were gathering about it; and its advance to Lucknow, even if successful, would not have effectually aided the besieged. Except as an instalment of future reinforcements, the addition of a thousand men without provisions, and with no very large guns, would have been an incumbrance and a difficulty to the garrison.

Havelock was now enabled to drive off the traitor's cavalry and to destroy his stronghold of Bithoor; yet when, even after a month's delay, he again marched into Oude, it was with a force which he himself felt hardly adequate to the attempt. 'I will do my best,' he writes, 'but the operation is most delicate, and there is too great a probability of the Residency falling into the hands of the foe before we can relieve it. The wretches will put every one to the sword, and the poor girl Mary (his niece) and her husband are shut up in the place.' The Alumbagh, a strongly-fortified outpost of the besiegers, separated from the town by a canal, was reached and won without any great loss, and became the base of his operations. The bridge over the canal was commanded by a powerful battery, and protected by a large force, which, for some cause not yet explained, it was resolved to encounter and subdue, rather than use the pontoons which they had brought with them and which might have enabled them to cross at some undefended part and perhaps gain the advantages of a surprise. As it was, after all the loss incurred by the capture of the bridge and its forts, they were compelled to leave the direct road, and to consume many valuable hours in reaching the Kaiser Bagh, which might now be regarded as the citadel of the rebels of Lucknow. Nothing but the most undaunted courage would have carried this column of men through the overwhelming numbers and furious slaughter. General Outram, who had ceded to Havelock the chief command, was wounded early in the day, but never got down from his horse. Every wall was loop-holed; and, besides the hosts of Sepoys, a new kind of enemy appeared as reconnoiterers of the march. The King of Oude had in his service a number of women, whom it amused him to arm and discipline, as a kind of guard. When our soldiers first came into contact with these Amazons, they declined to fire at them; but they soon found this courtesy was abused, and thus all who now showed themselves were shot down. The resistance at the Kaiser Bagh was so desperate that it was a question whether it was possible to traverse even the small space that lay between it and the Residency with the diminished and exhausted force; and when it was decided that it would be a still greater peril to leave the night to the enemy, success was only won by a fearful sacrifice of valuable lives—among them that of General Neill, who had actually reached the

entrenchments, but, hearing that some guns were in jeopardy, leaped forward again, was struck, and fell. A sortie was then made from the garrison, some intervening buildings were occupied, and in the last twilight of that 25th of September, Lucknow was relieved.

There were many of these deliverers who had anticipated a very different reception than they found. One of them has described his expectation, by no means extravagant, that the enemy would have shrunk before the overpowering valour of our troops, and that the rescued would have come forth to meet them with radiant faces of joy and gratitude, with waving handkerchiefs, and shouts of ecstasy. He contrasts with this picture that of his real arrival, when, all but overcome with fatigue, rushing forward amid a shower of balls, he was seized by a rough and heavy hand, dragged through a door in a blank wall, and told 'he is in the Residency.' At another part we hear of three Highlanders struggling into a room where some ladies were sitting mute with anxiety, and, as they fell down exhausted, crying, 'God bless you!' The rough soldiers seized the children and kissed them, with tears and exclamations of 'This is better than Cawnpore.' It is but too true that several faithful Sepoys were bayoneted at their guns in the Bailey-Guard Battery by the infuriated soldiers of the 78th, who confounded them with other natives; none of them offered any resistance, and one, whose name should never be forgotten, waved his hand, and, with the words, 'It is all for the good cause; welcome, friend!' expired.

In a certain sense the relieving force was now itself besieged, but the addition was invaluable in the revived spirit of the garrison, and the confirmed fidelity of the Sepoys. It is doubtful whether otherwise the latter could have much longer resisted the prayers and threats of their countrymen. Several had already deserted, as well as some half-castes and native Christians, who had families in the city at the mercy of the rebels. The material advantages also were considerable from the increased amount of available labour and the relief from harassing and continual military duty. There was now sufficient force not only to man effectively the present posts, but to take in more ground and occupy several positions from which the enemy had been able to inflict great damage upon us. In some of the houses thus taken possession of, were found chests of tea and spices, and, what was still more valuable, some of the ground was planted with *gouian* (sweet-potato) and sugarcane. It was amusing to see how every other kind of pillage was abandoned till these delicacies were exhausted. The wounded, who had been saved from such horrors as befell our poor fellows roasted alive or tortured to death

death at the Mootee Mehal by the 'heathen that delight in cruelty,' and who, at least, might now die tended by friendly hands, occupied much interest and attention; none more than Mr. Thornhill, the husband of General Havelock's 'Mary'—a man of a family distinguished in the Indian service for their high ability and in the insurrection by their courage and misfortunes. As the deliverers approached, he had hastened forward to meet his victorious relative, and on saying, 'Uncle, can I do anything for you?' was answered, 'I have just heard Henry is wounded; can you bring him in?' Thornhill soon found his wounded cousin, and, procuring a *dooley*, had him carried into the entrenchments; but, at the gate, his own arm was shattered by a ball, and, while he was holding it up with the other hand, he was struck again. Captain Henry Havelock recovered to be, too soon, the inheritor of his father's name and honours, but within three weeks Mr. Thornhill shared the fate of all who had to submit to amputation in that pestilential atmosphere.

The offensive operations which General Havelock now found necessary for the purpose of taking in new ground and of preparing for the advance of Sir Colin Campbell, cost many other valuable lives and gravely impaired his own health. His spare and hardy frame had been severely tried during the last four months; his very habits of endurance were telling upon him without his knowledge: though in no sense an old man, he could not undergo the continual exposure and disregard of personal comfort as he used to do, and perhaps the long-delayed prize of military command now brought with it more anxiety than it would have done had he received it in the due order of professional service. Passing his life in a country in which so much of the success of administration has been due to the courageous system of combining responsibility with the energy of youth, even so pious and noble a mind as his must have revolted at the strange exception of his own position, at the impotence and folly that had wasted in subordinate employment the abundance of his military knowledge and the power of his mind and character. It is a poor excuse to say that opportunities were wanting; they ought to have been found for him. His thorough acquaintance with the art of war was generally known, his zeal in his profession had been tested by years of experience and the most varied trials, his character and judgment were unimpeached—and yet this man was allowed to become a veteran before he was entrusted with independent authority. Only in the very crisis of the fate of India, only when the union of the highest spirit with the greatest caution was demanded, only when the most that can be was required

quired of a commander—was Havelock for the first time weighted with responsibility; and, if that responsibility helped to bear him down, they who might have earlier inured him to the task and diminished his sense of its burden are not without a share in the calamity of his loss.

On the 5th November Sir Colin Campbell left Cawnpore, and his force, which was comparatively large, was soon assembled at the Alumbagh. Thence, by a circuitous route, he forced his way to the Residency. The merits of this great act of strategy will be duly weighed in military history. Every step had been anticipated, every contingency provided for. Although, from the larger circuit, the troops advanced in many parts without continuously running the gauntlet in the way that Havelock's force had to suffer, yet the separate assaults on the Dilkoosha Palace, the Martinière College, and the Secunderbagh, were enterprises of the boldest daring and the most consummate skill. The resistance was everywhere worthy of a better cause. Fresh from the shambles of Cawnpore, the British troops were maddened with the revenge of men who had seen English-women dying staked down in the public thoroughfares and had drawn out the one living child from the accursed well. The words scratched on the wall of the chamber, of which Major Crump has left us so awful a representation, were the war-cries of our soldiers and the response to every prayer for quarter.* Other fortified edifices—the Shah Nadjuff, the Mess-house, and the Observatory—were taken at the point of the bayonet, under the well-directed fire of Sir W. Peel's guns; and, on the afternoon of the 17th, in the midst of the tumult, between the old entrenchments and the freshly-captured palaces, Sir Colin Campbell had the delight to meet Outram and Havelock.

The communication between the Residency and the Dilkoosha Palace, extending through the whole line of strongholds, either occupied or destroyed, was from this time carefully kept up, and the ladies, the wounded, and the sick were removed to a comparatively healthy locality, though not without difficulty. Near the Secunderbagh they had to bend down and run as fast as they could, while volleys of grape were passing over their heads. Among the invalids was General Havelock, now showing dangerous symptoms of dysentery; and there on the 25th of November he died. He had said to the young English volunteer, Lord Seymour, 'Tell them in England that here we fight in earnest.' His last letter was written on the 19th; it mentions

* The three prints of the localities of the massacre are sold, we believe, for the benefit of Major Crump's widow.

that he had heard of his Commandership of the Bath for his first three battles; and he adds, 'I have fought nine since.' The last victory over the great destroyer yet remained, and it was complete. 'For more than forty years,' he said to Sir J. Outram, 'I have so ruled my life that, when death came, I might face it without fear.' The telegram told the sad news to England on the 7th of January. It seemed to dash down every satisfaction, to dim every triumph. Of itself, without favour and without suggestion, public opinion, perhaps with some exclusive injustice, had made him the hero of the hour. It seemed as if all men felt a self-reproach that he had not been known before, and now, when he came back, how they would make it up to him! But this was not to be. Like so many regrets, these were only of use to those who felt them. Britain had lost, not only a great defender in arms, but a man whose fame it would have been good for her to have been able to celebrate. The simplicity of his character, the absence of the gaudiness and glitter which too often accompany even true glory, the strong Puritan element which the dignity of his life at once attested and made respected, the self-reliance and patent duty of his whole career, made him perhaps the safest object of popular idolatry that the course of events ever offered to a free and moral nation.

It was with mingled feelings of disappointment and happiness that the old garrison heard of the determination of the authorities to evacuate Lucknow. Brigadier Inglis had offered still to hold the Residency with 600 men, 100 of them being of his own regiment, but the gallant offer was not accepted. The retreat was so successfully covered by a feigned attack on the Kaiser Bagh, that it was accomplished without the loss of a man. A Captain Waterman by some mischance was left behind asleep, but he was able to come up with the retiring rear-guard, though mad with terror at the position he for some hours had occupied, alone in the Residency, surrounded by an army of infuriated foes.

By the order of the Governor-General the survivors of Lucknow were received at Calcutta with all the honours of war. The Queen's representative went to meet and congratulate them; there were the eager eyes and sympathetic faces of fellow-soldiers and fellow-countrymen, and the sound which had for so long been to them one of terror and destruction now was heard booming welcome and peace. But when, one by one, the sad procession came to view, the wan and wasted cheeks, the weak and trembling forms, the almost universal garb of woe, betokening the widow or the childless or the orphan, the cheers died away on the lips about to utter them, and the scene was felt to be too solemn for triumph or for joy. None, however, would have anticipated

anticipated that for some of these unhappy persons the hardships of fortune were not yet exhausted, and that they would have to undergo the perils of shipwreck on their homeward voyage, to escape only with the loss of the little they still possessed, even the records of their trials and sufferings.

From the night of our silent retreat a curtain has fallen over our deserted citadel: the fierce glee and inconsiderate triumph of the enemy that occupied it can have no historian. Of the retributive victory we as yet know little more than the fact that the British standard waves again over the beleaguered fortress, soon to become the centre of our indisputable dominion. Then may the wisdom and vigour of our future rule expiate the gigantic imprudence which incorporated the kingdom of Oude with the Empire of India, without precaution or defence against the interests we thwarted and the passions we aroused; and for which Britain has already paid so heavy a penalty of blood and tears!

ART. VIII.—1. *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre.* Paris, 1858.

2. *Speech of the Earl of Clarendon in the House of Lords, March 1, 1858.* London, 1858.

3. *Lettre au Parlement et à la Presse.* London, 1858.

4. *Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Application de l'Article 24 du Traité de Paris en Moldavie.* Londres, 1857.

5. *La Question des Principautés devant l'Europe.* Par M. A. Ubicini. Paris, 1858.

6. *Signor L. C. Farini al Signor Guglielmo Gladstone, Londra.* Torino, Dicembre 1857.

7. *To Louis Napoleon.* By Joseph Mazzini. London, 1858.

IT is a frequent complaint that we live in a prosaic age, that the bloom is rubbed off which the world wore when it was young, that the hue of romance no longer colours the objects which lie along the every-day path of human experience. Yet Fortune is a merry jade after all; and she has recently been performing her choicest freaks among us, with more of vivacity and energy than the decorous forms of a constitutional government are usually found to allow. The late Minister of England had contrived to keep his seat on the top of her famous wheel during such a number of its revolutions, as had all but covered what may be termed the utmost space allowed to the activity of human life. But suddenly a difficulty that he himself had created, as if for the purpose, by a contempt of the most ordinary caution and the best established customs, caught him in his giddy elevation,

vation, and precipitated the old favourite of millions into the depths of the Tartarus of politics, almost without a solitary cry of regret to mingle in the crash of his fall, or a word of sympathy to break its force.

The career of the late Ministry, especially since the Peace of Paris, well deserves a careful examination. It has been too eminent, as its friends would say—or too prominent, as the admission even of its enemies would run—to escape from notoriety. In the work of legislation, in the great department of finance, in what may be called its spirit of administration, and in the extended details of a foreign policy which had excitement for its daily food, it either deserves the chronicler or must invite the critic. But though these things are great, there are greater things than these. Its sayings and doings, its non-sayings and non-doings, have found at once their climax and their close in a great international complication.

What we propose then on the present occasion is, to examine the reciprocal attitudes of England and France. It is true that one immediate difficulty, paramount in its kind, was got rid of, when the Palmerston Ministry was overthrown. The hands of that Government had been so utterly paralysed by its incomprehensible and most unworthy concessions, that its removal was as a first step absolutely necessary for the clearing, so to speak, of the atmosphere. But there has been a national controversy; and a controversy between France and England is of necessity a matter of moment—a matter not to be forgotten because it has passed away, though only to be remembered for the purposes of good-will or of prudence. In the present instance, we are not as yet entitled to say that the question slumbers in the past of diplomacy, and exists no longer. On the contrary, proceedings are pending in our courts; the displacement of an Ambassador, greatly and justly regarded among us, has followed upon that of an offending Ministry; and the correspondence of the Governments has been wound up for the time in an appeal, which seems to be susceptible of more senses than one, by the Emperor of the French to the loyalty of the English people.*

The parties in this case, as it would seem at first sight, should be either two or four. It would in ordinary circumstances be the natural course either to regard France and England as being each a political integer, or else to divide both the one and the other into government and people. As to England, it is clear that the division must be made, for the dualism is beyond all doubt. Nothing could be more contradictory in their letter and in their

* Count Walewski's Despatch, March 11, 1858.

spirit than the proceedings of the Ministry and of the nation; the dogs were coupled, but they could not hunt together. What the Ministry encouraged, the nation repelled; what the Ministry gratuitously tendered, the nation unconditionally refused; what the Ministry took to be justice, the nation interpreted as disgrace. On this side the water, therefore, we have had two parties, at the least. There is the old agent of the master, dismissed for breach of trust; and there is the master with his new agent, of whom it has thus far been found that he has not for practical purposes much misconstrued his principal. Beyond the Channel the case stands very differently. The French nation, tingling as it does to the very fingers' ends with vivacity, running over with a thousand kinds of talent, and almost unrivalled in the power of giving expression to its thoughts, is nevertheless, under its peculiar institutions, unprovided with any distinct or independent organs of the wishes or ideas it may entertain; we know its feelings only from the chance-medley intercourse of individuals in private society, or from the official descriptions of its government. But in official language a State, when it deals with foreign Powers, assumes the concurrence, and at times even imagines the enthusiasm, of its subjects. It is, therefore, allowable, when we see the name of the French nation quoted in this controversy, and when we are terrified with glowing descriptions of its excited condition, to admit into our minds the possibility that that name may perhaps be taken in vain. This does not imply that the popular feeling is wantonly falsified by the ministers of the Emperor. These high authorities must not be supposed to deceive; but they may themselves be misled by subordinate persons who speak to them smooth things, and therefore they cannot help misleading others. With us it is a canon that, if the people be without proper organs, its sentiments cannot be certainly known. Even if they were on each question already matured, still they could not be gathered into general results through those myriad rills, that connect individual with collective life. But, in truth, it is in the process of expression itself that the public opinion is in the main developed and matured, even as the iron takes its shape amidst the clang that announces the labours of the blacksmith. From this want of competent and regular organs in France it has come about that we really have but the very scantiest means of judging what are the feelings of that country on the subject before us. At one time we are told that the resentment of the French against England can hardly be restrained; at another that the popular discontent is aimed at the Emperor. On these heads, then, we shall affirm nothing, as we know nothing. Accordingly, we have three, and no more than three, parties

parties in the cause—the Government of France, the English nation, and the Ministry, now defunct, by whom that nation was misrepresented.

And we must aver at the outset that this discussion is not one in which England stands on the defensive only. She has her own causes of complaint, alike just and grave. On both sides of the Channel there is a sense of wrong. The Government of France has been encouraged to make appeals which have proved fruitless, and to commit itself to their propriety. They have conceived that the state of British laws, or manners, or both, was such as to afford shelter to schemes of anarchy and murder. Such impressions are not formed by a foreign government, except upon information from within. They were taught to believe that the existence of this state of things would be admitted, and that a remedy would be promptly applied. We cannot wonder, that the failure of their wishes and expectations has left behind it considerable soreness. Through the publication of the Walewski despatch in England and in France, the credit of the Imperial Government was hazardingly staked on effecting a change in English law. That credit cannot but be damaged by its having been found that the change which was proposed we utterly and as one man repudiate, and that it as yet remains subject to doubt whether we can and ought to make any change at all.

On the other hand, the people of England deem themselves wronged by the manner in which their laws have been arraigned. They are laws, of which the benefit has been impartially extended to all political fugitives, of all colours alike; to ex-Kings, ex-legitimists, ex-constitutionalists, ex-Napoleons, ex-republicans: and we well perceive that, if they are surrendered or impaired to gratify the resentments, or promote the interests, of any one party during its heyday of power, they will thenceforward have lost their virtue for all parties alike. We are aware that no one has more largely profited by these laws than the present Emperor of the French; and though his worst enemy would not charge him with any plot that had assassination for its object, yet it is no exaggeration to say that, short of the limit thus defined, he availed himself to the full not only of their lawful scope for his own protection, but likewise of the facilities afforded by a secure privacy to devise and execute measures contrary both to their spirit and to their letter. And without doubt, one cause of the sensitiveness of the people of England on the recent occasion has been this: that they have not felt quite certain whether it was his intention, under cover of the excitement following upon the recent plot, to pledge us to prevent others, by restrictions upon liberty formerly unknown among us, from doing that very thing

thing which he did himself, and which our British Government, had it then been armed with the necessary powers, would, without doubt, have been bound to prevent him from doing.

The natural and salutary jealousy, which every people should cherish of foreign interference in its affairs, is further aggravated in the case before us by the fact that the demand raises a question of much greater breadth than it seems at first sight to involve. It touches a subject-matter, in which honour is tenderly and vitally concerned. It was urged originally in terms of railing accusation, rather than of rational argument. And it required us to change our laws not only without clear indications of the ground or the extent of the alteration, but also without the decency of a previous attempt to put them into exercise, so as at least to lay some intelligible ground for the indictment against them.

Of the three parties in the cause, as it appears to us, no one stands so well as the people of England. Thus far, they at least have known their own minds, adhered to their own standing ground, and disembarrassed themselves, that there might be no mistake as to their views, of the late Ministry, as a medium of representation which exhibited them falsely to the Government of France. They have acted with the spirit that became them; and our belief is, that both in France and elsewhere their courage has been admired, their prudence not denied. But let them not be misunderstood. It is not because they sympathise with revolution; it is not because they are averse to the Emperor. No one, we are persuaded, acquainted with the real feeling of England will assign to either of these two causes those intelligible manifestations of its will, by which the country placed an extinguisher on the Bill for altering the Law of Conspiracy to Murder, and hurled from power by a judgment almost unanimous the parents of that ill-starred and detested measure.

In order to form anything like an historical appreciation of their conduct and feelings, we must go back to the date of the guilty and destructive attempt to assassinate the Emperor and Empress of the French, as they were about to alight at the Opera on the evening of the 14th of January.

When the news of that sanguinary attempt arrived, it was universally both deplored and condemned without mitigation or reserve by the English people of all ranks and classes. Nothing was known, at the moment, of the fact, or of the imputation, that the perpetrators of the act had commenced their machinations in England. It was not dreamed that a case was to be got up, with the aim of making us and our laws responsible for this conspiracy. The sentiments that prevailed among us were
thoroughly

thoroughly natural and impartial sentiments, for they were formed while we thought that we were spectators, and had no idea that we were parties. They are, therefore, good evidence of the state of feeling in this country towards the Emperor and the Empire; and they will suffice to show whether we gave to our ally, at that critical moment, less or more than his due.

The feelings of the British people had undergone great changes with the lapse of time and with the progress of events. At the period when the *attentat* of the 2nd of December, 1851, occurred, that, too, was strongly and almost universally condemned in this country. Lord Palmerston, indeed, hastened at once to offer his hearty compliments to the triumphant ex-President and Emperor-designate, without committing his colleagues. But his admiration of vigour was in this case shared by few of his countrymen. For a length of time it was evident, that approval in England lagged greatly in the rear of acceptance by France. The offence of Louis Napoleon was patent to our view; it lay in the breach of his official oath, in his trampling on liberty and law, and in his travelling to the summit of power through violence and blood. His apologies, on the other hand, were such as we had neither full means nor a ready disposition to appreciate; the fitful and unstable movement of representative government in France, the unstable and bewildered state of the public mind, the plea of counterplots on the part of his enemies, the power of his name in that country, his belief that in that power lay the only safety for order, for property, and for life; and the assumption, natural there, though unintelligible here, that, when brought into conflict with these primary objects, freedom itself must kick the beam.

The very sound of arguments such as these excites in the English mind an instinctive revulsion. Liberty has been with us the rare ally of excess, but its constant corrective; the standing source and guarantee of peace and order, of stability in institutions, and of loyalty to the throne. We are hardly able to conceive that a nation like the French have been smitten by a Divine decree with an incapacity to enjoy and turn to account this inestimable boon, or that it would not with them, as with us, had it only been allowed fair play, have found in time the best remedies, alike the gentlest and the most effectual, for its own disorders and defects. Hence even the most thoughtful and tolerant of our countrymen on the whole withheld their sympathy from the inception of the Empire. But tolerance is not prominent among the English virtues: and that great portion of the British people, who are more self-willed and summary in their modes of judgment, found a short road to an adverse conclusion. At the

same

same time there prevailed throughout the country a thorough friendliness towards France: nor could we be so blind and stupid as to hesitate a moment, either inwardly or outwardly, in acknowledging her absolute and exclusive right to solve political problems for herself and in her own fashions. These considerations availed to keep down the strong revulsion which was excited throughout England by the gigantic and successful *coup d'état*; but yet not to reverse the current of inward feeling to which that revulsion had been due.

But, when once the first impression had been got over, powerful causes came into operation, which by degrees brought about a different state of feeling. We found, in the first place, that the name of Napoleon was dissociated from the old traditions of bloodshed and of conquest. We found that it was not only compatible with but significant of a foreign policy towards England at the very least as frank and friendly as we had, even in the best times, experienced at the hands of the Bourbon or the Orleans dynasties. We found that the vital interests of the Emperor were at the time bound up with the English alliance. Presently we found ourselves forced into a joint and common championship of the liberties of Europe, so seriously menaced by the machinations of Russia in the East. The partnership of toil and effort, of danger, of suffering, and of glory, knit together with a rare and happy closeness the feelings both of the governments and of the nations. We saw France right loyally perform all her engagements, and withdraw from her possession of Constantinople, the most tempting of all the prizes of the world, with a disinterestedness as conspicuous, as had been the splendid exertions of her power. The first tempestuous and blood-stained birthday of the Empire now came to be as completely forgotten by the people of England, as if it had never been heard of on this side the Channel. It is certainly a characteristic of our countrymen, that they hate to bear a grudge; and if they cannot get rid of their resentments by a quarrel, they will before long overlook them. The Emperor of the French became nearly as popular in England as the Queen; and when he visited as a monarch these shores, within which he had long languished as an exile, there was absolutely no tribute of honour that was not lavished upon him. Nay, more, these loud acclamations virtually came from an unanimous people, in a land where unanimity on continental politics is most rare; for if there were dissentients in that moment of exulting homage to the ally of England, they were abashed into silence, and did not obstruct, even so much as motes do in the sunshine, one ray of the light of public favour.

Critics might have asked whether, by so profuse and unmeasured an effusion of her emotion and her homage, England did not abate something of what was due to her own self-respect, and depart by a few hairs' breadths from that dignified and wise rigour of neutrality, as between successive revolutions on the Continent, which it is so evidently her duty and interest to maintain. But, at all events, it was now clear that the Emperor of the French had reached, with the English people at large, the summit of all honour which a Sovereign other than their own can receive. A curtain was drawn over the past; and on the front of that curtain were embroidered in letters of flame the exploits of his army by the side of our army, and the unbroken series of his own steady demonstrations of fidelity to the alliance with England.

It was, therefore, with a painful surprise that, when the comrades of Orsini had cast their bombs beneath the carriage of the Emperor, the people of England learned that they had been by negligence parties to the plot, and were to be included in the arraignment of the accused. In France, the culprits were arrested by the police, and the Emperor, with an appearance of heat and haste that are unusual in him, announced the necessity of repressive laws. In effect to judge from the manifestations of a press which must be taken to represent the government, it was deemed to be desirable, that the attention of the French nation should be diverted to a foreign country.

It is undeniable that there was a fatal discrepancy between two simultaneous utterances of the government of France; and the logical flaw, which it was so easy to detect, was understood to be in fact the index of a purpose lying beneath the surface. The Emperor we were told was calm, but the country was excited. The fervid affection of the people outran the care and caution of the Government, and spent itself, as we were informed, in energetic demands that a few foreigners, the refuse of all nations, who were harboured in England, should no longer be tolerated in their machinations against the peace of society in that country and against the person of its ruler. But if the French people were thus fervent and thus united in sentiment, and if the nation abhorred the attempts of these aliens who could only find a standing-point abroad, then surely, whatever the call upon us might be, the demand for restrictive laws in France became utterly unintelligible. It was strange indeed that an affectionate people, labouring with loyal emotion which it could ill control against these criminal attempts, should be rewarded, by the very Government which acknowledged and proclaimed its devotion, with the tightening of its bonds, and with the most glaring practical proofs that the people were suspected
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by the sovereign. This was not and could not be a mere *idolum fori*, or error of reasoning; it seemed rather to be a disclosure of the cloven foot.

It is impossible in our judgment to overstate the amount and effect of the error committed on this occasion by the usually sagacious Napoleon III. Its consequences were varied and separate; but were all alike injurious for England, and disastrous for France. In France the contradiction was glaring between the new restraints* on liberty, and the verbal ascriptions to the people of an overboiling devotion. Nor is it difficult, when words and acts cross the path of one another, to know which will be taken to express the truth. It may be true, that what can now be done in France by law was done before by that portentous modern illegality, the 'measure of police' taken 'by way of prevention.' Still, that the Emperor should inscribe new rigours on the page of *law*, was a fact of great and formidable significance. It seemed to be an authoritative declaration, that a throne founded on force had not unlearned the bias of its beginnings, and that its original instrument was likewise to be its standing guarantee. Of the effect, however, which has been produced upon the feelings of France by the measure, and by many hundreds of arrests and deportations under its provisions, though we hear much, we are unable adequately to judge: that is a French question, and our very last wish would be to interfere for the purpose of embroiling it. But the bearing upon England was also immediate and powerful. In the first place, the proposal for repressive laws in France, coming contemporaneously with the demand upon England, utterly belied, to our distant apprehensions, the expressions of reliance upon French loyalty—seemed even to turn them into mockery—and drove us to conclude that these enactments beyond the Channel were part of a scheme and a policy that aimed at putting down the last remnants of liberty, whether in thought or in action. In the second place, it gave a new character to our part of the affair, to the remonstrances which were pressed upon us. The Emperor might, so it appeared to the mind of England, have availed himself of the horror excited by the attempt of January 14, to answer in a generous tone to the awakened sympathies of the French nation. He might have thrown his arms wide to embrace them, have cast himself upon the protection which their love would afford—the only protection that could or can be permanent on his behalf—and by taking that very occasion to add to rather than to pare down the *modicum* and remnant

* The nature and operation of the new law may be seen from a warrant issued under it, which will be found in the Daily News of April 3, incorporated in a letter from Mazzini to the editor.

of their liberties, might have made his cause to be their cause, and their hands to be his guard. But he did the very reverse: he called for changes in the law, which armed him ostensibly with new powers against great masses of his people. An invitation was sent to us to become partners in the work: and that invitation could not but take its colour, in the judgment of the world, from the domestic proceedings of those who despatched it. For we were asked to move in the same direction, we were desired to take steps in England for the purpose of supporting, and, if we may so speak, of integrating a policy hostile to freedom in France. The question of a change in our domestic laws at the instance of a foreign power could not but be, under the simplest and best conditions, both critical and difficult. But in the instance now before us, the foreign origin of the demand was the smallest of the difficulties involved. It was not only change that was desired, but change in a repressive sense: change in a sense parallel to a movement which was to proceed simultaneously in France, a movement having that for its aim which, when we were compelled to pass a judgment in the matter, we could not but feel to be the aggravation of powers and practices wholly arbitrary and capable of being made thoroughly tyrannical.

We have here a marked instance of the breadth of fatal consequences which one false step may entail. The French Government, deeming that it had a right to expect an alteration of our laws, forgot that through demanding it they at once, by their own act, made us parties in their internal controversy. Before they lodged their claim upon us, we were little entitled, and less disposed, to inquire to what causes the attempt at assassination was really due; and the general horror at the act was not crossed nor qualified by critical inquiry or by invidious retrospect. But Count Walewski took upon himself to inform us in brief of what we have since learnt more fully from the pamphlet ascribed to M. la Guéronnière. We were told by the Minister that assassination was in England elevated to a doctrine; that this doctrine was preached openly among us; that it had repeatedly been carried into practice, and that English laws served to favour these proceedings, and to shelter persons whose crimes had placed them beyond the ban of humanity. Such was the charge made on the 20th of January; and if there could be a doubt as to what it really meant, that doubt must have been removed by the defence of it which was subsequently supplied; for Count Walewski, in his letter of March 11th to the French Ambassador at this Court, simply states that he did not mean, in his first letter, to say that our legislation 'knowingly' (*sçiemment*) protected crime;

and Lord Cowley, who in the whole of these proceedings appears to have outrun the French themselves in his inconsiderate partizanship, thought it worth his while to spend ink and paper in apprizing us that Count Walewski had intended to apply his imputations only 'to a definite class of strangers,' and not 'as a generality,'—that is (as we thankfully presume), not to the British people at large.

We postpone for the moment any inquiry into the precise nature of the charge; our present object is to show how the stroke dealt to us recoiled on the Emperor and his Government. Apart from all dispute, the meaning of the Walewski despatch and of the La Guerronnière pamphlet was to father the responsibility of these attempts upon the defective state of the laws of England. It was apparently forgotten that there might be at least two opinions on that subject; that the English nation might rise in feeling as one man on behalf of its laws, as insulted and calumniated (of course not *sciemment*) by these charges, and that it might even be their duty, in the act of denying that their jurisprudence was chargeable with these attempts, to show where the cause of them was really to be found. Thus the course of proceeding that was chosen forced the mind of the English nation back upon the origin of the Empire, and, in provoking a refusal of the demand that had been urged, provoked also the revival of questions which, as between England and France, can hardly bear discussion. For it is little likely that France could, without irritation, hear us charge upon her supine abandonment of freedom some portion at least of the scandals of these bloody plots. And it is still less likely that England, who sees in her liberties the grand security for her monarchs, and who would feel that in losing freedom she lost her all, could do otherwise than refer these lamentable ebullitions to the erection of a despotic power, under circumstances of moral aggravation, upon the ruins of popular government.¹

But all this, it will be truly said, must in a great degree depend upon the question whether the laxity of law in England and the apathy of its administrators were really or were not the source, to which the assassination of the 14th January ought to be referred; or whether it is more true that the frequent resort to such detestable attempts has been caused by the suppression of free discussion and of free government. It is a misfortune that these questions should be debated; but it is impossible to state the case in justification of England without presenting to view the positive, as well as the merely negative, elements which belong to it.

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Let us first, however, take the case as it has been made by the French Government against the laws of England. It shall be stated in Count Walewski's own words :—

‘ Mais, M. le Comte, combien est différente l'attitude des adeptes de la démagogie établis en Angleterre. Ce n'est plus l'hostilité de partis égarés se manifestant par tous les excès de la presse, et toutes les violences du langage ; ce n'est plus même le travail de factieux cherchant à agiter l'opinion et à provoquer le désordre ; c'est l'assassinat érigé en doctrine, prêché ouvertement, pratiqué dans des tentatives répétées, dont la plus récente vient de frapper l'Europe de stupeur. Le droit d'asile doit-il donc protéger un tel état de choses ? L'hospitalité est-elle due à des assassins ? La législation Anglaise doit-elle servir à favoriser leurs desseins et leurs manœuvres, et peut-elle continuer de couvrir des gens qui se mettent eux-mêmes, par des actes flagrants, en dehors du droit commun et au ban de l'humanité ?’—*Paper respecting Foreign Refugees*, p. 1.

The accusation is plainly this : that assassination for France has been publicly and systematically preached as well as ordinarily prepared in England, and that our laws are guilty of favouring, by the fact that they do not repress, these nefarious proceedings.

In the rear of Count Walewski's despatch came the too famous address from the colonels of certain regiments. Of all the points of the subject this is the one on which we should dwell with the strongest reluctance, since the conduct of the Government of France appears at least here to have been the reverse of frank or manly. We will not reprint the foul and scurrilous language, in which certain misguided officers were induced to refer to England as the guilty partner of assassins, and to utter the absurd menace of punishing our criminality by invasion. These addresses appeared in the ‘*Moniteur*’ on successive days without censure or interruption,—that is to say, with full official sanction. Upon their being noticed with just anger in the debates of Parliament, they were disavowed in a despatch from France, which in its terms was all that we could justly desire. The insertion was declared to have been accidental, and regret was expressed for it. But we have never learned from that day to this—we still hope that we may at some time learn—that this apology was inserted in the official journal through whose columns the insult had been offered. If this despatch, confessing the grave error that had been committed, is withheld from the French public, who are accessible only through their own privileged journals, it becomes in the first place plain that the so-called apology is rather in the nature of an addition to the original wrong. In the second place, a proceeding of such a kind strengthens the sus-

picion, entertained in numerous quarters, that the offensive addresses were not spontaneous, but were suggested from higher departments of the French Government, which could not venture to disavow their own deed in the face of the country.

We have done, however, with these gentlemen and their childish and noisy demonstrations. But another reserve of arguments come in the rear of their flourish—or, as we should rather say, their bray—of trumpets. The precipitate and fevered despatch of Count Walewski was followed by the more circum-spect and very elaborate pamphlet of M. la Guerronnière, which we have named at the head of this article.

The letter of M. Walewski was the cart before the horse, and the La Guerronnière pamphlet is the horse behind the cart. The French Ministry incredibly misconceived and undervalued the importance of its own act when it appealed to a foreign, a free, and undoubtedly in this matter a jealous country, to alter its laws affecting the security of the person, with no other statement of a case to *motiver* the demand than vague, loose, slovenly, and slipshod allegations, instead of an array of facts proved either judicially or at least by detailed, regular, and intelligible evidence. This terrible lack in the case of the despatch was evidently meant to be supplied by the pamphlet,* and the promise to supply it is formal and unequivocal. First the charges are repeated; that the plots come from London, that they are hatched there by revolutionary associations, and that these associations have for six years been preaching openly the murder of the Emperor. But the river of M. La Guerronnière's eloquence at this point overflows his banks with such an inundation of impetuosity, that we should do him injustice if we did not allow him to speak for himself. He says then of the plots :

‘Ils sont tous nés au sein de ces associations révolutionnaires, qui tiennent des séances périodiques; qui proclament ouvertement depuis six ans le droit de tuer l'Empereur; qui érigent le meurtre en doctrine et en devoir; qui fanatisent les esprits qu'ils ont corrompus; qui arment les insensés qu'ils ont fanatisés; qui expédient les assassins avec leur feuille de route; et qui attendent ensuite, *sous la tolérance de l'hospitalité Anglaise*, le résultat de ces horribles machinations.’ (p. 17.)

This mere echo and amplification of an original charge upon us must not be mistaken for proof. The writer does not so mistake it: for he proceeds—

‘En veut-on la preuve? La voici. Elle est écrite dans les greffes de la justice criminelle.’ (*Ibid.*)

* ‘Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre,’ p. 17, sect. vi.

Of this generous offer we must certainly avail ourselves, and we shall accordingly advert to the proofs that are offered us. Test them we cannot, for we have no access to any documents on which they purport to be founded. We must simply take for granted all the statements of fact that they contain.

And we may admit them safely. For all the facts put forward in the pamphlet are irrelevant to the charge. It is thought enough, as the writer glibly slips over the cases unhappily so numerous, to assert that some one or more of the accused came from London, or fled to London: in short, that, so far as appears, residents in London, as well as residents in Paris, contributed a share to the concoction of political crime aimed at the Imperial Government. In several of the cases, the statements are lame to the last degree. Thus it is deemed worth while to adduce, as part of the argument for a change in the English laws, an account of one Carpeza, who was arrested at Batignolles.* What have we to do with Carpeza? It is not even stated that he ever set his foot in England. But he was a member of the 'Society of Universal Fraternity!' What, we ask, have we to do with that society? It was a society formed out of the *débris* of another society, organised by Charles Delécluze. Well, but we know nothing either of the institution or its author. But Charles Delécluze was the emissary of Ledru Rollin, who has been in England; and to whose opinion of England we shall presently refer.

But apart from this trifling, let us turn to the cases, like that of Pianori, where it really appears that the actor in the crime came from London to commit it. Now, we ask, what is the amount of our *primâ facie* responsibility? In all this part of the case, be it remembered, there is no allegation of publicity. The utmost effect of the pamphlet comes to these two points: First, that there probably exist secret combinations in London as well as in Italy and in France itself; in other words, that, as absolutism backed by espionage has not been able to accomplish their extinction, so neither has an atmosphere of liberty stifled the existence of this noxious foreign article on its reaching our shores. And secondly, that the earlier stages of certain strictly private plots, in no instance shown to extend beyond one or a very few persons, have been thought out rather than acted out in London, and the later ones in Paris. Now, why are English laws to be impugned for having failed to prevent the earlier and more crude, when French ones failed to prevent the later and riper stages of the conspiracy?

We have endeavoured to state the view and sense of this

* 'Napoléon III.,' &c., p. 19, sect. vii.

country, as we gather it, with respect to the Empire; let us consider what it is with reference also to the modern European refugees. In the great countries of the Continent, despotism almost universally prevails: in some instances, by an uniform and unbroken title from time immemorial; in others, re-established after the momentary triumph of revolution, or—which is the most formidable case of all—erected upon the ruins of a political freedom which had subsisted long enough, if not to be understood and assimilated, yet to be enjoyed, to be remembered, and, when lost, to leave a palpable and a painful void behind it. It is an inevitable consequence of such a state of things, that there should be more or less of political disquietude. However tranquil and passive may be the masses, there must, in every community, be a certain number of more fervid spirits, and among these, it is equally certain, that, under such circumstances, there will remain smouldering embers of the fire of freedom. There will be protests from the understanding and the heart of man against a system which, pushed to a certain extent, puts a violent negative on the full action of his nature and upon its legitimate growth. Besides this lawful and noble reaction, without which the whole political life of society would stagnate and even putrefy, there are, of course, the common, irrational, and guilty elements of disorder, which mingle with and modify, and, in modifying, of necessity degrade, the movement of the higher principle. It has been found more convenient by governments, from the time of the Greek republics downwards, to expel unruly and antagonistic elements, than to control them. But the inconveniences arising from the residence of discontented refugees abroad have assumed a new character. When the question was only one of a disputed succession, it would be limited to the circle of adherents of a family, and would die out with the death or the re-absorption of its last representatives. When the expulsion depended on the triumph of one sect or faction over another, and the parties were not divided by fundamental principles, then under the mere friction of time the evil gradually wore away. But the modern form of refugeeism from France, as it subsists at this moment, is deeply formidable. The refugee, in the main, represents a liberty which has existed, and has been put down; and there is perpetual and internecine war between liberty and its destroyers.

With that war, as a war of main force, as a war of clandestine invasions, like the landing at Boulogne—or, worst of all, as a war of hateful assassinations, like that of the 14th of January, 1858—England, were she permitted to exercise an option, would rather have nothing to do. Is it pretended that she courts the society
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of the expelled? What is there in her, what is there in them, that should make her desire it? If she is sordid in the pursuit of her trade, they are penniless, and cannot feed her avarice. If she is devoted to the love of order, they only tend to break and mar her stereotyped habits and the round of her peaceful occupations. If she is dogged and insular in her nationality, they come to her as foreigners, and commonly with all the distinctive points of foreigners very sharply marked upon them. Among them are to be found men high-minded, moderate, of comprehensive views; but the class, as a class, have, from the misfortune of their position, a necessary tendency to become the slaves of peculiar and narrow ideas. Blinded by calamity, irritated by persecution, the mind of man derives a partial compensation from worshipping its own theories and pushing opinions to extremes. It is not, then, because we love them that they come among us. It is not because they are attracted by the warmth of sympathy among us for their revolutionary propensities. Listen to the testimony of Ledru Rollin, the prophet or historian of our decay, as to his treatment in England:—

‘Proscrits, nous portions avec nous ce droit sacré du malheur qui, chez les barbares même, était reconnu comme une espèce de religion publique. Comment l’a-t-on respecté?’

‘Nous avons eu chaque jour à subir l’insulte; et l’aristocratie Anglaise nous a fait traîner sur toutes les claies de son journalisme, nous dénonçant à son peuple comme des forçats échappés du bagne, comme de misérables bandits, comme les immondices des égouts de Paris.’*

Nor is this statement wholly without, at the least, palliation. We are not, as a people, too fond of strangers; our reserve towards them is, on the contrary, notorious. In truth, the virtues of the refugees are scarcely appreciated among us: with their weaknesses and their vices we are singularly indisposed to sympathise. Why, then, do they come here? Not for our convenience; not for their own; but for the convenience of the governments who want to get rid of them, who in many cases, including, if we are rightly informed, the case of Pierri himself, have actually sent them; nay, who probably at this very moment may be sending us a fair per centage of the persons arrested under the new law of Public Safety. Thus then, we have become the depository, into which all such continental governments as are actively at war with freedom discharge all that they want to get rid of. They come here, and our share in the affair is merely this, that we do not send them away. We boast too much of our hospitality in this matter; it is of a very pale and neutral

* ‘De la Décadence de l’Angleterre,’ i. 1.

tint. If we do not expel them, it is not from love of what we admit, but from abhorrence of the principle on which expulsion is founded, and from a sorrowing recollection that, if all this angry emotion, instead of finding here a safety-valve, were pent up within the limits of the continental countries, the consequence would be manifested in violent and fearful explosions, followed and avenged by more cruel punishment and by sterner repression, each pressing upon the other in a succession of alternations full of fury, guilt, and misery.

The expulsion of the discontented is an established practice of the Government of France. England is near; England is free; England is powerful, and the inward touch of nature causes them to linger as near as may be to the land of their birth. Nor on touching our shores do such persons change the character they may have brought with them from France. Such as she by the state of her institutions made them, such we receive and keep them. They continue here the same that they were there, only somewhat less inconvenient to the Government of their country. The whole power of police and of espionage is as free to follow them as they were to come. That which England would not tolerate for a moment from its own Government it has nevertheless not proscribed on the part of foreign States. The Emperor is rich, and the refugees are poor; the Emperor is strong, and they are weak. They get little here, but the cold shoulder from individuals, and the instinctive dislike of authorities; but the Emperor has all the information and all the aid that the British Government can properly obtain for him; and we believe that, though the acknowledgment of the fact has unhappily been forgotten in the official pamphlet, yet it has been information conveyed by British authority from England that has repeatedly enabled him to disconcert the designs of his enemies. Is it not enough that, besides this positive aid, foreign police and foreign espionage may dog the refugees in every hour of their existence, at every point where they find rest for the sole of their feet; may mark their haunts, find admission to their company, attract their confidence, worm out their secrets, attack them through the press, and indict them in the courts, besides putting in motion the vast power and influence of France to cover them with standing infamy? Can anything be less reasonable than in circumstances like these, after pouring out upon us a crowd of anti-Napoleonist fugitives, then to complain that some of them did here what others of them were doing in France? that here, where the liberty, privacy, and domicile of individuals are legally inviolable, some of them did what they could not be prevented from also doing in France, where neither liberty, privacy, nor domicile avail for a moment

moment against the police, where the acts of power cannot be made the subjects of public and free discussion, much less its agents called to account. The chief agents, then, in the matter of refugeeism are the expelling governments;* they alone drive the refugees hither; they alone, properly speaking, profit by their coming.

But there seems to be a growing sentiment among certain of these governments that it would be very well if, besides becoming the receptacle of whatever rubbish they may wish to shoot, we would undertake to lay it all out in gardens. The elements thus imported among us are turbid in a degree far beyond our own population. But it is to the exigencies of our own population that our system of law, and our system of police, are adapted. It seems, therefore, to be openly or covertly demanded, that we should have a separate scheme of law, or police, or governmental power, which shall do one of two things—either it shall isolate the refugees and place them as refugees under the operation of a peculiar system, or else it shall elevate and strain the laws applicable to the whole British community for the sake of restraining and punishing the handful of refugees that are among us. This it is that England, aggrieved and complaining in her turn, pronounces to be really too bad; and this it is that with heart and soul, under all vicissitudes, she means to the utmost and the latest of her power to resist.

But besides the wholly vain and irrelevant charge against us as the fosterers of crimes that are admitted to have been hatched only in the dark, there is another class of statements in the official tract, which are brought to sustain the allegations of the Walewski despatch. The revolutionary associations hold meetings,† pronounce discourses, publish writings. It seems that there is a café near Temple Bar called the Discussion Forum. How serious were the discussions of this Forum, we may judge from the narrative: *on y boit, on y mange, et on y fait en même temps de la politique*. In November last it was debated, 'Whether regicide might be in certain circumstances justifiable?' This question is said to have been openly discussed. It is not, however, even alleged that the discussion had any bearing whatever on the case of Louis Napoleon. But the case of the Discussion Forum has become palpably ridiculous. Mr. Carpenter, its pre-

* In the Times of March 13 will be found a statement, clear, detailed, and, so far as we know, to this moment not confuted, not even contradicted, showing how the criminals of January remained secure and prepared their scheme in France not less easily than in England.

† P. 21.

sident, boldly wrote to the Emperor to state that it was a society of the most unpretending kind, which gave relaxation to men of business in middle life, by the purely theoretic treatment of historical questions. The Emperor received the explanation with a manliness which does him honour. He at once, through a secretary, admitted the explanation without reserve, and expressed his regret that the author of the pamphlet should have misconstrued circumstances so satisfactorily explained. The loss, however, to the pamphlet was a serious one. This vital part of it was pillared on three allegations only; and here was one of them ruthlessly cut away by an unvarnished tale from Mr. Carpenter.

Again, says M. La Guerronnière, on the 9th of February, M. Bernard, at the *Club Français*, in Leicester Square, delivered a furious speech, and declared the Emperor and his government to be the lawful victims of any one who chose to destroy them. This was received with maniacal cheers. We are not told that the speech was not punishable by law. We are not told that the French Government desired the speaker to be prosecuted. The bill of Lord Palmerston was then before the House of Commons, but as it could not have been applied retrospectively, it could not possibly furnish a reason for suffering M. Bernard to deliver an incendiary oration with impunity. Again, Pyat on the 24th of February published his *Lettre au Parlement et à la Presse*, 'le véritable manifeste de l'assassinat.' One hundred and fifty pamphlets, so we are assured, have been published since 1852, *most of them in London*. The apology for assassination has been a standing, almost a daily one. We ask, why do we hear of this now for the first time? If it was thought that publications which had appeared in London recommended assassination, why was not their legality tried? Nay, why was not the English, along with the Belgian press, made the subject of representation to the Congress at Paris in 1856? At that Congress Belgium was unrepresented: England was there by her foreign minister. He was invited to join, and to our shame he did join, in denouncing the press of Belgium, and in menacing that brave, wise, and free state with foreign force. At that very time, it now appears from the statement of the official pamphlet, there were almost daily defences of assassination published in London, and yet not a syllable was said on the subject!

It may be said that the silence of the Imperial Government has been due to an extreme of respectful reserve and of tenderness for the autonomy of England. Now, even were the facts of the case made good, this explanation of the silence would not suffice.

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The fact would still remain that there can be no right to complain of the inefficacy of laws which have never been tried. The case of Peltier was on record. It was there seen how, under circumstances of long exasperation, an English jury remembered its duty, and brought in a verdict against a man arraigned for libelling one who had only just ceased to be a mortal enemy. Why was it to be taken for granted, the English people have a right to ask, that there would be a less faithful application of the principles of justice, where the sovereign, whose dignity and safety were brought, and that far more formidably, into question, was only known as a fast friend? There are, indeed, dark intimations in some of the productions named at the head of this article, which might seem to supply a partial explanation of the strange contrast between the obstinate neglect to use our laws and the precipitate denunciation of them. But in truth M. La Guéronnière himself compels us to believe that the facts are not as he states them. For after the broad *hiatus*, the gaping promise, of Count Walewski, what are the proofs he has produced? First, the existence of a Discussion Forum, whose innocence has since been acknowledged by authority from France. Secondly and thirdly, a speech of M. Bernard and a letter of M. Pyat; the one spoken, and the other printed, since the *attentat*, and not before it. Where then are the 'hundred and fifty pamphlets' published chiefly in London, which drew down upon England the unmeasured wrath and vituperation of the Colonels of French regiments, and the more guarded but sufficiently serious charges of the Foreign Minister of the French Government? '*Of the three hundred grant but three.*' Of the hundred and fifty, surely one might have been quoted, to make good the cruel and stinging accusation. Even then we might still have asked why it was that no appeal was made to the protection of the laws: but there would have been at least some semblance of a case if this cloud of incendiary publications had really been engendered here. As the matter stands it is no less undeniable, than it may seem incredible, that, after the charge of Count Walewski, after the addresses of the Colonels, after the vivid description by Count Persigny of the astonishment of France at the lawlessness of England, after the miserable subserviency of the Palmerston Administration, and in the very book which is published under the immediate superintendence of the Emperor to sustain the accusations, and which expressly promises to prove them, there is not an attempt at proof, not an allegation of a single fact, beyond the existence of the Discussion Forum now admitted to be innocent, and the proceedings of M. Bernard and M. Pyat, both of which were after the *attentat*,
and

and both of whom, we may add, are now under prosecution by the British Government.*

At first view, then, the conduct of the Emperor and his Ministers presents the appearance of a heap of blunders and inconsequences. Repressive measures are demanded for all France, in the same breath that the people are acquitted of having engendered the evil that they are meant to subdue. A change of laws, which no sovereign could ask from a legislature of his own without a case to sustain the demand, is sought from a foreign country without any manifesto of facts and proofs to support it. When at length a studied argument proceeds from the press of France under Imperial auspices to supply the void, the evidence for the public tolerance of the doctrine of assassination in England sinks into the miserable dimensions of three circumstances only; two of which are subsequent to the *attentat*, and the other is found untenable and is therefore promptly and wisely abandoned. We close the pamphlet of M. La Guerrière, asking ourselves 'And is this really all? Has he nothing else to say? Was it on the ground supplied by such a case as this that so eminent and far-sighted a calculator as the Emperor exposed his political credit to the discomfiture it has suffered by our peremptory refusal of his peremptory demand, and that he consented in an evil hour to exchange the warm, we might almost say the affectionate, indignation on his behalf, with which the English nation had heard of the tragical events of January the fourteenth, for that averted eye, and that firm resolution, with which they have been compelled to treat an unjust and precipitate assault upon their laws of political hospitality?'

Not only, then, have the people of England a good defence in this cause, but they have just cause of complaint. Against whom, however, is it that this complaint principally lies? We have seen that palpable solecisms glare upon us in the proceedings of the French Government; apparently it has fallen into a crowd, almost a chaos, of blunders. But for our parts, we think much too highly of the tact, sagacity, and logic of the Emperor, to accept this as an adequate solution of the questions before us. Nowhere is the human understanding more *nett* and perspicuous than in France—nowhere do men better know their own minds. When, in the examination of human action, effects do not appear duly

* Were we not indisposed to load this article with prolonged details we should invite the attention of our good friends and neighbours in France to a speech delivered by Mr. Smith O'Brien in the House of Commons on the 10th of April, 1848. Such a speech against a foreign ally would not, we are convinced, be permitted; and if at any time we have tolerated more than they think right with regard to a foreign government, at least it is less than we allow against our own.

to follow from their causes, and when the explanation of an insufficient intelligence is thus excluded, ulterior inquiries must arise. In the present instance, there are a multitude of them. One is, were the views of the French Government really limited to the enactment of a measure, such as the Conspiracy Bill of the late Administration, or did they contemplate other and more extended conquests over our laws, to be obtained successively by a judicious mixture of compliment and menace? And another is, since their delusion as to the state of opinion here was so gross and palpable, to whom did they owe it? How were they inveigled into taking so false a step, and at whose door are they entitled to lay the blame of their serious and disparaging miscarriage? These questions we will now proceed to examine.

Upon the face of the celebrated despatch of Count Walewski's, it was plain that the cravings it betokened could not be satisfied by such a visionary meal as the Palmerston Government offered it in their 'Conspiracy to Murder Bill;' that the measure which we abhorred on the score of its vicious breed, or quality, the Government of France must repudiate on the score of quantity; and that it could have no other value in the eyes of those it was intended to propitiate than as an acknowledgment of our guilt, an indication of our practical contrition, and an instalment of our debt to international comity, in the orthodox and imperial meaning of the terms. The complaint, it is true, was limited to the two points, that crime had been hatched in England, and that our laws favoured that process, and the open promulgation of the doctrine of assassination. But nothing was asked in intelligible terms; and as Count Walewski did not think fit to declare directly what it was that he wanted, we have no other means of estimating his intention than by searching for some positive declaration which may describe, at least by implication, the limit of his demands. Now, such a declaration we seem to find in one of the paragraphs of the despatch:—

'Personne n'apprécie et ne respecte plus que nous la libéralité avec laquelle l'Angleterre aime à pratiquer le droit d'asile envers les étrangers victimes des luttes politiques. La France a toujours regardé, pour sa part, comme un devoir d'humanité de ne jamais fermer ses frontières à aucune infortune honorable, à quelque parti qu'elle appartint; et le Gouvernement de Sa Majesté ne vient point se plaindre que ses adversaires puissent trouver un refuge sur le sol Anglais, et y vivre paisiblement en restant fidèles à leurs opinions, à leurs passions mêmes, sous la protection des lois Britanniques.'

France, then, appreciates our right of asylum, and would by no means desire us to abandon it. Nay, it is plain that she must appreciate

appreciate it, for she has always made a point of acting upon it, and has deemed it a duty of humanity never to close her frontiers to any honourable misfortune of whatever party. What can sound more satisfactory, than this well-considered and skilfully-poised assurance?

It may seem invidious on our part to subject to the microscope of criticism diplomatic language which satisfied Lord Palmerston in the second half-century of his political experience. Still, we cannot but feel like a customer to whom the shopman is presenting a gem with a flaw, or a figure in rare old china with a mended arm: 'Please to bring the other side forward—turn it towards the light.' When the other side of Count Walewski's paragraph is turned towards the light, the aspect of it is marvellously different. His argument is this—how could France fail to respect the right of asylum, when she has always herself granted it? Thrust the other side a little forward, and it reads manifestly thus: the right of asylum which France respects in England, and which she does not require you to abandon, is that right in the sense and to the extent in which she herself permits it, and no more. It is plain that the diplomatist, who in the day of need should attempt to quote this passage against the Government of France for any wider purpose than that we have now defined, would be ignominiously cast and exploded. It would be just as rational to present a five-pound note at the counter of the Bank of England, and demand change for a hundred in return.

How, and in what manner, it is that France understands and practises the right of asylum, it may not be easy for us to explain. For her proceedings, as to all such matters, are veiled at present in deep obscurity. Her police, like a pestilence, 'stalks in the darkness.' Personal liberty exists during the pleasure of the Government. That pleasure may be regulated by prudence, but it is not controlled by the guarantee of publicity. No *habeas corpus* keeps open for the prisoner of the State an avenue of connexion with the light of common day. The acts of authority cannot be questioned. This may, or it may not, be a good *régime*. But where such is the system actually prevailing for native-born subjects, it is vain to talk of the *right* of asylum for aliens. Nor is it less vain to cite the recollection of shelter afforded to the fallen and exiled royalty of England, for that shelter was afforded in a state of things wholly different. Political reasons amply covered what personal affection also prompted, and indeed a price more than adequate to the benefit had been paid for it beforehand, in the shameful subserviency of the later Stuarts to the crown of France.

Unfortunately,

Unfortunately, at the points where a casual ray glances upon the question now before us, it affords but a sinister view of the Napoleonist interpretation of asylum.

The evil genius of the late Government did not quit it even on its fall, but incited Lord Clarendon to deliver a posthumous oration. Among its most remarkable statements was the solemn assurance * that the late Foreign Secretary had repeatedly stated to Count Walewski, and had also had 'the honour of explaining to the Emperor of the French,' that the right of asylum could not be infringed. How came he thus to state it? to state it repeatedly? to state it to the Emperor? As the footprint shows the foot, and the matrix the figure that is to be cast in it, so the imprudent boast of Lord Clarendon betrays its correlative admission, namely, the demand, desire, or hint from a foreign power, that the right of asylum should be tampered with. Nay, more, the climax of that boast measures in truth the depth of the discredit that it must entail. This had been explained 'repeatedly;' therefore the suggestion and invitation had been repeatedly conveyed. But no Foreign Minister of England could be worthy of his office, who, upon the first disclosure of such a proposal from abroad, did not meet it with such an answer as would effectually prevent its being repeated at all. The fact that it was from time to time repeated by the sagacious Government of a close ally, shows that, in the judgment of that ally, nothing was wanted but pressure and perseverance to produce the desired result; that the resistance was one of decorum rather than of conviction; that England seemed to be at length found vulnerable through her agents, and vulnerable not in the heel but in those noblest organs, the head and heart, by which it is that her judgment and her affections vie with each other in clinging to the cardinal principles of freedom.

Other incidents, however, collateral to this controversy, have further illustrated Count Walewski's appreciation of the right of asylum. With the frankness which is known to be among his prominent characteristics, M. Persigny, whom we regret to describe as the *late* French Ambassador, apprised Lord Clarendon, in the very act of presenting the despatch of January 20, that France had made communications to the bordering countries,† inviting their attention to measures which might be required for the prevention of murderous conspiracies. In due time we heard that Count Cavour, the able and enlightened minister of Sardinia, had presented a Conspiracy Bill to the Sardinian Parliament.

* Speech, March 1, 1855, p. 7.

† Speech of Lord Clarendon, p. 7.

This enforced submission of his was an evident result of the gratuitous truckling of the Palmerston Administration. He could not have refused except at the hazard, nay, the certainty of war, and of the extinction of liberty in Piedmont as its result, what England, forsooth, had consented to do. England *had* consented. But what England? The England of diplomacy and administration, not the England that lives in the Houses of Parliament and in the nation that inhabits these shores. It was natural that Sardinia should conceive the necessity to be dire indeed, when she saw bending before the storm a minister who had proved his prowess by quarrelling at different times with every State in the civilised world, and with most of them several times over. She did not understand the strange idiosyncracies, and the incurable levity of character, the want of all solid appreciation of right, as it is contra-distinguished from might and from convenience, which made one and the same British minister at once the most likely to trespass upon the just claims of foreign countries, and to abandon those of his own. But when England asserted herself, Sardinia revived, and showed her repugnance to the poisoned cup, even though it was tendered by a hand she had every reason to respect. She appears now to wait for further guidance from the ulterior stages of the cause as it may be developed among us. It is plain that she will not, by her own choice, surrender one tittle of her freedom. Not even a bad example from us would, we believe, seduce her, were it not that our apostacy would have the effect of leaving her in a state of isolation, and placing her under what is equivalent to absolute *duresse*.

But besides Sardinia, the painful case of Switzerland has likewise been brought before the public eye. We know not whether, in the fulness of that confidence which he had such reason to repose in men that outran all his wishes, Louis Napoleon made known to the Palmerston Government the dictatorial part he meant to play in his correspondence with Switzerland. It soon appeared, however, that the political cookery of France was not less varied in its scope, than are her operations in the material *cuisine*; and the same difference was exhibited in the tones used to England and to Switzerland, as may be perceived occasionally in the manners of some small railway functionary in his modes of address to first and to third-class passengers respectively. Here, at least, it came out pretty plainly, what good care was to be taken of the Swiss initiative, and how the right of asylum was to be interpreted on the south-eastern frontier. The replies of the Swiss Government were described by the French Minister in language overstepping, as we should have said, those salutary

salutary restraints of diplomatic reserve which, like so many other usages of society, we do not justly appreciate until we see how when they are disregarded the weaker party suffers. They were 'dilatory and evasive.' The Swiss authorities were peremptorily required to mend their manners; and apply to refugees that system of modified confinement for which we have not the word as we have not the thing, but which the French describe by the term *interner*, and the Italian States, we believe, by the phrase *mandare da confine*. They have also been enjoined to receive at certain points authorised political agents, under the misused name of consuls; and we have still to watch with much interest for the issue. But all this evidence places beyond dispute, we apprehend, the real nature of the requisition made upon England. To respect our initiative, and refrain from indicating any particular plan, was alike graceful and astute. Such a course was calculated at once to earn the praise of moderation, and to obtain a *maximum* of present concession; while it had the immense advantage of leaving the French Government free to decline remaining satisfied with what it had not asked, and to open by degrees its ulterior views on the right of asylum. All this was obvious as the day. It was in proportion clear, that such a line of action should have been traversed by a request from the British Ministry first and chiefly for proof of the connexion between English law and the evil to be met; but secondly, for a statement of the extent and nature, as well as ground, of the claims that France thought herself internationally justified in making for legislative changes. But, in truth, a spirit of infatuation, to us wholly inexplicable, appears to have presided over the whole conduct of the late Ministry in this high and vital matter—a conduct not less dishonourable to England, not less unjust to France, than it was fatal to their own credit and existence.

And it is now time that we should consider the extraordinary particulars of that closing scene in which, as a Belgian journalist wittily says, '*L'audacieux Palmerston s'est trouvé tout à coup accusé de timidité; Phaëton est mort de prudence.*'* The French Government, as we have found, has on this occasion suffered a grievous and mortifying rebuff in consequence of having first been led into egregious follies—follies which must have had some especial cause. It is intelligible, as it is also lamentable, that within his own domain the Emperor should for once lose his head after an alarm affecting the Empress with himself, and should for the moment, contrary to his wont, found his policy, or impolicy, upon a basis of emotion. But to us, at least, it is

* Journal de Bruxelles, Mars 20, 1858.

utterly incredible that he should proceed to address a passionate epistle, like that of January 20, to a great country, co-equal with France, of his own mere motion, without having first felt his way, without having received some encouragement to take so extraordinary a step from those to whom he would naturally look for information about the state of opinion in England. If he really sent the despatch of January 20th with a peremptory purpose to force it upon the British Government, and if it was finally received by Lord Clarendon only because he had no right to reject it, then undoubtedly Louis Napoleon has himself only to thank for the very untoward course of the affair. But this despatch was not a direct communication from the Minister in Paris to the Minister in Downing-street. It was transmitted to M. de Persigny; and the order was that he should carry it to Lord Clarendon. It must, therefore, have reached the hands of Lord Clarendon at a personal interview. We should be curious to know what passed at that interview. Did M. de Persigny make his entrance in tragic heat, such as faithfully represented the choler of his official instructor at head-quarters? Did he by his energetic language sustain the despatch, and drive home its accusations upon England? And, again, did the Foreign Secretary's ears tingle upon receiving such a letter as had never before been addressed to the representative of his country, and did he take it into his hands with a dignified protest against its injustice and his own shame? One half of these queries we cannot answer, but the other half we can. It may or (we frankly admit) it may not be, that the Ambassador addressed himself to his disagreeable business in a tone of reluctance and of apology. It has often happened that the bearer of an important mission has, by his manner or his words, encouraged the recipient to a friendly remonstrance, and has given him to understand, by methods well understood, that he was himself not unwilling to remit the obnoxious paper to its author that it might be manipulated anew, or that it might be wholly withdrawn. It would not surprise us, if ever that ricketty and tumble-down old tenement in Downing-street, which we call the Foreign Office, were to deliver up the secrets that are, as it were, its dead, should we then find that such was the course of that necessarily remarkable and historic interview. We are, at any rate, led towards, if not to, this conclusion by the tone of Lord Clarendon and of his sub-agent Lord Cowley. In his marvellous speech of the 1st of March, Lord Clarendon gives us some account of the conversation. It does not at all appear from that speech, that the French Ambassador was particularly enamoured of the Walewski despatch; but it is made plain beyond dispute that

that that despatch, which asserted that British laws favoured assassination, was received by the Foreign Minister of England with the tranquillity, not of self-command, but of actual approval. For he tells us, indirectly indeed, yet most plainly, that the despatch as a whole was so moderate as to be really below what the occasion required. If, says Lord Clarendon, England and France changed places, if what has happened in each respectively had happened in the other, and if, 'five days after that murderous attempt, I had addressed to Lord Cowley such a despatch as the French Ambassador received from Count Walewski, I should have been considered by your Lordships and the other house of Parliament, and the whole country, as a very feeble exponent of the universal popular indignation' (p. 9).

Can it then be doubted that Lord Clarendon must have spoken in the same sense as he has here indicated to M. de Persigny, and must have paid compliments to the French Government on its moderation in being content to be so 'feeble an exponent of the universal popular indignation'? Nay, even the vote of the House of Commons, the downfall of the once favourite Ministry, and 'the universal popular indignation' awakened throughout England in a sense far other than that he dreamed of, did not avail to open the sealed eyes and restore the bewildered understanding; for on that same 1st of March he proceeded to state what was then still his opinion of the despatch of Count Walewski. He said it contained neither insult, menace, nor pressure towards the people of this country;* and while he thought that in some parts, which he read, a word or two might be omitted or altered with advantage, he exempted from all reprobation, and stamped with his direct and repeated sanction and concurrence,† the assertions that assassination, elevated to a doctrine, was preached openly among us, and that our English jurisprudence favoured the designs and the plans of murderers abroad.

Meanwhile, according to the precedent of Sheridan, while Lord Clarendon here was mad in white satin, his confidant at Paris, Lord Cowley, was mad in white linen. The decision of the House of Commons threw that nobleman into a state of the strongest excitement: and the censure they passed upon the Government was, according to a somewhat novel view (as we think) of diplomatic duty, followed by the censures which the British Ambassador passed upon them. He had temerity enough to extol as prudent, in his letter of the 20th of February, the very conduct which the Parliament and the country had just solemnly condemned. Now do we not hesitate to say, judging from the whole

* Speech, p. 12.

† Pp. 15, 16.

tone of that most unwarrantable despatch, coupled with the language of Lord Clarendon, that both must too plainly have been principals *ab initio* in misleading the Government of France with respect to the public opinion in England, and luring them on to the ill-advised and ill-omened measures which have not only overthrown ministers and ambassadors, but have agitated England from end to end, have brought upon the Government of Napoleon the public discredit of a most serious political miscarriage, and have given, for the time at least, a heavy wrench to the compact relations and reciprocal goodwill of the two States.

Thus, at the critical moment of the Walewski despatch, the conduct of the late ministry would appear to have been alike unfaithful to the people and Crown of England, and injurious to the Government of France. But it was not only at that particular point of time that they erred. Beforehand they had themselves laid the train for unsettling and disturbing the relations of the two countries : and after they had lured France onward into unwise demands, they took every measure that was calculated to insure their defeat. We proceed to the proof of these assertions.

The relations between England and France had even before the present controversy been subjected on several grave occasions to shocks sufficiently rude, from that unintelligible caprice, of which we presume that we must regard Lord Palmerston as the source, and Lord Clarendon as the instrument. Nothing could be worse than the manner in which the ministry were prepared for the very inception of any misunderstanding abroad. The habitudes of Christian Europe and the rules of the modern civilisation, if they do not extinguish the emotions of rivalry and antipathy as between different governments, at least repress them : and potentates with their advisers are often compelled to act upon principles more beneficial than they either know or feel, to mankind or to themselves. Positive and disinterested friendship, rare among public men, is rarer among States ; and yet the sense of decency has been raised to such a point, that those who represent States are fain to have peace and good will habitually on their tongue, and are obliged to confess themselves bound by corresponding obligations. Nay, more, if they are slow to yield one tithe of their respective interests, and too ready to imagine serious grounds of conflict where they do not exist, still they rarely go out of their way to seek utterly bootless occasions of quarrel. The consequence is, that, as the ant in summer lays up grain for the winter, so every State, as a general rule, has in her diplomatic sphere what is analogous to a surplus in finance, and lays up in ordinary seasons a stock of ostensible and available good will for critical times. Hence when accidental collisions arrive, through

an exuberance of national feeling, or through some indiscretion of distant agents, or through those shocks of change which man can neither anticipate nor control, the parties may at least enter into their debate with no long bill on either side of slights received and grudges cherished, no ready-made stock of combustibles heaped up, which, encountering a spark of momentary anger, must break into a flame. Such is the general habit, which regulates the intercourse of modern and Christian States. But such was not the rule of the late ministry. On the contrary, that rule was more nearly inverted. No friendship seemed ever to be cherished but for the sake of an enmity; no enmity ever to be laid aside but in order to provoke or exasperate some other more popular or promising quarrel, of which the exigencies were such as to demand the whole energies of the Foreign Office, and of its inspiring genius at the head of the Government, to conduct with adequate asperity. For even in our ashes live their wonted fires; the spirits in Erebus burnished their arms, hunted or groomed their horses, as they had done on earth; and Lord Palmerston, defunct as Foreign Secretary, retained in his separate state those habits of thought and action, and still exhibited that incomprehensible compound of the vapouring and the cringing quality, which had been engendered by the long action of self-will in a mind incapable of profound convictions; which tried Lord Grey, which vexed Lord Melbourne, which, gathering strength with its inveteracy and with the diminution in relative weight of the head of the Government, defied Lord John Russell, and despised the decencies of loyalty to Lord John Russell's Royal Mistress; which philosophically slumbered in the Home Department during the two years of the administration of Lord Aberdeen, and which, arriving in triumph at the seat of power, found ready-made in Lord Clarendon a tool alike obsequious, pliant, and effective.

We have already reminded the reader of those scandalous concessions to the French Government, with regard to the Belgian press, which were made by Lord Clarendon, without the authority or knowledge of Parliament, at the Congress of Paris in 1856. The recent acts of subserviency capped the ministerial career in a manner suited to its earlier misdeed. And yet, strange to say, the same Government which could thus exhibit its readiness to sacrifice to France on one occasion the liberties of Belgium, and on another the laws and honour of England, yet at various times not only differed with France, and resisted its policy, but differed on grounds totally incomprehensible—differed in the teeth of the most obvious considerations of prudence, nay, even abandoned its own publicly-announced convictions, apparently for no other reason

reason than in order to differ with and to thwart her. And although, on the questions to which we now refer, the Government of the Emperor appears to have behaved with self-command and moderation, yet we cannot but fear that the capricious follies, of which it was made the butt, must have been observed and remembered. And should the dark day ever come when these two great nations shall once again revive the colossal feuds of their forefathers, and should their Governments be driven to rake up the grievances they may at this or that time severally have endured, among them, we believe, will be found the ill-handled proceedings to which we are now about to refer. We shall advert to the facts, without attempting to explain them. Such a task is far beyond our skill. It still remains a curious and impenetrable dilemma of psychology as well as of politics to find out how it can have been possible for a British Minister so often to provoke despots, and yet so uniformly to damage liberty; to take his recreation only in friendships and alliances, and to make quarrels alone his business; to have the appetite for squabbling so deeply set in a nature otherwise noted for its want of depth, that when, by accidental necessity, he is at a truce with enemies, he must turn round and belabour his friends.

The earliest opportunities were chosen, after the peace of Paris, for the *délassement* of quarrelling with France. And early they were indeed: for in the very year of the treaty France had already joined with Russia in an official complaint of the breach of it by England. We cannot at this time enter on the details of the quarrels respecting the Isle of Serpents and the Bessarabian frontier. We could, however, too easily show that they were marked by the usual inauspicious features of precipitancy, vapouring, and ill-success; but a later and still open breach, with respect to the political settlement of the Principalities, demands more particular notice.

Strange as it may seem, there is nothing more difficult than to make a people understand the wrongs of another people. In 1853 the English nation at last comprehended that Russia had committed a wrong against Turkey, and a wrong against Europe, by the invasion of the Rouman or Danubian Principalities. The diplomatic evil was perceived; the European danger was felt; but the cruel practical and local mischief and oppression were never thought of. There was then, and there still prevails, in England a gross and Egyptian darkness of understanding on the subject of the Principalities. The schoolmaster, if indeed he be abroad, has not had time hitherto to touch upon it; and the press, with a very few honourable exceptions, has not found the topic one suited to the palate of an English reader at his breakfast-table,

table, where the labours of reflection ought not to be too largely imposed. And yet never was there a more touching, never a more telling, rarely has there existed a more momentous case.

There was a time when the westward movement of Mahometanism was progressively desolating the fairest provinces of the world with the most cruel wars that ever afflicted the human race. The seats of ancient civilisation and of subsisting empire fell, one by one, within the withering and strangling gripe of the Sultans. Europe thrilled from end to end with fear; and even amidst the deadly conflicts of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the Elizabethan age, when the greatest of all our Queens, and perhaps of all our Sovereigns, was in almost daily expectation of a crusade by the Powers in the Papal interest against her kingdom, still prayers were ordered to be offered in the churches of England for the success of the empire against the Turk. At that dark time, when it was yet uncertain whether Germany would stay the deluge on the West, a race little known to history had already towards the North set up on behalf of Christendom their own breasts for an impenetrable barrier. That was the Rouman race, who inhabit the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. By their own good swords they secured for themselves terms which, on the light conditions of moderate tribute and the admission of a nominal superiority, secured the freedom and the Christianity of their country.

In later times the Principalities have had another part to play. Turkey, by becoming impotent, has become harmless for aggression. Even self-defence of her provinces properly so called has been found to lie beyond her power. By a strange turn of fortune and of policy, it has become the interest of Christendom to defend Islam on the North against a formidable Christian neighbour. Between Turkey and Russia lie Wallachia and Moldavia. Wallachia and Moldavia, free and progressive, having laws, liberties, and institutions, as well as traditions, to defend, and animated with a consciousness of political existence, would interpose a living obstacle to Russian ambition. Such an obstacle is in the long run the only one worth having. For the spirit of aggression never dies; while alliances by coercion, formed to restrain it, are mutable and precarious. By a great and famous combination, Russia has been both chastised and checked; but the main purpose of the check was to obtain time in which to organize the materials not of a temporary but of a permanent, not of an exotic but of an organic and self-acting resistance to her encroachments.

Hence it was that, with true wisdom, the improvement of the permanent condition of the Principalities (we exclude Servia throughout)

throughout) was made from the very first one of the principal objects of the war. It formed one of the famous Four Points of August, 1854. It occupied largely the attention of the European negotiators at Vienna in 1855, and at Paris in 1856. There was one grand object to gain: to give these important countries fair play, to expand their resources, and to consolidate their institutions. There were many rocks to avoid. Turkey, with an excusable but purblind selfishness, naturally thought that the best thing for them would be the blessing of an incorporation with that decrepit Empire, instead of a merely nominal subordination to Constantinople. Austria could not afford to have in the neighbourhood of Hungary a State flourishing under a free political organization, so that she has naturally enough fallen in with the views of Turkey. Russia had before her either of two games to be played. One was to renew the corrupt combination with Turkey against Roumanian liberties, trusting to her own skill and strength to obtain the lion's share of whatever might be filched or plundered from these cruelly misused provinces. The other was to become their champion, and trust to good-will as the basis of future influence. Happily there were three Powers concerned who had no selfish interests to serve; and their judgment in the matter was prompt, decided, and unanimous. Articles were inserted in the Treaty of Paris, which provided for an appeal to the people of the Principalities with respect to the future form of their internal organization, subject always to the preservation of the rights of Turkey, namely, the suzerainty (*not* sovereignty), and the tribute of, we believe, some 40,000*l.* a year. In opening the discussion on this part of the subject,* the French Plenipotentiary, who was also the President of the Congress, at once declared that the question of questions for the two Principalities was, whether they should be single or united; and he declared loudly for their union. Lord Clarendon followed Count Walewski, and, on the part of England, shared and supported (*partage et appuie*) the same opinion. Turkey replied, that the union was not desired by the inhabitants of the Principalities. Austria said the union should not be forced on them, but that after the elections, if it should prove to be desired by the two populations, then it might be granted. She had herself military possession of the country, and, in concert with Turkey, she was taking care to provide that the elections should be so managed as to exhibit no such desire. Sardinia sided unequivocally with France and England. Russia was prudently silent. She had not, with her compact organiza-

* Protocol, No. 6, 8th March, 1856.

tion, the same motives, as dislocated Austria, for dreading freedom on her frontiers ; but it was hardly to be supposed she could much desire an union which would be so hostile to her illegitimate influence upon the Principalities, and, above all, which would leave her effectively and not only in name separated from the provinces of Turkey proper.

Up to this point all was satisfactory : the outlines of a noble policy had been freely and boldly sketched. The Powers felt that they were now really busied about the objects of the war, and were finishing by policy what force had well begun. Austria and Turkey had spoken, Russia had been silent—each of the three for herself respectively : independent Europe was adequately represented by the consentient voices of France, England, and Sardinia. But then we had not yet obtained the inestimable boon of a better understanding with Austria. Nor had the time yet, we presume, arrived of those mysterious proceedings, whatever they may have been, connected with the relation of Austria to her Italian possessions, which have since formed the subject of smart debate in the House of Commons, and of the statesmanlike and effective letter of the historian Farini to Mr. Gladstone.

In the summer of 1857 the elections took place in the Principalities. It then appeared that the Wallachian divan would be all but unanimous in favour of the Union, but that the divan for Moldavia would, on the contrary, be hostile to it. At the same time it appeared that France, supported by Russia, Sardinia, and Prussia, was loudly denouncing the violence by which the Moldavian elections had been carried. By an outrageous act of usurpation, Turkey had put down the freedom of the press. Officers, appointed during the temporary régime under Austrian and Turkish influence, whose business it was simply to prevent the use of any interference whatever with the free will of the people, had, it was alleged, by the grossest use of intimidation, and even of violence, deterred the principal part of the electors from voting, and had succeeded in packing the divan. The publication, which is named fifth on the list at the head of this article, conclusively proved the charge by original documents. Many of these were quoted last year in Parliament, and, astounding as was their nature, their authenticity was not denied by the then Government. Yet, strange to say, it transpired that England was engaged in supporting these shameful transactions against the instances of France and Sardinia. She supported them in vain. The Elections were cancelled. The Divans met, and all but unanimously declared for the union. But the Ministry had wheeled about, and England was now an opponent of the measure. For the sake of Austria, Lords Palmerston and Clarendon were
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willing to falsify their own declarations, to doom about five millions of oppressed Christians to continue in their former state of weakness, and to have their territory still the miserable focus of those foreign intrigues which must ever entail internal misgovernment as their result. Nay, more yet, by allowing Russia—now a declared friend of the union—to figure as their protectress, this indescribable policy threw into the arms of the Czar those whom beyond all others we ought to keep in an attitude of jealousy as well as of independence towards him. There is no key within our knowledge, either to the infatuation or to the self-contradiction of this course of conduct except one. We pursued a course agreeable to Austria. In 1856 we were for the union; but then Austria said it might be granted if the Roumans should show that they wanted it. In 1857 we were against it; but then Austria, having failed in the elections, had been compelled to throw off the mask, and frankly declared it to be intolerable.

Lord Palmerston has been overthrown in 1858 for Gallicanism carried to a pitch at which it involved total blindness to his English duties. But his Gallicanism of 1858 is nothing to his Austrianism of 1857. Nor, if we are asked why Lord Palmerston is thus devotedly attached to Austria, can we suggest any other reason than the fact that he was so long her bitterest enemy.

This question of the Principalities is one of European importance; and in regard to it Lords Palmerston and Clarendon had not only opposed France, but had broken away from and reversed their own solemn declarations in order to oppose her. They have not been, as we trust they hereafter will be, called to justify in Parliament these as yet incomprehensible proceedings. They have not vouchsafed to the country any information upon the grounds and ends of their strange tergiversation. We might follow up this case by showing other instances which appear to have been grasped at with a kind of morbid avidity for the purpose of finding the means of a *bellum mixtum*, or diplomatic war with the French Government. Among these is the resistance which these noble Lords thought fit to offer to the formation of a canal for ships across the Isthmus of Suez. We have in a former Number* adverted to this question. We do not enter into the scientific or commercial merits of the scheme: but by these it ought to stand or fall. But to offer it a political opposition was a grievous error; and to found that opposition in part upon its being dangerous to British power in India was such a blunder as might have been taken almost to betoken aberration of intellect.

* Quart. Rev., No. CCIV., Art. III.

However, the plan, though approved by Europe, had the misfortune to be a French plan; the reference of Lord Palmerston to British power in India had obviously a French meaning; and it was then the cold fit, as it has been the hot fit since. That Ministry, which was but is not the organ of England, could only purchase the luxury of thwarting France almost up to the point of insult with impunity in one year, by being prepared with some astonishing subserviency, at the cost of the British people, to be tendered in the next by way of compensation.

But, unhappily, though it was well meant, this subserviency proved a far heavier injury to France, than the bullying and contrariant humour. On the late occasion the Ministers went on from one folly to another. They had utterly misconceived the temper of the people; they never took the pains to consider the gist and spirit of the laws. They had become the sponsors, if, indeed, they were not, through Lord Cowley, rather the parents, to Count Walewski's imputations; and they now hit upon a mode of meeting his demands which combined all possible faults into one cluster of deformity. It excited England to the uttermost, by a proposal which at the same time did not meet the real demand of France, nor consequently abridged her title to ask for new innovations. Again, the change proposed in the law proposed to alter what was good, while it left unchanged all that was questionable; and finally, as a crowning demerit, it had not the smallest tendency to check the specific evil at which it purported to be aimed. Thus the first fault of the now defunct Ministers was that they encouraged France in unjust accusations. Their second was that they admitted indeterminate demands. Their third was that they stung the best feelings of this country to the quick. Their fourth was that the measure they proposed, although it might seem for the moment, as all servility does, to gratify and tickle the self-complacency of those to whom it is a tribute, yet, being entirely beside the demand made, it did everything indeed to acknowledge, but nothing to satisfy that demand. The last in the long string of offences was that by deluding France they sorely wronged her, and that by provoking a new shock to the friendship of the two countries which they had before so unnecessarily strained, they inflicted an injury on both, and, indeed, on Europe at large. The only consolatory item in the whole case was, that all this mischief could be ascribed to no worse motive than blundering inadvertency. They could not mean deliberately to sacrifice the honour of their country; and they could scarcely avoid seeing that the project was likely to cost them the small remainder of their own popularity.

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It remains, however, to make good such of our allegations as touch the merits of the now defunct Bill for altering the laws of conspiracy to murder.

It would appear that, after all, this ill-starred measure was founded simply on what is called the necessity of doing something. It was seen that a storm was rising beyond the Channel. A terrified Cabinet rushed hither and thither, looking for expedients. They encountered a snare which was disguised as a godsend. They pitched upon what they thought an anomaly in the British laws, and some wiseacre suggested that they might felicitously offer as a measure at once of domestic law-reform and of foreign conciliation what, in truth, meant nothing but retrogression in the one department, and delusion together with dishonour in the other.

By the law of England conspiracy to murder is indictable as a misdemeanour. By the law of Ireland it constitutes a capital felony. The happy, the heaven-descended, idea of the measure was to split the difference. A little severity here, a little leniency there, and all parties would be pleased. So conspiracy to murder was to be subject to one law in England and in Ireland, and was to be a felony in both, but punishable with death in neither. To give dignity and weight to the proposal, it was introduced by the Prime Minister himself, who on this occasion commenced his exercises for a degree in laws. What he had to show in the first place was, that the Bill would do something to diminish the evil of conspiracies to murder. If this were proved, he could then justly urge that it would be both a boon to the Emperor of the French, and also an improvement in domestic legislation. But it was as plain that, if the proof failed on this point, the measure was delusive as regarded France, and retrogressive as regarded England. The argument offered by Lord Palmerston was simple—nay, it was even original. Augment the punishment, said the Liberal Premier, and it stands to reason that you diminish the frequency of the offence. Unfortunately, every British statesman for the last five-and-thirty years has been engaged in applying the precisely opposite doctrine; in seeking to diminish offences by mitigating penalty, and thus giving certainty to the operation of the law. On many subjects our political parties and our public men have differed; but all our political parties, and all our public men, have agreed that not only reason but experience proved the soundness of the maxims on which for the third part of a century our legislation has been based. Strangest of all, Lord Palmerston has himself been a member of the Governments of Lord Liverpool and of Lord Melbourne—the very Governments that most largely acted upon
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the principle which, in perfect ignorance of his subject, he thus oracularly reversed.

The country at once repudiated this doctrine of a Minister whom, as it then somewhat late discovered, it had pampered into satiety, and even into arrogance. The proposal was founded on reversal of its established maxims and on contempt of its prolonged experience. We were not only to change the law because a foreign Power desired it, but the change was one which the head of the Government could only justify by condemning in a lump all antecedent Ministers, and himself into the bargain. The Government of Sir Robert Peel had actually converted certain attempts upon the life of the Sovereign from felony, nay from treason, the highest of all felonies, into a 'high misdemeanour,' and this change in the law had been attended with perfect success. But the principle on which it had proceeded could not stand with the Bill, still less with the speech of Lord Palmerston. Nay, the argument by which alone he justified any part of his own Bill was directly fatal to one-half of it: for if it was really plain that offences are to be prevented by heightening the penalty on their commission, then by mitigating the penalty in Ireland the Ministerial measure gave a direct encouragement to the commission of the offence. In short, bad as was the origin of the Bill, and bad as were its provisions, the speech that introduced it was worst of all.

The old English common law of conspiracy to murder has been rarely put in use, as the need of that form of procedure has been little felt. Hence it happened, that scarcely any one seemed at the moment to have a ready-made opinion on its merits. But when the Bill set men thinking about it, they soon came to the conclusion that it was a very good law. In the first place, the common sense of the nation at once brushed away the sophistry which had sought to make out a case for compromise between the law of Ireland and that of England. The law in Ireland, which made conspiracy to murder a capital offence, was not the old law even of that country, but was passed towards the close of the last century to meet the pressing emergency of a state of society which we may happily pronounce altogether different from that which now subsists either in England or in Ireland. It was part of a system based upon coercion bills, and on suspension from time to time of constitutional liberty. Such a system might be justified by the special occasions which produced it, but with them it ought to pass away: and to catch hold of a miserable rag of it and try to make it an ingredient in the framing of a new and permanent, nay a reformed, law for the two countries, was as rational as if, upon the expiration of the last
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Irish Coercion Act, one moiety of its clauses, with a view to harmony and uniformity, had been incorporated into the laws of England.

But now what is this offence of conspiracy to murder? It is an offence commonly consisting in spoken words. This branch of law is, be it remembered, wholly distinct from the law of accessories to murder. The law of accessories presumes that a murder has taken place, and inquires who besides principals had a part in it. The law of conspiracy contemplates intention, and makes intention an offence independently of action, when it is proved to exist as a joint intention of two or more persons. It has therefore these two properties—that it resides in the mind, and that it must ordinarily be proved by words relating to a mental act which has not taken outward effect. How wide and how ill-defined a field do these considerations disclose! On the one hand, it becomes at once plain that the guilt of conspiracy to murder may rise very high. The intention may be ripe and fully proved, the words so clear and definite and the purpose so fixed, that only time and opportunity are wanting for the act, which is complete already as far as moral agency is concerned. But here the spirit of prudence whispers that law must not be hasty to attempt overtaking the whole domain of moral agency; but, as it must above all things look to the palpable and clear, must commonly be content to touch what is without, and leave what is within to the postponed but unerring judgment of our Maker. Again, we perceive that, as there might be a very high degree of guilt in this offence, so, on the other hand, the offence might be judicially proved with a degree of guilt either very low or very uncertain. Words of heat and rashness, words of irritation and revenge, exchanged between two persons perhaps suffering under some desperate wrong, perhaps accustomed to speak far in advance of their modes of action, perhaps as quick to forget resentment as to conceive it, might be construed into conspiracy to murder. The whole subject is, in fact, full of *construction*; that is to say, it is full of pitfalls. The meaning of the words spoken will be subject to a thousand shades of doubt, and there will not be available to clear those doubts any of the light cast by deeds upon ambiguous language. The memory and understanding of witnesses will, under such circumstances, be far more variable in trustworthiness than where they give evidence turning upon facts. But if this be a difficult question to try as between private persons, what is it as between private persons here and a sovereign abroad? The present Emperor of the French, when in England, levied war upon the then King of the French. Is conspiracy to levy war upon a sovereign conspiracy to murder him?

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The line that divides the two is, at certain points, one of extreme fineness. And again: a foreign sovereign thinks he is menaced by emigrants of his own nation in England. He naturally orders his police to send agents who may follow and watch them. These agents, in disguise, beset the steps of the emigrants; having no authority, they resort to guile; they endeavour to obtain the confidence of those whom they are watching; they assume the tone of revolutionists, to see whether they can draw sympathetic answers; and the sympathetic answer, from a man soured by exile and ill-fortune, to an artfully laid train of suggestions becomes a proof of conspiracy to murder. Thus the whole subject, in the case where the aim is at a foreign sovereign, becomes vague and slippery in the highest degree.

The spirit of English law has made the best provision for handling it, of which its nature admits. It is a vulgar misconception, though one shared and propagated by the late Prime Minister, which supposes that a misdemeanour means of necessity either a trivial offence, or an offence followed by trivial punishment. The word is, according to Blackstone, properly synonymous with crime. It is eminently elastic. It can shrink into a small compass, or it can cover a very large one. The technical designation is, therefore, admirably suited to the nature of the offence, which, without essentially changing its legal character, may run through a scale of endless degrees as to the pointedness and credibility of the evidence, as to the maturity and fixedness, or the crudity and slightness, of the intention; and again, in the political category, as to the affinity, on the one hand, to justifiable if not legal efforts, or, on the other, to assassination, with which the law must and ought to deal as murder.

The late Minister grievously misinformed the House of Commons when he stated that conspiracy to murder was treated by the English law only like conspiracy to do any other act, however trivial—for instance, to hiss an actor at a theatre. The distinction is broad and clear. To hiss the actor is legal; to conspire to do it is illegal. But in the case before us, not the conspiracy only but the act contemplated is illegal, and, from its illegality, the conspiring together to effect it takes a different and higher colour. Perhaps the Minister thought that, because both were misdemeanours, both would receive a somewhat similar amount of punishment. But while the penalty is limited in kind to imprisonment and fine, in degree it is as variable, as is the nature of the crime. The misdemeanant may be fined without any limit, except that the fine must not amount to forfeiture of all his goods, which is the distinguishing characteristic of felony. He may be imprisoned without any limit but the term

term of his natural life. It is true that even grave misdemeanours are rarely punished with more than one or two years of confinement. The sentence passed in Ireland on Mr. O'Connell, the idol of the Irish people, was imprisonment for twelve months, with a heavy fine. But the offence charged against him was conspiracy not to murder, nor even to levy war, which it was well known he did not mean to venture, but to intimidate the legislature by the parade of great numbers moving at his beck. If, however, severe sentences for misdemeanour are rare, it is because high offences in that category are rare; so that, not falling within the everyday experience of the profession, they sound strangely in legal ears. It appears that there is but one known case of conviction in England for conspiracy to murder. It occurred in the last century, and the sentence was to stand twice in the pillory, with seven years' imprisonment. This was an aggravated sentence for an aggravated case. But who is entitled to say that conspiracy to murder a friendly sovereign, with the risk of confusion in France and mischief even to England, would not be held by a jury and a judge to be a case yet more aggravated? Thus, then, it would seem that that our old, and, thank God! our still uninvaded, law of conspiracy to murder is a good and a sound law, with a wide range in penalty for a wide range in criminality, and with an ample space for judge and jury to exercise their common sense on the specialties of each case, which must fix its real place in the scale. This wise latitude attracts the confidence of the people, and, in such a manner, by giving certainty gives efficacy to law. But if we are to endeavour to lift into higher and more uniform and rigid categories offences of which many are below the stamp of guilt that they would denote, we at once render the law uncertain and ineffective. Whatever may be disputable among us, nothing can be more sure than that the national spirit will revolt against attempts to change good laws, of which the working has never been found defective, in the sense of enhanced severity; that the revulsion will be stronger where the object in view is to deal with political offences; that it will rise to its maximum when the change, bad in itself and aiming at an increase of power in governments over subjects, owes its origin, in form or in substance, to foreign suggestion; and finally, that in each and all of these points the spirit of the nation will be faithfully represented by its juries.

If, therefore, Lord Palmerston could have succeeded in his rash and impracticable attempt, what would have been the result? In the first place we should have found, as was promptly observed by the sagacity of Lord Lyndhurst, that we had done nothing to improve the means of detection, nothing
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to touch the point where the difficulty really lies. We should have supplied the council for prisoners with admirable opportunities for denunciation of a law of foreign manufacture; for pictures of legions of spies laying traps in private conversation for unwary refugees; for appeals to the sympathy of juries on behalf of freedom, almost extinct on the Continent, and now menaced in England itself; for sound argument upon the false juridical basis of the change. To give evidence in such cases would have become odious; honest witnesses would not have been forthcoming; the dirtiest class of agents would alone have appeared in the box; the law, discredited from its birth, would have become more and more lax in operation; the foreign government would with bitter disappointment, and with ample ground for it, have renewed its appeals. 'You have owned your debt, but not discharged it: we plead your promise, and we wait for its fulfilment.'

Now let us glance for a moment at the practical upshot of these proposals. In the view of Englishmen, the condition of a great part of the continental countries as to their political institutions is not such as to afford us any security for the permanent stability of their governments. Each country, which carries this impression of mutability, becomes for its neighbours not one country but several, as it is represented from time to time in its foreign relations by Empire, Royalty, or Republic. Each of these representative organs in turn is not only distinct from, but by the laws of its existence hostile to, the one that precedes and the one that follows it. Hence is imposed upon us a difficult duty. We are bound to be good friends with all in succession, though they are not friends but foes to one another. Our friendship with each must accordingly be regulated with care, or it may come to wear the aspect of hostility to those that have gone before, and to those that may come after. To alter the law of asylum at the instance of a Government which came uppermost by the strong hand, and which still holds by a contested title, is no slight matter.

In stating that the Imperial title is still contested, we mean neither to express an opinion adverse to that Government of France which has been among the most loyal of all its governments to ourselves, nor to deal with a matter of opinion at all, but to keep strictly within the borders of dry fact. But what we must see is this: that the process which has made a Government might also erect others on its ruins; and every rational Englishman, shrinking from the contemplation of the slippery questions of allegiance that such vicissitudes cannot fail to raise, must retire within himself ten times more (if possible) than ever determined that his own country shall do no act, direct

or indirect, palpable or constructive, great or small, which can by possibility make her a party to the strifes or the successions of contending occupants or claimants of power abroad. And the first consequence of the miserable legislation into which it has been attempted to drag us would have been, that England, instead of being simply the faithful ally of France, whether under a Napoleonist or any other dynasty, would herself have become a party to the internal divisions of France, and would have counted as a pillar of Napoleonism as against other *isms*. Our partisanship might indeed have proved a very doubtful benefit to those whom it would have been meant to favour; for if France cherishes the spirit of national independence that befits her history and her position, no ruler or dynasty can be recommended to her favour by the fact that it reckons influence from abroad among its domestic props. But, at any rate, its mischievous tendency to compromise the independence, dignity, and impartiality of England in relation to Continental Revolutions is most plain. And it will be for the statesmen of the present and any future Ministry to take good heed that, when they give countenance to the French alliance, they do not become parties to any policy which in France would degrade her alliance with England into a dynastic engine, and would substitute for the beneficial friendship of two great nations a jobbing partnership, by which the name and influence of the one Government should become available to sustain the credit of the other in the maintenance or consolidation of its internal position.

The career on which the Palmerston Ministry had proposed that we should embark would have led us to another result even less inviting than the former. We have already become the bolting-hutch, into which all foreign Governments think it convenient to discharge their unruly and impracticable material. The recent proposal went in effect to set up in our laws exceptional provisions for the control of the refugees whom we had thus involuntarily received. They were not indeed aimed at by name, but our laws were to be changed bodily on their account in a direction the very reverse of that which our established policy and our domestic experience would have dictated. Enactments which were really intended for them were not the better, but the worse, because, in order to mask the object, we were all included in their provisions. The real effect of proposing such a change, in deference to a demand so naked of the scantiest vesture of proof, was to promise much more than it performed. The silence of the Ministry on the night of the despatch of January 20, was an admission of its charges in the face of the world, an admission to which the world would justly have held us bound. The charges being admitted, we thereby took upon ourselves the responsibility

responsibility for the acts of the refugees; and the fulfilment of our engagement would of course have been rigorously exacted. Our laws must have been progressively enhanced in rigour, to meet the more and more desperate efforts of men who saw themselves more and more cut off from the hopes of any gradual or peaceful change to a system of free discussion and legal opposition. Our police must have become, in relation to the refugees, a branch from the head office at Paris. To speak in plain terms, we must at length have stooped to be, for political crime, the great penal colony of Europe, doomed to receive whatever it might be found convenient to discharge upon us, and bound to keep in order for behoof of other states what they themselves could not manage to control in their own interest, on their own soil, and with their own unbounded prerogatives and powers.

Such were the necessary results of the anti-national policy of Lords Palmerston and Clarendon in its full development. England was to be alike partizan and tool in the internal quarrels of Continental States; she was to find a roomy political gaol to which they might at pleasure commit their offenders, and she was to enjoy in return the honourable office of turnkey for life.

But from the deplorable predicament at which we were so near arriving, the folly of rulers has been saved by the energy and determination of the ruled. And even now, in looking back, there are other topics of surprise. It is, however, matter for special wonder that among all possible courses the Government should have contrived to hit upon the very worst. There were, and there are, some points fairly open to doubt about the state of the law. Though the law of conspiracy, which they attacked, be sound, yet the law of accessories, which they let alone, may require either to be amended or to be cleared; for the sound principle manifestly is, that domiciled aliens ought to be treated, for the purposes of criminal law, as British subjects, so far as the rights of their own Government over them, and as the law of nations, will permit. The right of asylum means a right to remain here and obey the laws; but conveys no title to an exceptional system of favour or an exemption from the obligations of the native-born citizen.

The law of accessories to murder is regulated by the statute 9 Geo. IV., c. 31. The seventh section of the Act provides in the following words for the case of a murder committed abroad by a British subject:—

‘And be it enacted, that if any of his Majesty’s subjects shall be charged in England with any murder or manslaughter, or with being accessory before the fact to any murder, or after the fact to any murder or manslaughter, the same being respectively committed on land out of the United Kingdom, whether within the King’s dominions

or without, it shall be lawful for any justice of the peace of the county or place where the person so charged shall be, to take cognisance of the offence so charged, and to proceed therein as if the same had been committed within the limits of his ordinary jurisdiction.'

Thus, if a British subject conspires to commit murder abroad, he may be tried as an accessory; and it is much better so to try him than as a mere intender of murder, because it shifts the case from slippery to solid ground, and the proof will turn in all likelihood on matters of fact. But various doubts have been raised upon the language of the statute. Can an alien be held for penal purposes a subject of her Majesty? Is the 'any murder or manslaughter' of the indictment, to which the party is to be charged as accessory, limited by the language to be a murder or a manslaughter committed abroad *by a British subject*? or, more at large, is the wilful and predeterminate destruction of life without cause in a foreign country murder in any case where it has not been expressly made so by English law, inasmuch as it is not triable in the courts, and is unknown to them as an offence?

According to the doctrine of Sir Richard Bethell, a murder committed abroad by an alien is no legal murder, and can have none of the consequences of murder in English courts by the general rules of law; so that a conspiracy to commit a murder abroad by the hands of aliens is, in his view, no offence at law. We pass lightly by opinions so startling, though proceeding from so eminent a personage. The Ministry whom Sir R. Bethell so energetically served were in difficulty; and strange, indeed, would be the case in which his self-deceiving subtlety could fail to invent some way of escape for his friends. It is perhaps enough for us to remind the reader that the high legal authorities of the House of Lords at once and unanimously put down the inventions of the Attorney-General, and that they justified their breach of parliamentary rule by the grave importance of preventing refugees from being misled into crime with an expectation of impunity resting on the public declaration of the first law officer of the crown.

Of the doubts raised on the Act of the 9th Geo. IV. we do not presume to speak; but it is plain that if an alien be not in the case supposed a British subject in the view of law, or if the other doubts be well founded, then an alien does enjoy in this country a licence to commit crime, which ought, beyond all question, to be taken away from him. Now it seems hardly possible to conceive the infatuation which could have drawn away the attention of a Cabinet from this really weak or obscure place in our law to a most unwarrantable innovation. Here, the Ministers would have addressed themselves to a *bonâ fide* uncertainty:

uncertainty: in the department they selected all was clear. Here they would have dealt with aliens *ex professo*; there they proposed, for the rare and singular case of a conspiracy to murder abroad, to alter the rights and liabilities under the criminal law of every Englishman for every act charged in England.

But the avenger was at hand. On the 7th of February the Bill was born. On the 20th the Cabinet was dead. It must not be supposed that Mr. Gibson, the minister of justice on this memorable occasion, laid hold on a chance flaw in a procedure generally sound. The whole course of conduct was condemned alike by the House of Commons and the country. It is not too much to say that Europe at large applauded the vote by which Lord Palmerston fell from the giddy summit of power. It was felt that a great stroke had been struck, and that in an evil day, for freedom, for justice, and for national honour and independence. Sardinia took courage; Switzerland breathed again; old England was true to them and to herself. The night was indeed dark, but the lamp of Europe was not put out; it shone enough, if not to illuminate the atmosphere, yet to point the way. Secret murmurs and alarms, which had been largely used by the partisans of the Minister for the purpose of influencing votes, were heard no more. The conspirators of the far-famed China vote of March, 1857, had met again in the same lobby. Mr. Bright and Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Roebuck, and the friends of Sir Robert Peel, once more rubbed shoulders together. The Parthian drank of Arar, and the German of the Tigris. They had met for the same reasons, with the same results; but they were now, as Lord Derby has observed, conspirators no longer—they were patriots. Members of the late Government itself confessed, to their honour, that the vote was a good and a right vote. Nay, in France a sentiment seems to have prevailed that England had acted worthily of herself; that she, France, would under the same circumstances have done the same; that her ancient foe was really all the fitter to be a friend for having shown that she could not forget her duties in her fears; and that those who respect themselves are, after all, the most likely, as they are the most deeply bounden, to respect others.

Though without the least pretension to completeness either in the political or in the legal picture of the case, we have not scrupled to detain the reader upon it from a deep conviction that as long as the sea washes our shores, or as the white cliffs present their bold front to the stranger, so long these scenes, these events will be remembered among us. For they involve the deepest of all earthly interests; they touch the springs of patriotism at their root; they concern the question in what spirit the minds of men are to be reared, on what traditions they are to be fed, in what mould the character of England shall be cast.

The

The curtain has again been drawn up. New actors are upon the stage, having at least this title to favourable notice, that they have been involuntarily, if not reluctantly, summoned to the arduous duties of national representation. It will probably also be admitted, by many who are not their habitual partisans, that they may fairly lodge another claim. They succeeded to a great national dilemma, as yet unsolved, and to a generally embarrassed state of foreign relations. At home an empty Exchequer stared, and as yet stares, them in the face: the Government of Lord Palmerston had earned popularity last year by parting prospectively with *their* money; and it has left them to settle the account and provide for the public service. The domestic history of the late Ministry (we omit some painful features of a more personal character) will be chiefly memorable for profusion in the public expenditure, carelessness as to the means of providing for it, relaxation in all the rules of public administration, and an unlimited multitude of legislative abortions. Indeed its few achievements in legislation have been chiefly such as to make the country thankful for the failures as the lesser evil. The present Finance Minister has lately informed the House of Commons that he cannot estimate the charge of compensations under the Court of Probate Act passed last year at less than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds *per annum*. At this modest price it is that the nominal testamentary powers of the Episcopal body have been extinguished, a vast body of well-paid and contented officers compulsorily turned out to enjoy salaries and do nothing in return, and new and valuable offices created to feed and occupy another set of functionaries, who may some day get compensated and sent out to feed on the fat pastures of idleness, in their turn, should Parliament, at any time, think fit to reinstate what Mr. Bright has well declared to have been the very worst Government of our time. What titles Lord Derby may make, in the regions of legislation and administration, to public gratitude, remains yet to be seen; but he starts with infinite advantage in the power of establishing, at small cost, a favourable contrast with his predecessors. His opening address to the House of Lords produced a favourable impression. It carried, at least, the conviction that we were now governed by a man of conscientious earnestness as well as of brilliant powers. In foreign affairs already and at once we have derived immense benefits from the change of Ministry. The liberation of Mr. Hodge in Piedmont, and of Watt and Park in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, has probably been due to this cause. The Conspiracy to Murder Bill has been definitively abandoned, and this, we hope, in some mode well studied with reference to the susceptibilities of France, which, we must never forget, has received great injury from the follies and

and the blindness of the late Government. M. Bernard has been put fairly on his trial, both for conspiracy to murder and likewise, under a separate charge, as an accessory to murder before the fact. The public may probably have learned, before this article appears, what the law really is. They will learn it, in the most authentic form, from the verdict of a jury, directed by judges of unsurpassed integrity and ability, and aided by the keen discussions of a bar which does honour to the country. Parliament will then know its ground, and will be in a condition either to maintain with firmness a law of evident sufficiency, or, without indignity, to apply a remedy to proved defects. Other legal proceedings are in progress against persons who are charged, as publishers or authors, with having elevated assassination into a doctrine. On the prudence of these proceedings we reserve our judgment until we are more fully informed; but, whether they be expedient or otherwise, at least there is nothing dishonourable in submitting the character of a publication to the verdict of a jury. Much, too, may depend, in such a case, on the wish of the French Government, if such there were, that the law should be appealed to. And we must not forget how Lord Clarendon* has told us that the charges of Count Walewski could not be contradicted, because they were true: that assassination *was* elevated into a doctrine and *was* preached openly among us; though he strangely asserted, in the same breath, that in no one of the cases could evidence be had which it would be prudent to submit to a jury; and, more strangely still, appeared as an author of a measure which tended to make evidence not more accessible and efficient, but, on the contrary, more difficult to obtain, and less likely, when obtained, to prevail. But, whatever be the issue of these trials, we cannot admit by the remotest implication that British tolerance is responsible for the evils which they disclose.

The truth is, the complaint is not against England alone, nor against Switzerland alone. It is now most audible against them. In 1855, when the same state of facts existed, it was against Belgium; and England, with Sardinia, was among the parties complained to; now Sardinia is, with England, among the parties complained of. All are bad—all are the harbourers, all are the nurses of assassins. That is to say, the refugee naturally longs to return to his country; the end is justifiable; in the choice of means some wicked and many exasperated spirits may grievously go wrong. But what is the cause? Is it something peculiar to the French refugee as distinguished from other refugees? Or is it something that belongs to the French Govern-

* Speech, pp. 15, 16.

ment as distinguished from the neighbouring Governments? England, Switzerland, Belgium, and Sardinia are pestered with refugees from France. France is not pestered with refugees from England, Switzerland, Belgium, or Sardinia. When France sends wine to England, and England sends no wine to France, we conclude that the French soil and climate are adapted to the production of the commodity. Should not the Emperor and his advisers consider whether it is not in some degree the political soil and climate of the present French institutions, that are adapted to the growth of refugeeism; whether they can cherish the tree and renounce the fruit; whether they can strain the bow and complain of the recoil. When their laws generate a public nuisance the indictment should not be brought by those whose acts have mainly produced it, and against those who only deplore its production; who have no means, no power to extinguish the evil; nay, whose firm belief it is that asylum affords the only practicable, though insufficient mitigation to it, by opening these shores to afflicted humanity, and thus averting far more terrific outbursts of volcanic violence.

NOTE ON ART. V., No. 205.

A pamphlet has been recently published, entitled 'Correspondence relating to Cuddesdon Theological College, in answer to the Charges of the Rev. C. P. Golightly and the Report of the Commissioners thereon.' These charges of Mr. Golightly were founded upon some statements in our last Number, and we refer those interested in the discussion to the pamphlet published by the Principal of Cuddesdon, and to the other letters which have appeared on the subject; but as our assertions have been supposed to imply a belief that Roman Catholic doctrines were favoured at the College, it is necessary we should state that no such suspicion entered our minds. The questions were purely questions of ritual, upon which there is, and always has been, great difference of opinion within the English Church; and though we retain the same sentiments that we expressed in the Article, we entirely acquit the authorities of entertaining any ulterior or covert designs.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE ON THE 'PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE.'

Since our Article was printed, a new and by no means insignificant boon has been conferred upon agriculture by Mr. Rarey's admirable process of taming the horse,—many valuable farming horses being rendered nearly worthless by an unmanageable disposition. But we refer to the subject here for the sake of its more general bearings, and to testify that his plan is one of uncommon merit and is founded upon a deep study of the character of the horse. His method is not more remarkable for its success than its humanity, and we feel that we are doing a public service in recommending a system which must prove of such immense benefit to both man and horse.

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END OF THE HUNDRED AND THIRD VOLUME.

